This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Zuylon

יהוה

ANDOVER-HARVARD THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

THE

LIFE OF LADY GUION,

VOLUME SECOND.

THE

LIFE OF LADY GUION,

WRITTEN IN FRENCH, BY HERSELF,

NOW ABRIDGED,

AND TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

EXHIBITING

Her eminent Piety, Charity, Meekness, Resignation, Fortitude and Stability ; her Labours, Travels, Sufferings and Services, for the Conversion of Souls to GOD ; and her great Success, in some Places, in that best of all Employments on the Earth.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

ACCOUNTS OF THE LIVES OF WORTHY PERSONS,

WHOSE MEMORIES WERE DEAR TO LADY GUION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—*VOL. II.*

From an English Edition, published at Bristol :

WITH A FEW ABRIDGMENTS, ETC.

NEW-BEDFORD :

PRINTED BY ABRAHAM SHEARMAN, JUN.

1805.

ANDOVER-HARVARD
THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY

JUN 6 1912

ANDOVER
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Q63,323

THE

LIFE OF LADY GUION.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER XXII.

A POOR girl of very great simplicity, who earned her livelihood by her labour, and was inwardly favoured of the Lord, came all sorrowful to me, and said, "Oh my mother, what strange things have I seen!" I asked her what they were. "Alas, *said she*, I have seen you like a lamb in the midst of a vast herd of furious wolves. I have seen a frightful collection of people of all robes, of every age, sex and condition, armed with instruments of war, all eager for your instant destruction. You let them alone without stirring, or being surprised, and without offering any way to defend yourself. I looked on all sides to see whether any one would come to assist and defend you; but I saw not one." Some days after, those, who through envy were making private batteries against me, broke forth. Libels began to spread. Envious people wrote against me, without knowing me. They said, "I was a sorceress, that it was by a magic power that I attracted souls, that every thing in me was diabolical; that if I did some charities, it was because I coined, and put off false money," with many other gross accusations equally false and *groundless*.

As the tempest increased every day, some of my friends advised me to withdraw. But before I mention my leaving Grenoble, I must say something farther of my state while here.

Jesus Christ was communicated to me in all his states. His apostolic state was at that time set most before me. When I could neither write nor communicate any other way I was all languishing. I experienced what our Lord said to his disciples, "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you." Luke xxii. 15. It was the communication of himself by that supper, and by his passion, when he said, "It is finished." John xix. 30. *And bowing his head he gave up the ghost*, or his own holy spirit, returning it back as well as his kingdom to his Father; as if he had then said, "My Father, my kingdom is that I reign by thee, and thou by me, over men; which can only be done by the shedding abroad of my spirit upon them: let then my spirit be communicated to them by my death." In this is the finishing and consummation of all things. Often the plenitude of this spirit took from me the liberty of writing. I had nothing for myself; all was for others; and yet I wanted nothing. I was like those nurses who are full of milk, though they are not fed the more for it.

Before I began to write in the Book of Kings on what regards David, I felt so close an union with that holy patriarch, that I communicated with him, as if he had been present. I comprehended the greatness of his grace, the conduct of God over him, and all the circumstances of the states through which he had passed; that he was a lively figure of Jesus Christ, and a chosen pastor for Israel. It seemed to

me that all our Lord made, and would make, me do for souls, would be in union with David, my dear King, and with those for whom there was given me at the same time an union like that which I had with him, but still most of all with Jesus Christ, sprung from the seed of David. In this divine union my words had wonderful effect, even the formation of Jesus Christ in the souls of others. I was in no wise mistress of saying the things I did. He who conducted me made me say what he pleased, and as long as he pleased. To some he let me not say a word; and to others there flowed forth as it were a deluge of grace, and yet this pure love admitted not of any superfluity, or matter of empty amusement. When questions were asked, to which an answer were useless, it was not given me. It was the same case in regard to such as our Lord was pleased to conduct through death to themselves, and who came to seek for human consolation. I had nothing for them but what was purely necessary, and could proceed no farther. I could at least only speak of indifferent things, in such liberty as God allows, in order to suit every one, and not be unsociable or disagreeable to one's neighbour; but for his own word, he himself is the dispenser of it. Oh, if preachers were duly careful to speak only in that spirit, what fruits would they bring forth in the lives of their hearers! With my true children I could not communicate but in silence, in the spiritual language of the divine word. I had the consolation some time before to hear one read in St. Augustine a conversation he had with his mother. He complains of the necessity of returning from that heavenly language to words, by reason of our weakness. I sometimes said, "Oh my love, give me

hearts large enough to receive and contain the fulness bestowed on me." I had wonderful intelligences opened to me, of the communication at the supper betwixt Jesus Christ and St. John, and continued betwixt St. John and the Mother of our Lord; how the holy child communicated himself to the Eastern sages, and to the shepherds, conveying to them the knowledge of his divinity.

After this manner when the Holy Virgin approached Elizabeth, a wonderful commerce was maintained betwixt Jesus Christ and John the Baptist, who after this manifested no eagerness to come to see Christ, but was drawn to retire into the desert, to receive the like communications with the greatest plenitude. When he came forth to preach repentance, he said, not that he was the WORD, but only a VOICE which was sent to make way, or open a passage in the hearts of the people for Christ the WORD. He baptised only with water, for that was his function; for as the water in running off leaves nothing, so does the VOICE when 'tis past. But the WORD baptised with the Holy Ghost, because he imprinted himself on souls, and communicated with them by that Holy Spirit. It is not observed that Jesus Christ said any thing during the obscure part of his life, though it is true that not any of his words shall be lost. Oh Love, if all thou hast said and operated in silence were to be written, I think *the whole World could not contain the books that should be written.* John xxi. 25.

All that I experienced was shewn me in the Holy Scripture; and I saw with admiration that there passed nothing within my soul which was not in Jesus Christ and in the Holy Scripture. I must pass over very many things in silence, because they cannot be

expressed; and if they were expressed could not be understood or comprehended.

I often felt much for Father la Combe, who was not yet fixed in his state of interior death, but often rose and fell into alternatives. I was made sensible that he was a vessel of election, whom God had chosen to carry his name among the Gentiles, and that he would shew him how much he must suffer for that name. Oh God, who can ever be able to comprehend the pure and holy union which thou formest betwixt thy children? A carnal world judges carnally of them, and imputes to a human attachment what is from the purest grace. If this union by any deviation be broken, the more pure and perfect it is, the more painfully will it be felt, the separation of the soul from God by sin being worse than that from the body by death. For myself I may say I had a continual dependence on God, in every state; my soul was ever willing to obey every motion of his spirit. I thought there could not be any thing in the world which he should require from me, to which I would not give myself up readily and with pleasure. I had no interest at all for myself. When God requires any thing from this wretched nothing, I find no resistance left in me to his will, how rigorous soever it may appear. Oh my Love, if there is a heart in the world of which thou art the sole and absolute master, mine seems to be one of that sort. Thy will, however rigorous, is its life and its pleasure; for it no more subsists but in thee alone. I have wandered; which is usual with me, occasioned by interruptions, as well as by two grievous indispositions, which I have had since I began to write, as also by resigning myself to the matter which carries my mind forward.

CHAPTER XXIII.

To resume the thread of my story, the Bishop of Grenoble's Almoner persuaded me to go for some time to Marseilles, to let the storm pass over; telling me that I should be well received there, it being his native soil, and many people of merit there. I wrote to Father la Combe for his consent hereto. He readily gave it. I might have gone to Verceil; for the Bishop of Verceil had written me very obliging letters, earnestly pressing me to come thither: but a human respect, and fear of affording a handle to my enemies, gave me an extreme aversion thereto. When I make use of the term *enemies*, I must explain myself. It is not that I account any mortal to be in reality my enemy; viewing those, whom God makes use of, no otherwise than as instruments of his justice.

Beside the above, the Marchioness of Prunai, who, since my departure from her, had been more enlightened by her own experience, having met with a part of the things which I thought would befall her, had conceived for me a very strong friendship and intimate union of spirit, in such a manner, that no two sisters could be more united than we were. She was extremely desirous that I would return to her, as I had formerly promised her. But I could not resolve upon this, for fear lest it should be thought that I was gone after Father la Combe. But, oh my God, how was this relick of *self-love* overturned by the secret ways of thy adorable Providence! I had yet that exterior support of having it in my power to say, that I had never gone after him. There had been

no room given to any body to accuse me of any indecent attachment to him; for when it depended on myself not to continue with him, I did not do it. The Bishop of Geneva had not failed to write against me to Grenoble, as he had done to other places. His nephew had gone from house to house to cry me down. All this was indifferent to me; and I did not cease to do to his diocese all the good in my power. I even wrote to him in a respectful manner; but his heart was too much closed to yield to such things.

Before I went off from Grenoble, that good girl I have spoken of came to me weeping, and told me, "I was going, and that I hid it from her, because I would have nobody know it; but that the devil would be before me in all the places I should go to; that I was going to a town, where I should scarce be arrived, but he would stir up that whole town against me; and would do me all the harm he possibly could." What had obliged me to conceal my departure, was my fear of being loaded with visits, and testimonies of friendship, from a number of good persons, who had a very great affection for me.

I embarked then upon the Rhone, with my chambermaid and a young woman of Grenoble, whom the Lord had highly favoured through my means. The Bishop of Grenoble's Almoner also accompanied me, with another very worthy Ecclesiastic. There befell us many adventures, and we had like to have perished; for on a sudden, in a very dangerous place, the cable broke, the boat ran with force and struck against a rock. The master-pilot with the stroke fell backward, and would have been drowned, had not the gentlemen saved him. There was another acci-

dent which befell me, which was, that having gone down with all our company, on the Rhone, in a little boat rowed by a small boy; hoping to overtake the large boat, but not being able to do it, after having gone about three miles down, the rest went ashore; the boat was obliged to return against the stream up to Valence. As I was unable to walk, I stayed in the boat, at the mercy of the waves, which carried us wildly without resistance; for the child who rowed the boat, and was unequal to the task, fell a weeping, and crying out continually that we were going to be drowned. I encouraged him. After having disputed above four hours against the waves, while those who were on the shore thought me one time lost, another time saved, we at last arrived at Valence.

Such manifest dangers, which affrighted the others, far from alarming me, augmented my peace. This astonished the Bishop of Grenoble's Almoner not a little, as he was in a desperate fright, when the boat struck against the rock, and opened at the stroke; for in his emotion looking attentively at me, he remarked that I did not change my countenance, or move my eyebrows, retaining all my tranquility. I did not so much as feel the first movements of surprise, which are natural to every body on these occasions, and which depend not on ourselves. What caused my peace in such dangers as terrify others at once, was my resignation to God, and because death is much more agreeable to me than life, if such were his will, to which I desire to be ever patiently submissive.

As I was going off from Grenoble, a man of quality, a great servant of God, and one of my intimate friends, had given me a letter for a knight of

Malta,* who was very devout, and whom I have esteemed since I have known him, as a man whom our Lord designed to serve the order of Malta greatly, and to be its ornament and support by his holy life. I had told him that I thought he should go thither, and that God would assuredly make use of him to diffuse a spirit of piety into many of the knights. He is actually gone to Malta, where the first places were soon given him. This man of quality sent him the little book of prayer written by me, and printed at Grenoble. He had a chaplain very averse to the spiritual path. He took this book and condemned it at once, went to stir up a part of the town, and amongst the rest a set of men who call themselves the seventy-two disciples of St. Cyran.† I arrived at Marseilles at ten o'clock in the morning, and that very afternoon all was in a noise against me. Some went to speak to the Bishop, telling him that, on account of that little book, it was necessary to banish me from that city. They gave him the book, which he examined with one of his prebends. He liked it well. He sent for Monsieur Malaval and a father Recollect, who he knew had come to see me a little after my arrival, to enquire of them from whence that great tumult had its rise; which indeed had no other effect on me than to make me smile, seeing so soon accomplished what that young woman had foretold me. Monsieur Malaval and that good Religious told

* Malta, an Island in the Mediterranean, 60 miles south of Cape Passaro in Sicily, of an oval figure, 20 miles long and 12 broad. The Emperor Charles V. gave it to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, after they had left Rhodes, which they defended 200 years, against the power of Turkey; and these Knights hold it ever since.

† Chief of the Jansenists in France.

the Bishop what they thought of me; after which he testified much uneasiness at the insult given me. I was obliged to go to see him. He received me with extraordinary respect, and begged my excuse for what had happened, desired me to stay at Marseilles, and assured me that he would protect me. He even asked where I lodged, that he might come to see me.

Next day the Bishop of Grenoble's Almoner went to see him with that other Priest who had come with us. The Bishop of Marseilles again testified to them his sorrow for the insults given me without any cause; and told them that it was usual with those persons to insult all such as were not of their cabal; that they had even insulted himself. They were not content with that. They wrote me the most offensive letters possible, though at the same time they did not know me. I apprehended that our Lord was beginning in earnest to take from me every place of abode; and those words were renewed in my mind, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head."

In the short time of my stay at Marseilles, I was instrumental to support some good souls, and amongst others an Ecclesiastic, who till then was unacquainted with me. After having finished his thanksgiving in the church, seeing me go out, he followed me into the house in which I lodged: then he told me, "the Lord had inspired him to address me, and to open his inward condition to me." He did it with as much simplicity as humility, and the Lord gave him through me all that was necessary for him, from whence he was filled with joy, and thankful acknowledgments to God: for though there were many spiritual persons

there, and even of his intimate friends, he had never been moved to open himself to any of them. He was a servant of God, favoured by him with a singular gift of prayer. During the eight days I was at Marseilles, I saw many good souls there; for, through all my persecutions, our Lord always struck some good stroke of his own right hand; and that good Ecclesiastic was delivered from an anxiety of mind, which had much afflicted him for some years past.

After I had left Grenoble, those who hated me without knowing me, spread libels against me. A woman for whom I had a great love, and whom I had even extricated from an engagement which she had continued in for several years, and contributed to her discarding the person to whom she had been attached, suffering her mind to resume its fondness for that pernicious engagement, became so violently enraged against me for having broke it off; though I had freely been at some expence to procure her freedom from it, that she went to the bishop of Grenoble, to tell him that I had counselled her to do an act of injustice. She then went from confessor to confessor to repeat the same story, to animate them against me. As they were too susceptible of the prejudices infused, the fire was soon kindled in all quarters. There were none but those who knew me, and who loved God, that took my part. They became more closely united to me in sympathy through my persecution. It had been very easy for me to destroy the calumny, as well with the Bishop of Grenoble as in the town. I had only to tell who the person was, and to shew the fruits of her disorder: but as I could not declare the guilty person, without making known at the same time the other

who had been her accomplice, who now, being touched of God, was very penitent, I thought it best for me to suffer and be silent. There was a very pious man who knew all her history, from the beginning to the end of it, who wrote to her, that if she did not retract her lies, he would publish the account of her wicked life, to make known both her gross iniquity and my innocence. She continued some time in her malice, writing that I was a sorceress, with many other falshoods. Nevertheless, sometime after, she had such a cruel remorse of conscience on this account, that she wrote both to the Bishop and others to retract what she had said. She got one to write to me, to inform me that she was in despair for what she had done; that God had punished her in such a manner, that she had never felt any thing like it. After these recantations, the outcry abated, the Bishop was disabused, and since that time he has testified a great regard for me. This creature had, among other things, said that I made myself be worshipped; and other unparalleled assertions. As she had formerly been beside herself, I think in what she did to me, there was more of weakness than of malice.

From Marseilles I knew not how or whither I should turn next. I saw no likelihood either of staying or returning to Grenoble, where I had left my daughter in a convent. On the other side F. la Combe had written to me that he did not think I ought to go to Paris. I even felt a strong reluctance to the view of going thither, which made me think it was not yet the time for it. One morning I felt myself inwardly pressed to go off. I took a litter to go to see the Marchioness of Prunai, which was, I thought, the most honourable refuge for me in my

present condition. I imagined I might have passed through Nice to her habitation, as some had assured me I might. But when I arrived at Nice, I was greatly surprised to learn that the litter could not pass the mountain to go thither. I knew not what to do, nor which way to turn, being here alone, forsaken of every body, and not knowing what God required of me. My confusion and my crosses seemed daily to increase. I saw myself, without refuge or retreat, wandering as a vagabond. All the tradesmen, whom I saw in their shops, appeared to me happy, in having a dwelling place of their own to retire to. Nothing in the world seemed harder than this wandering life for one like me, who naturally loved honour. As I was in this uncertainty, not knowing what course to take, one came to tell me that next day a shallop would set off, which used to go in one day to Genoa, and that if I chose it, they would land me at Savona, from whence I might get myself carried to the Marchioness of Prunai's house. To that I consented, as I could not be supplied with any other way of getting thither.

I had some joy at embarking on the sea. I said in myself, "If I am the excrement of the earth, the scorn and off-scouring of nature, I am now going to embark on the element which above all others is the most treacherous; if it be the Lord's pleasure to plunge me in the waves, mine shall it be to perish in them." There came a tempest in a place pretty dangerous for a small boat: and the mariners were exceedingly wicked. The irritation of the waves gave a satisfaction to my mind. I pleased myself in thinking that those mutinous billows might probably supply me with a grave. I perhaps carried the point too far in

the pleasure I took, at seeing myself beaten and bandied by the swelling waters. Those who were with me took notice of my intrepidity, but knew not the cause of it. I asked of thee, my Love, some little hole of a rock to be placed in, there to live separate from all creatures. I figured to myself, that some uninhabited island would have terminated all my disgraces, and put me in a condition of infallibly doing thy will. But, oh my divine Love, thou designed me a prison different from that of a rock, and a banishment different from that of an uninhabited island. Thou reserved me to be battered by waves more irritated than those of the sea. Calumnies proved the outrageous unrelenting waves to which I was to be exposed, in order to be lashed and tossed by them without mercy. By the tempest swelling against us we were kept back, and instead of one short day's passage to Genoa, we were eleven days in making it. How peaceable was my heart in so violent an agitation! The swelling of the sea and the fury of its waves were, as I thought, only a figure of that swelling fury which all the creatures had against me. I said to thee, oh my Love, "Arm them all to avenge thyself on me for my infidelities, and for those of all the creatures." I saw thy right hand armed against me; and I loved more than my life the strokes it gave me. We could not land at Savona. We were obliged to go on to Genoa. We arrived there in the beginning of the week before Easter.

While I was there I was obliged to bear the insults of the inhabitants, caused by the resentment they had against the French, for the havock of a late bombardment. The Doge had just gone out of the city, and had carried off with him all the litters. Where-

fore I could not get one. I was obliged to stay several days at excessive expences; for the people there demanded of us exorbitant sums, and as much for every single person as they would have asked for a company at the best eating house in Paris. I had but little money left. My only reliance was on Providence. I begged with the greatest earnestness, for a litter (whatever it cost me) to go to pass the feast of Easter at the Marchioness of Prunai's house. It was then within three days of Easter; and I could scarce any way get myself to be understood. By the force of begging they brought me a sorry litter with lame mules; and told me they would (but withal demanded an enormous sum for it, no less than ten Louis d'ors*) take me well to Verceil, which from this place was only two days journey; but not to the Marchioness of Prunai's house, as they knew not where her estate lay. This was to me a strong mortification; for I was very unwilling to go to Verceil; nevertheless the proximity of Easter, and want of money, in a country where they used every kind of extortion and tyranny, left me no choice. I was under an absolute necessity of submitting to be thus conveyed to Verceil.

Thus Providence *led me whither I would not*. Our muleteer was a most brutal man; and for a farther increase of my affliction, I had sent away to Verceil the Ecclesiastic who accompanied us, to prevent their surprise at seeing me there, after I had protested against going thither. That Ecclesiastic was very coarsely treated on the road, through the hatred they bore to the French; and they made him go part of the way on foot, so that, though he set off the day be-

* French Guineas.

fore me, he arrived there only a few hours sooner than I did. And as for the fellow who conducted us, seeing he had only women under his care, he imposed all possible insults on us.

We passed through a wood infested with robbers. The muleteer was afraid, and told us, "that, if we met any of them on the road, we should be murdered; for they spared nobody." Scarce had he uttered these words, when there appeared four men well armed. They immediately stopped the litter. The muleteer was excessively frighted. They came up to us, and looked at us. I made a light bow of the head, with a smile; for I had no fear, and was so entirely resigned to Providence, that it was all one to me to die this way or any other; in the sea, or by the hand of robbers. But oh my God, how wonderful at this, as at many other times, was thy protection over me! How many perils have I undergone upon mountains, and on the very edges of high precipices! How often hast thou stopped the foot of the mule already bending over the precipice! How often have I been like to be thrown headlong from those frightful heights, into hideous torrents which, though rolling far below our sight, forced us to hear them by their horrible noise! When the dangers were most manifest, then was my faith the strongest, as well as my intrepedity, being unable to wish for any thing else than what should fall out, whether to be dashed against the rocks, drowned, or killed any other way; every thing in the will of God being equal to me. The people who used to convey or attend me said, "they had never seen a courage like mine;" for the most alarming dangers, and the times when death appeared the most certain, were those which

seemed to please me the most. Was it not thy pleasure, oh my God, which guarded me in every imminent danger, and held me back from rolling down the precipice, when already just hanging over its brow ? The more easy I was about my life, which I bore only because thou wast pleased to bear it, the more care thou took to preserve it. There seemed a mutual emulation betwixt us, on my part to resign it, and on thine to maintain it. The robbers then advanced to the litter ; but I had no sooner saluted them, than God made them change their design. Having pushed off one another, as it were to hinder each of them from doing any harm ; they respectfully saluted me, and, with an air of compassion, unusual to such persons, retired. I was immediately struck to the heart, oh my Love, with a full and clear conviction that it was a stroke of thy right hand, who had other designs over me than to suffer me to die by the hand of robbers. It is thy sovereign power which takes away their all from thy devoted lovers ; and destroys their lives with all that is of *self*, without pity or sparing any thing.

The muleteer, seeing me attended only by two young women, thought he might use me as he would, perhaps expecting to draw money from me. Instead of taking me to the inn, he brought me to a mill, in which there was not one woman. There was but one single chamber with several beds in it, in which the millers and muleteers lay together. In that chamber they wanted to force me to stay. My efforts to oblige the muleteer to take me to the inn, proving unavailing, I was constrained to go out on foot, at ten o'clock at night, carrying a part of my clothes, and to go a good way more than a quarter of a league of

that country, (where the leagues are very long,) in the dark, in a strange place, not knowing the way, crossing one end of that wood infested with robbers, to endeavour to get to the inn. The muleteer, seeing us go off from the place where he had wanted to make me lodge, hooted after us in a very abusive manner. I bore my humiliation cheerfully, not without feeling it. But the will of God and my resignation to it rendered every thing easy to me. We were very well received at the inn: and the good people there did the best in their power for our recovery from the fatigue we had undergone. They assured us the place we had left was very dangerous. Next morning we were obliged to return on foot to the litter, for the man would not bring it to us. On the contrary, he fell on us with a shower of fresh insults. And to consummate his base behaviour, he sold me to the post, whereby I was forced to go the rest of the way in a post-chaise instead of a litter.

In this equipage I arrived at Alexandria, a frontier town, subject to Spain, on the side of the Milanese. Our driver took us, according to their custom, to the post-house. I was exceedingly astonished when I saw the landlady coming out, not to receive him, but to oppose his entrance. She had heard there were women in the chaise, and suspecting that we were not women of respectability, she protested against our coming in. On the other hand, the driver was determined to force an entrance. Their dispute rose to such a height, that a great number of the officers of the garrison, with a vast mob, gathered at the noise, who were surprised at the odd humour of the woman in refusing to lodge us. With whatever earnestness I intreated the post to take us to some other house, he

would not; so obstinately was he bent on carrying his point. He assured the landlady we were persons of honour and piety too, the marks whereof he had seen. At last, by force of pressing instances, he obliged her to come to see us. As soon as she had looked at us, she acted like the robbers: she relented at once, and admitted us.

No sooner had I alighted from the chaise, than she said to us, "Go shut yourselves up in that chamber hard by, and do not stir, that my son may not know you are here; for as soon as he knows it he will kill you." She said it with so much force, as did also the servant maid, that, if death had not had so many charms for me, I should have been ready to die with fear. The two poor girls with me were under frightful apprehensions. When any stirred, or came to open the door, they thought they were coming to cut their throats. In short, we continued in a dreadful suspence, between life and death, till next day, when we learned that that young man had sworn to kill any woman who should lodge at that house; because a few days before an event had fallen out, which had like to have ruined him; a woman of a bad life having there privately murdered a man in some esteem. That had cost the house a heavy fine; and he was afraid of any more such persons coming, and not without reason.

CHAPTER XXIV.

After these adventures, and others which it would be too long to recite, I arrived at Verceil. I went to the inn where I was very ill received. I went

finding out the means of detaining me in his diocese. He would not hear of my going to see the Marchioness of Prunai. On the contrary, he wrote to her to come to be with me in his diocese. He sent Father la Combe to her, on purpose to exhort her to come; assuring her that he would unite us all to make a congregation. The Marchioness entered into it readily, and so did her daughter. They had come with F. la Combe, but that the Marchioness was sick. The Bishop hired a large house, and designed to buy it, in order to fix us in it. He wrote also to a lady of his acquaintance at Genoa, a Cardinal's sister, who testified a great desire to be united with us; and the thing was already looked on as done. There were also some good young ladies very devout, who were all ready to come to join us: but it was not the will of God thus to establish me, but to crucify me yet more.

The fatigue of travelling made me fall sick. The girl whom I had brought from Grenoble also fell sick. Her relations, who are a covetous set of people, were fearful that, if she should die in my service, I should get her to make a will in my favour. They were much mistaken: for, far from desiring the property of others, I had given up my own. Her brother, full of this apprehension, came with all speed; and the first thing he spoke to her about, though he found her recovered, was to make a will. This made a great noise in Verceil; for he wanted her to return with him, but she refused. I advised her to do what her brother desired. He contracted a friendship with some of the officers of the garrison, to whom he told ridiculous stories, as that I wanted to use his sister badly: he pretended she was a person of quality, while she was only of a low birth.

They gave out what I was still afraid of, viz. *That I was come after Father la Combe.* They persecuted him even on my account. The Bishop was much troubled at it, but could not remedy it. The friendship he had for me increased every day; because, as he loved God, so he did all those who he thought desired to love him. As he saw me so much indisposed, he came to see me with assiduity and charity, when at leisure from his occupations. He made me little presents of fruits and other things of that nature. His relations were jealous at it, saying "I was come to ruin him, and to carry off his money into France:" which was a thing the farthest from my thoughts. The good Bishop patiently bore these affronts, hoping still to keep me in his diocese, when I should be recovered.

Father la Combe was his prebend and his confessor. He esteemed him highly. God made use of him to convert several of the officers and soldiers, who, from being men of scandalous lives, are become patterns of piety. In that place every thing was mix with crosses and souls gained to God. There were some of his Friars who, after his example, were advancing toward perfection. Though I neither understood their language nor they mine, the Lord made us understand each other in what concerned his service. The Rector of the Jesuits took his time, when Father la Combe was gone out of the town, to prove me, as he said. He had studied theological matters, which I did not understand. He propounded to me several questions. The Lord inspired me to answer him in such a manner, that he went away both surprised and satisfied. He could not forbear speaking of it.

The Bernabites of Paris, or rather Father de la Mothe took it in his head to try to draw Father la Combe from hence to go to preach at Paris. He wrote to the father-general about it, saying, "They had no subject at Paris to support their house, that their church was deserted; that it was a pity to leave such a man as Father la Combe in a place where he only corrupted his language; that it was necessary to make his fine talents appear at Paris, where he himself could not bear the burthen of the house, if they did not give him an assistant of such qualifications and experience." Who would not have thought all this to be sincere? The Bishop of Verceil, who was very much a friend of the father-general, having advice hereof, opposed it, and wrote to him "that it would be doing him the greatest injury to take from him a man who was exceeding useful to him, and at the time that he had the greatest need of him." He had reason for writing thus; for he had at this time a grand Vicar, whom he had brought from Rome, who, after having been the Pope's Nuncio in France, had by his ill conduct reduced himself to live on his masses, even in Rome, where he was in such great necessity as to move this Bishop's compassion, who took him and gave him very good appointments, to serve him as grand Vicar. This Abbe, far from making due returns to his benefactor, giving way to the perverseness of his temper, was ever thwarting the bishop; and if any Ecclesiastic was irregular, or a malecontent, with such the Abbe joined against his Bishop; beside which, he endeavoured with all his might to hurt him at the court of Rome, saying, "he was all for France to the prejudice of the interests of his Holiness; and "that, as a proof thereof, he kept seve-

ral French people with him." He hurt him also by his private intrigues at the court of Savoy, in such sort that the good Bishop had very heavy crosses from that man. As he could bear him no longer, he discharged him, but with much generosity, giving him all that was necessary to reconduct him. On this account the Abbe was extremely enraged against Father la Combe, a French gentleman and myself.

The father-general of the Bernabites would not agree to the request of Father de la Mothe, for fear of offending the Bishop of Verceil, in removing from him a man who was so very necessary to him in the present posture of affairs. As to me, my indisposition increased. The air, which there is extremely bad, caused me a continual cough, with frequent returns of a fever, accompanied with fluctions in the breast, which obliged me to have much blood taken from me. I grew so much worse that it was thought I could not get over it. The Bishop was much afflicted to see it; but having consulted the physicians, they assured him that the air of the place was mortal to me: whereupon he said to me with many tears, "I had rather have you live, though distant from me, than see you die here." He gave up his design of establishing his congregation, for my friend would not settle there without me; and the Genoese lady could not easily leave her own city, where she was respected. The Genoese besought her to set up there what the Bishop of Verceil had wanted her to set up near him. It was a congregation almost like that of Madam de Miramion. When the Bishop had first proposed this affair, however agreeable it appeared, I had a presentiment that it would not succeed, and that it was not what our Lord required of

me, though I submissively yielded to the good proposal, were it only to acknowledge the many special favours of this prelate, being assured that the Lord would know well how to prevent what he should not require of me. As this good Prelate saw he must resign himself to let me go, he said to me, "You were willing to be in the diocese of Geneva, and there they persecuted and rejected you; and I, who would so gladly have you, cannot keep you." He wrote to Father la Mothe; "that I should go in the spring, as soon as the season would permit; that he was exceedingly sorry to be obliged to let me go; that he had looked upon me in his diocese as an angel," with other things, enough to have thrown me into confusion, if I could have attributed any thing to myself. Yet he still hoped to have kept Father la Combe: and so it probably might have been, had not the death of the father-general given it another turn, as I shall tell farther on.

Here it was that I wrote upon the Apocalypse, and that there was given me a greater certainty of all the persecutions of the most faithful servants of God, according to what I wrote thereof, in respect to future times. Here also I was strongly moved to write to Madam de Ch——.* I did it with great simplicity; and what I wrote was like the first foundation of what the Lord required of her, having been pleased to make use of me to help to bring her into his ways, being one to whom I am much united, and by her to others.

* Most probably the Dutchess of Chevreuse.—*Translator.*

CHAPTER XXV.

THE Bishop of Verceil's friend, the father general of the Bernabites, departed this life. As soon as he was dead, Father la Mothe wrote to the vicar general, who now held his place till another should be elected, renewing his request to have Father la Combe as an assistant. That father, hearing that I was obliged on account of my indispositions to return into France, sent an order to Father la Combe to return to Paris, and to accompany me in my journey thither, as his doing that would exempt their house at Paris, already poor, from the expences of so long a journey. On the receipt hereof Father la Combe, who did not penetrate the poison under this fair outside, consented thereto; knowing it was my custom to take some Ecclesiastic with me in travelling. Father la Combe went off twelve days before me, in order to transact some business, and to wait for me at the passage over the mountains, as the place where I had most need of an escort. I set off in Lent, the weather then being very fine. It was a sorrowful parting to the Prelate. I pitied him; he was so much affected at losing Father la Combe and me. He caused me to be attended, at his own expence, as far as Turin, giving me a gentleman and one of his Ecclesiastics to accompany me.

As soon as the resolution was taken that Father la Combe should accompany me, Father la Mothe reported every where "that he had been obliged to do it, to make me return into France." He expatiated on the attachment I had for Father la Combe, pre-

tending to pity me for it. Upon this every one said, "that I ought to put myself under the direction of Father la Mothe." In the mean time he deceitfully palliated the malignity of his heart, writing to Father la Combe letters full of esteem, and to me of tenderness; "desiring him to bring his dear sister, and to serve her in her infirmities, and in the hardships of so long a journey; that he should be sensibly obliged to him for his care," with many other things of the like nature.

I could not resolve to depart without going to see my good friend, the Marchioness of Prunai, notwithstanding the difficulty of the roads. I caused myself to be carried thither, it being scarce possible to go otherwise on account of the mountains. She was seized with an extreme joy at seeing me arrive. Nothing could be more cordial than what passed between us with abundance of mutual openness. It was then that she acknowledged that all I had told her had come to pass; and a good Ecclesiastic, who lives with her, told me the same. We made ointments together, and I gave her the secret of my remedies. I encouraged her, and so did Father la Combe, to establish a hospital in that place; which was done while we were there. I contributed my mite to it, which has ever been blest to all the hospitals, which have been established in a reliance on Providence.

I believe I have forgot to tell that the Lord had made use of me to establish one near Grenoble, which subsists without any other fund than the supplies of Providence. My enemies made use of that afterward to slander me, saying, "I had wasted my children's substance in establishing hospitals;" though, far from

spending any of their substance, I had even given them my own; and though those hospitals have been established only on the fund of divine Providence, which is inexhaustible. But so it has been ordered for my good, that all our Lord has made me do to his glory has ever been turned into crosses to me. I have forgot to particularize a great number both of crosses and indispositions; they have been so many as to render the suppression of some of them in a manner inevitable. In them I remained in a state of dependence, as a child, on Father la Combe, with the impression of these words on my mind, "and he was subject to them." Luke xi. 15. It was the state of childhood in Jesus Christ, which at this time was imprinted on my mind.

As soon as it was determined that I should come into France, the Lord made known to me, that it was to have greater crosses than I ever yet had. Father la Combe had the like sense. He encouraged me to resign myself to the divine will, and to become a victim offered freely to new sacrifices. He also wrote to me, "Will it not be a thing very glorious to God, if he should make us serve, in that great city, for a spectacle to angels and to men?" I set off then with a spirit of sacrifice, to offer myself up to new kinds of punishments. All along the road something within me repeated the very words of St. Paul, "I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befal me there, save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth, saying, that bonds and afflictions abide me: but none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy." Acts xx. 22, 23, 24. I could not forbear to testify it to my most inti-

mate friends, who tried hard to prevail on me to stop; and not to proceed any further. They were all willing to contribute a share of what they had, for my settlement there; and to prevent my coming to Paris. But I found it my duty to hold on my way, and to sacrifice myself for him who first sacrificed himself for me.

At Chamberry we saw Father la Mothe, who was going to the election of a Father General. Though he affected an appearance of friendship, it was not difficult to discover that his thoughts were different from his words, and that he had conceived a dark design against us. I speak not of his intentions, but to obey the command given me to omit nothing. I shall necessarily be obliged often to speak of him. I could wish with all my heart it were in my power to suppress what I have to say of him. If what he has done respected only myself, I would willingly suppress it; but I think I owe it to truth, and to the innocence of Father la Combe, so cruelly oppressed, and grievously crushed so long, by wicked calumnies, by an imprisonment of several years, which in all probability will last as long as life. Though Father la Mothe may appear heavily charged in what I say of him, I protest solemnly, and in the presence of God, that I pass over in silence many of his bad actions.

I saw then his design very clearly. Father la Combe observed it well also. Some of my friends apprized us that Father la Mothe had bad designs; but they little thought them to be so desperately atrocious as they turned out. They thought that he would discharge Father la Combe after he had made him preach, and would for that bring some troubles on him. As it had formerly been said to him, *that*

we should be united together, so now at Chamberry it was inwardly declared to him, *that we should be separated.* Father la Mothe was at the chapter every day, repeating his desires to Father la Combe not to leave me, but to accompany me all the way to Paris. Father la Combe asked him leave to let me go alone to Grenoble, as he was desirous to go to see his flock at Tonon. He made a difficulty of granting him that; so much sincerity he affected.

I went off for Grenoble. On my arrival there I was seized with a fever which held me fifteen days. That good brother, the collector, hereby had exercise for his charity. He gave me remedies, which, with the change of air, gradually removed the malady. All those whom God had given me, the first time I was at Grenoble, came to see me in my illness; and were filled with joy at seeing me again. They shewed me the letters and retractions of that poor passionate girl; and I did not see that any body retained an impression against me from her stories. The Bishop here manifested more kindness to me than ever, assuring me that he had never believed any thing of them, and made me an offer to stay in his diocese. They farther pressed me with new instances to induce me to stay at the general hospital. But it was not the place where God required me to be. Both Father la Combe and I were so penetrated with the cross, that every thing announced it to us.

That good girl of whom I have spoken, who had foreseen so many persecutions to befal me, had again many presentiments of the crosses which were about falling in a shower upon us at Paris. She said, "What will ye go to do there, to be crucified?" All along the road such souls as were spiritual, and of grace, spoke

to us of nothing but crosses; and that impression, that *bonds and afflictions awaited me*, was scarce ever absent from me. I come then, oh my sovereign Love, to sacrifice myself to thy will. Thou knowest what crosses I have had to bear from my own relations, what an universal decry I am under: and yet, through all this persecution, thou dost not fail to gain souls to thyself in every place, and at every time; and I think myself overpaid for all my troubles and pains, were they only to procure the salvation and perfection of one soul. It was in this place, oh God, that thou wast willing to erect a theatre of thy will and works by the cross, and the good to be done to souls thereby.

END OF PART SECOND.

THE

LIFE OF LADY GUION.

PART THIRD.

FROM HER RETURN TO PARIS.

CONTENTS OF PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I. OF the plots contrived to ruin F. la Combe, and to involve M. Guion in his fall. A counterfeit saint and her husband employed herein.

II. F. la Mothe tries, but in vain, all the means imaginable, one while to induce F. la Combe, another while M. Guion to quit Paris; in order that their flight may cause them to pass for guilty.

III. F. la Combe is imprisoned in the Bastile, and hardly treated. An order is obtained also for imprisoning M. Guion.

IV. She is seized with a grievous malady before her imprisonment, and grievously teased in it.

V. Her imprisonment in a convent, and hardships pouring upon her on all sides. A letter full of falsehoods is forged, as of her writing, to serve as a pretext for the justice of her imprisonment. She denies it to be hers, and shews its inconsistencies.

VI. She refuses to accept deliverance, being offered her on terms not consistent with a good conscience. Her consent required to a marriage of her daughter, which for good reasons she refuses.

VII. New falsehoods about her invented, and spread, to prejudice both the king and people in general against her. Through her close imprisonment she falls dangerously ill. The necessary relief is denied her.

VIII. After much hard usage, Providence appears on her side. Mad. Maintenon, having all her prejudices against her removed, intercedes for her: and the king orders her to be set at liberty.

IX. Her enemies demand of her, before her release, several captious signatures, which she refuses. Her first acquaintance with Abbe Fenelon, afterwards Archbishop of Cambray.

X. Of her inward condition. Her Apostolic state, or Mission for the help of souls, described, &c.

XI. She retires into a community. F. la Mothe severely rallied by a great woman for his vile forgeries and false accusations of M. Guion. Marriage of her daughter, with whom she resides two years and a half; after which she takes a small house for herself. Her conferences with Abbe Fenelon. Her edifying visits at St. Cyr. Her conferences with two noted citizens of Paris.

XII. She enters upon a more retired way of life; yet finds it an insufficient shelter from calumnies and persecution.

XIII. The Duke of Chevreuse brings her acquainted with the Bishop of Meaux, who reads the foregoing history of her life, and acknowledges the good impressions it had made on his mind. She puts into his hands all her writings, and clears up to him many of the difficulties which he had pretended to find therein.

XIV. A farther account of the said Bishop and his remarks. Observations on her own disposition.

XV. The said Bishop offers her a certificate. She acknowledges his kindness, but does not accept of it. Fresh calumnies against her gaining ground, she writes by the Duke of Beauvilliers to Mad. Maintenon to request an appointment of commissioners for her examination; but without effect. Death of one of her best friends.

XVI. Violence rising on every side, she perceives that some others are aimed at beside herself, particularly Abbe Fenelon, of which she apprises him. The Bishops of Meaux and Chalons with Mons. Tronson are agreed upon to examine her writings. Remarkable extract of a letter she wrote to them.

XVII. The Bishop of Meaux, having promised the condemnation of M. Guion, labours for it. He forbids the Duke of Chevreuse to be present at the trial. Yet after all, he can make nothing out against M. Guion.

XVIII. She offers to go to live for some time in any community within his diocese. He, glad of the offer, proposes to her that of St. Mary's. Going thither, she had like to have perished in the snow by night. A strange declaration and signature demanded of her by the Bishop. The honourable character given of her by the Prioress and the Religious of that community.

XIX. The Bishop of Meaux, at last gives M. Guion a good certificate, by which he displeases Mad. Maintenon. He repents of having given it to her. At length her enemies obtain an order from the King for her being arrested, though sick, and put in prison.

XX. Why she chuses to suppress the most grievous of her persecutions, and the hardships of a ten years imprisonment, after having recited far less things.

XXI. Of her interior dispositions toward the last part of her time. An affectionate salutation of her children in the faith, and prayer for them. Remarkable conclusion.

Supplement to her own account of her Life, taken out of that of the Archbishop of Cambray.

THE

LIFE OF LADY GUION.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.*

SCARCE had I arrived at Paris, but I readily discovered the bad designs of some persons against both Father la Combe and myself. Father la Mothe, who conducted the whole tragedy, artfully dissembled, according to his custom; flattering me to the face, while he was aiming the keenest wounds behind the back. He and his confederates wanted, for their own interest, to persuade me to go to Mont-

* Now we approach a combination of the wickedest plots, against Lady Guion and Father la Combe, set on foot by Father la Mothe her half-brother, (viz. only by the same Father) and his accomplices; amongst whom we find the official, or judge of the Ecclesiastical court, and at length Monsieur de Harlay, Archbishop of Paris. It soon ended in the imprisonment of both these faithful martyrs, and dear servants of their great Creator. Her fundamental principle being, *The pure disinterested love of God, formed in the soul by the operation of divine grace, through submission, self-renunciation, fervent prayer, faithful obedience to its discoveries, and inward communion therewith*, the wicked Ecclesiastics hated such a principle or doctrine as tended to wean the people from a blind dependence on them, to teach men to pray to God for themselves, and to love him singly for his own sake, for his wisdom, goodness, and perfections; clear from all views of selfish interest. Such Ecclesiastics would scruple nothing they could devise, to destroy the publisher of a free and evangelical doctrine.—Translator.

argis, *(my native place)* hoping thereby to get the guardianship of my children, and to dispose of both my person and effects. All the persecutions from Father la Mothe and my family have been attended on their part with views of interest; and those against Father la Combe have sprung from rage and revenge, because he, as my director, did not oblige me to do what they wanted; as well as out of jealousy. I might enter into a long detail on this head, sufficient to convince all the world hereof: but I suppress it to avoid prolixity. I shall only say that they threatened to deprive me of what little I had reserved to myself. To this I only replied, "That I would not go to law, that if they were resolved to take from me the little I had left *(little indeed in comparison of what I had given up,)* I would surrender it entirely to them;" being quite free and willing not only to be poor, but even in the very extremity of want, in imitation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

After the Lord had made Father la Combe and me suffer much in our union, in order to purify it thoroughly, it became wonderfully perfect in God. I cannot enumerate the favours which the Lord conferred on me; for in me all passes in a manner so pure as no language can describe. As nothing falls under the senses, nor under the power of expression, all must remain with and in God. What had caused my sufferings before with this Father was, first, that he then had no knowledge of the entire nakedness of the soul lost in God; he could not comprehend a state of which I could tell him almost nothing; secondly the communication in silence he could not easily come into, wanting to see it with the eyes of *reason*: but when these obstacles were removed,

God made him one with himself and with me in the consummation of a perfect unity. All that is understood, distinguished and explained is only mediate; but as for the immediate communications, as they are more for an unlimited eternity than for the narrow limits of time, one can say nothing of them but what St. John has said, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." It is good to be early accustomed to cause all mediate words to give place to the speech of the divine Word, which is a silence ineffable and ever eloquent.

I arrived at Paris on Magdalen's eve 1686, exactly five years after my departure from that city. After Father la Combe arrived there, he was soon followed and much applauded. I perceived some jealousy in Father la Mothe hereupon, but did not think that matters would be carried so far as they have been. The greatest part of the Bernabites of Paris, and its neighbourhood, joined against Father la Combe, induced thereto from two causes. The first was the self-interestedness and jealousy of Father la Mothe, which made him contrive every kind of treacherous artifice. He told them all, that by ruining Father la Combe they would have a pretext for shaking off the yoke of the Savoyards: for you must know that, from six years to six years, the Bernabites had a Savoyard for their provincial, which they said was injurious to the French nation. Wherefore they all entered into it; and yet without obtaining what they desired; having actually a Savoyard for their Provincial at this day. The second reason was the particular jealousy of the Provincial, who from a friend was become an enemy, and thereupon united his interest to that of Father la Mothe. But all their

calumnies and evil attempts were overthrown by the unaffected piety of Father la Combe, and the good which multitudes reaped from his labours.

I had deposited a little sum of money in the hands of Father la Combe (with the consent of his Superior,) to serve for the entrance of a Nun. I thought myself obliged in conscience to do it; for she had, through my means, quitted the new catholicks. It was that young woman whom I mentioned before, (see Part II. chap. v.) whom the priest of Gex wanted to win over. As she is beautiful, though very prudent, there always continues a cause for fear, when such an one is exposed without any establishment. La Mothe wanted to have that money, and signified to la Combe "that, if he did not make me give him it for a wall, which he had to rebuild in his convent, he would make him suffer for it." But the latter, who is always upright, answered, "that he could not in conscience advise me to do any thing else but what I had already resolved, in favour of that young woman." So now he and the Provincial ardently longed to satisfy their desire of revenge. They employed all their thoughts on the means of effecting it.

For this purpose they sent to Father la Combe, to confess, a man and a woman, who were united to commit every sort of crime with impunity, and to persecute the servants of God. I think there never was such another artifice. The man counterfeits all sorts of hands, and is fit for executing any vile design. They pretended to be very devout; and among so great a number of souls, as came from all parts to Father la Combe to confess, he never discerned these diabolical spirits: God so permitted it, who had given power to the Devil to treat him like Job.

One evening before this, being alone in my chamber, retired in prayer, all of a sudden my state of childhood seemed to be taken from me, to make way for that of my being joined with Jesus Christ crucified. What passed in this new union of love to that divine object, himself alone knows. My state still becoming deeper, as I had borne Jesus Christ in his denudation and crosses, so now I seemed to bear him in his crucifixion, which was the finishing of all his states. Nothing but experience can make any comprehend what I mean. These words at this time I felt imprest, *And he was numbered with the transgressors*, Mark xv. 28. And it was put in my mind that I must bear Jesus Christ, in this state in its whole extent. Oh my Lord, if there has not yet been poured upon me enough of reproaches and ignominies, finish and consummate that state to me by the last punishment. Every thing will be well received as coming from thee. For me to suffer for thy name sake, was the contract of our sacred marriage: and thy handmaid acknowledges thy goodness to her, continued all along to this day, in sanctifying her sufferings to the honour of thy worthy name.

I received a letter from Father la Combe, who wrote to me in these terms, "The time looks heavy (speaking of Father la Mothe's humour in regard to him) "I know not when the thunder will fall: but every thing shall be welcome from the hand of God." In the mean time the husband of that wicked creature, who counterfeited the saint, in order to play his game the better, left off going to confess to Father la Combe, but sent his wife, who said, *she was very sorry that her husband had quitted that Father*; she told him, *that God had revealed to her things to come, and* that he

was going to meet with great persecutions. It was easy for her to know it, since she was planning them with Father la Mothe, the Provincial and her husband.

During this time I went into the country to the house of the Dutchess of C.* There I found several persons, whose interior progress the Lord made me instrumental to assist, and who were of the number of my spiritual children. I felt a strong impulse to communicate to them in silence: but as it was strange to some of them, admitting natural timidity, I failed in fidelity to what God required of me. They read a passage of scripture, which they interpreted in a manner quite contrary to the sense given me of it, which oppressed my spirit exceedingly; and the more so, because I durst not speak, on account of certain persons present, who held me in a kind of bondage: but after dinner I had an opportunity to speak to some of them, which gave some relief to my troubled mind. Often, from the plenitude which filled my soul, I was favoured with a discharge on my best disposed children, to our mutual joy and comfort, and not only when present, but sometimes when absent. I even felt it to flow from me into their souls. When they wrote to me, they informed me that at such times

* It is observable that through this part, after her return to Paris, she is very tender of setting down the names, or sirnames and titles of any of her friends. The Writer of the Archbishop of Cambray's life acquaints us that that Prelate first met with this Lady at the Dutchess of Bethune's house. But she does not once make mention of that Dutchess, nor of the house of Charoste mentioned in the Appendix. And though in the IIId Chapter of this part, she informs us that *the more persecution raged against her the more children were given her of the Lord*, yet she mentions the names of none of them, being unwilling thereby to occasion their being exposed to, and involved in, her sufferings. *See note, page* 30.

they had received abundant infusions of divine grace. Our Lord had given me that spirit of truth, which knows how *to refuse the evil, and chuse the good.* Even when any preached, or talked of pious subjects, I felt in myself that which rejected every thing of human conception or opinion, and accepted only that which was the pure truth.

Father la Combe wrote to me while I was in the country, that he had found an admirable woman (meaning her I have mentioned above, *the counterfeit saint*) and gave me some circumstances respecting her, which put me in fear for him. Nevertheless as the Lord gave me nothing particular thereupon, I wrote to him that I resigned him to God for that, as for the rest.

The husband of that woman, induced by the enemies of Father la Combe, wrote defamatory libels, to which they attached the propositions of Molinos, which had been current for two years past in France, declaring that they were the sentiments of Father la Combe. These libels were spread about in the communities in all parts. Father la Mothe and the Provincial, acting as persons well affected to the church, carried them to the Official, or judge of the Ecclesiastic court, who joined in the dark design. They shewed them to the Archbishop, saying, "it was out of their zeal, and that they were exceeding sorry that one of their fraternity was an heretic, and as such execrable." They also brought me in, but more moderately, saying "Father la Combe was almost always at my house," which was very false; for I could scarce see him but at the confessional, and that for very short spaces. Several other things equally false they liberally gave out of us both.

They bethought themselves of one thing further likely to favour their scheme. They knew I had been at Marseilles, and thought they had obtained a good foundation for a fresh calumny. They counterfeited a letter from a person at Marseilles (I think I heard it was from the Bishop) addressed to the Archbishop of Paris, or to his official, in which they wrote, "that I had lain at Marseilles in the same chamber with Father la Combe; that he, while there, had eaten meat in Lent, and done very scandalous things." Father la Mothe came to try to draw me into his snare, and to make me say, in the presence of the people he had brought, that I had been at Marseilles with Father la Combe. "There are, said he, shocking accounts sent against you by the Bishop of Marseilles. You have there fallen into great scandals with Father la Combe: there are good witnesses of it." I replied with a smile, "The calumny is notably devised: but it had been proper to know first whether Father la Combe had been at Marseilles, for I do not believe he was ever there in his life. I was, while there, with such and such, and during that time Father la Combe was labouring at Verceil." He was confounded and went off, saying, "There are witnesses however of its being true." He went immediately to ask Father la Combe if he had not been at Marseilles. He assured him he never had been there. They were struck with the disappointment. They then gave out that it was Seisel, which was in the letter. Now this Seisel is a place I have never been at, and there is no Bishop there.

Father la Mothe and the Provincial carried about their libels, with those propositions of Molinos, from house to house, saying they were the errors of Father

la Combe. They plotted together. They determined to take a journey into Savoy, to collect and bring memorials against Father la Combe and me. The Provincial set off, though but newly returned from visiting a province bordering on Savoy, giving a strict charge to Father la Mothe, who was enough inclined without it, to spare no pains or cost to ruin Father la Combe.

They plotted with the Official, a man well versed in such artifices. They suborned that woman. She told Father la Combe "that she had heard wonderful things of me, which had given her an ardent desire to see me." As she farther told him, *that she was in great want and distress*, he sent her to me for my charity; I gave her half a louis d'or. At that time she was a stranger to me; but, after a little converse with her, I was struck with horror: yet I kept it to myself.

A few days after, she came again to ask me for something to get herself bled. I told her, "I had a maid who could do it well, whom I would get to do it for her." She replied, that "she was not a person to be bled by any but surgeons." I then gave her a fifteen penny piece. She took it with disdain, then went and threw it to Father la Combe, asking *if she was a person to be put off with fifteen-pence.* But she learned that evening, from her husband, that the time, not yet ripe for discovery, required longer dissimulation. She then came again to Father la Combe to beg his pardon, saying, "it was a rash fit of passion which had made her act as she did." She asked him also for the fifteen pence. He told me then nothing of all this; but I had a certainty that she was a wicked hypocrite, bent on some bad design: and so I told

Father la Combe, who chid me for it, saying, "It was only my own imagination, that I wanted charity, that she was a religious woman."

There came to me a virtuous young woman, a stranger, who told me she thought herself obliged, as she knew I was intimate with Father la Combe, to apprize me that he confessed a woman who deceived him. She told me of base things that woman had done, and of her thefts at Paris. I desired her to tell him the same herself. She said she had attempted it; but he told her it was not acting according to charity. In a certain shop that vile woman spoke ill of him. They let him know it, but he seemed not to believe it. She sometimes came to my house. I turned pale at the sight of her. My domesticks perceived it, especially one who felt the same horrors as I did.

CHAPTER II.

One day a Confessor sent for me. He related to me what this woman and her husband had told him, and what lies he had caught them in. I went directly to tell it to F. la Combe, when, as if the scales fell from his eyes, he beheld her in her true colours, revolving what he had seen in her and heard from her.

As soon as I was come home she came to see me, and to beg money to pay her house-rent. I ordered the servants not to let her in. I was very sick, and so they told her. She wanted to force her entrance. Another maid, who knew her baseness, then went to the door, and told her, "I was not to be spoken

with;" she scolded them exceedingly, but they patiently bore it. Hereupon she went to the Superior of the Norbertines,* and uttered the most vile calumnies against me; the falsehood of the principal of which was soon manifested.

Moreover those who instigated her to relate these things, knew that, if they were brought to trial, it must be before secular judges, which was what they did not like. They then resolved to attack me only on the article of Faith, to bring me before the Ecclesiastical court; and to do this by means of a little book, entitled, *A short and easy method of Prayer;* though my name was not in it, and though it had been approved by the Doctors of Sorbonne.†

La Mothe came to me, and told me that there were at the Archbishop's palace frightful memorials against la Combe, that he was an heretic, and a friend of Molinos. Now he never knew Molinos, and so I told la Mothe; and farther, that if he would accompany la Combe to the Archbishop, he would soon

* *Norbertines.* St. Norbert, founder of the Premonstrants, was born in the dutchy of Cleves in 1080. About the year 1118 he sold his paternal estate, gave it to the poor, resigned all his preferments, which before he had held, and travelled preaching freely from one town to another. The Pope approved of his conduct; and it is said he wrought miracles. St. Bernard gave him a solitary valley called Premontre whither he retired Anno Dom. 1120, where he founded an order for Monks called Norbertines. He was afterwards made Archbishop of Magdeburgh in 1127, where he brought the Canons, though for sometime they mutined, to his pitch of austerities at last. Here he died in 1134; and was canonized, for a Saint, by Pope Gregory XII. in 1582.

† *Sorbonne.* The first and most considerable College of the university of Paris, in which there are 63 colleges in all, founded in the reign of St. Lewis by Robert Sorbonne, which name is given to the whole university of Paris.

undeceive him. He promised me to do it the next day, but took care not to do it. I told him of the base woman above-mentioned. He coldly answered, "She is a saint." La Combe, on hearing this, went to la Mothe to desire him to go with him to the Archbishop. He told him, "the memorials were not against him but against me." La Mothe went into the country for two days, leaving la Combe in his place. He gave him a strict charge not to leave the house till his return. And this he did only to hinder him from going to the Archbishop, to make known the truth to him while himself was absent.

The Abbe de Gaumont, a man of singular piety, near eighty years of age, formerly acquainted with me, paid me a visit. He brought with him Monsieur Bureau, a doctor of Sorbonne, whom la Mothe hated, because one of his penitents, who had been liberal, and given him a great deal, had left him and chosen Bureau for her confessor. La Mothe said to me, "You see Monsieur Bureau, I don't like him." I asked him his reason, saying, "I did not go to seek him, and that he came to me very seldom, and was a man in great reputation." He went away, and deposed at the Bishop's court, that I held assemblies with Bureau and Gaumont, and that he had put a stop to one of them; which was very false. He then accused me also of sundry other things. The judge of that court was glad of having this occasion against Bureau, having long hated him. They set to work that wicked woman's husband; and soon were counterfeited letters (from the Superiors of religious houses in which he had been the confessor) prepared. They wrote to this judge that Bureau had preached and taught errors, and troubled those hous-

es. It was a very easy matter for Bureau to expose the falsehood hereof. For those Superiors disavowed the said letters: and yet they made the King believe him guilty, whereupon he was banished.

One day la Mothe came again to me with the old story, that there were horrible memorials against la Combe, wanting to induce me to persuade him to retire out of the way: and what was this for, but that his flight might make him pass for guilty? It was because he feared he could not yet otherwise carry his point, being bent on his ruin. I replied, "If Father la Combe be guilty, he ought to be punished; if not, he ought to have gone with him to the Archbishop that his innocence might appear." La Combe desired him to let him go himself to the Archbishop, if he would not go with him. He always said, he would go with him the next day, or some other day: then he pretended business, which would not admit his going at that time, though he often went thither without him.

At length la Mothe took off the mask. He said to me in the church, before la Combe, "It is now, my Sister, that you must think of fleeing; for there are execrable memorials against you: you are charged with crimes of a deep dye." I was not moved in the least, but replied with my usual tranquility, "If I am guilty of such crimes, I cannot be too severely punished; wherefore I will not flee or go out of the way. I have made an open profession of dedicating myself to God entirely: and if I have done things offensive to him, whom I would wish both to love and to cause to be loved by the whole world, even at the expence of my life, I ought by my punishment to be made an example to the world: but if I am innocent, for

to flee is not the way for my innocence to be believed." As he saw that I continued firm in my resolution, of suffering the utmost rather than to flee, he said to me in great wrath, "Since you will not do what I propose, I will go and acquaint all your family, that they may make you do it." I then desired him to let me go first to speak to them, or that we might go both together. He agreed that we should go both together the next day. The Lord shewed me the whole thread of this plot. I was struck to the heart, with a sense that la Mothe was gone off directly to prepossess the family against me.

I sent my footman with speed to take a coach for me, and went off in it. La Mothe was there before me. When he found himself thus discovered, he broke out in a furious passion. He returned to the convent, and discharged his wrath on poor la Combe. He had not had time to meet with my children's guardian; but told his sister that I was accused of heinous crimes; and that it was necessary to cause me to quit the country." To which she answered, "I no more believe that she has done such things than that I have done them. What! A woman who has lived as she has done! I would answer for her, life for life. To make her fly! Her flight is no such indifferent matter: for, were she ever so innocent, that would be to declare her guilty." He replied, "It is absolutely necessary to expedite her departure: it is the sentiment of the Archbishop." She asked him whither I must depart. He said to Montargis. That gave her some suspicion. She said, "She must consult her brother upon it, and he would go to the Archbishop." At that he was confused, and desired that none of them would go; that, as he was most *concerned* about the matter, he would go himself.

I arrived just as he was coming out. She told me all this; and I related to her all he had said to me. He returned, and was several times baffled, contradicting himself, before us both.

Next day my children's guardian went to the Archbishop's palace. La Mothe was there waiting to speak to him. When he saw this guardian, a counsellor of the Parliament, he turned pale. He begged of him not to speak to the Archbishop, telling him that he himself would do it, being so much concerned for his sister. The counsellor replied, "I am obliged to serve her in an affair of this nature." He then begged him to let himself speak first to the Archbishop. "If he calls you first you shall go first; if not, I will," said the counsellor. "But, sir, said la Mothe, I will tell him you are here." "And I, said the counsellor, will tell him you are here."

Presently the Archbishop called the counsellor, who told him "he had heard of strange memorials being there against me; that he had known me long for a woman of virtue, and would answer for me, body for body." The Archbishop replied, that he knew not of any thing against me. The counsellor then told him, "that la Mothe had said, he had advised that I should go out of the way." The Archbishop replied, "That is not true; for I have never heard any mention made of her before." The counsellor then asked if la Mothe might be called in. He was called, and the Archbishop asked him about it. Like one thunderstruck, he made a very bad defence. He said, he had it from the father provincial. He went away full of malice, and told la Combe, that he would make him pay dearly for the affront which had been put upon him.

CHAPTER III.

SEEING I could not be prevailed on to quit my station, the confederates in iniquity, having consulted with Monsieur Charon the Official, found means to ruin la Combe. They made the King believe, on the testimony of the scrivener and his wife, that he was a friend of Molinos, in his sentiments; and had committed certain crimes; though he was quite clear of them. The king hereupon ordered *that he should not stir out of his Convent, and that the Official should go thither to examine him.* This order they concealed from la Combe, to the end that, by his going out for exercises of charity or of obedience, he might be arrested as a rebel to the King's orders. One afternoon he was told, as they had contrived it, that one of his penitents had been run over by a horse, and that he must go to confess her. Without delay he went to ask leave of la Mothe, who willingly gave him it. In the mean time the Official came, and made his verbal process, setting forth how he was gone out, and was rebellious to the King's orders. They told the official he was at my house, though they well knew the contrary; and that it was above six weeks since he had been there: they told the Archbishop also, that he was always at my house.

One morning, soon after, they sent for the Official, and then ordered la Combe to go to say mass. He was surprised at the order, it not being his turn. Yet in obedience he went. After saying mass, he saw the Official go out of the house, who had then made his second verbal process, setting forth how la Combe

was gone out again, in rebellion to the King's order. Thereupon he came to the Superior of the house, and asked him if a design were not carrying on to surprise him, as he had just seen the Official going from the house. "He came to speak to me, *said the Superior*, I asked him if he had a mind to speak to you: he said, No."

The Official came a third time. La Combe saw him out of the window, and desired to speak to him. He was told the Official's business was only with the Superior: and yet the Official then made his third verbal process, setting forth how la Combe was absent a third time, in rebellion to the King's order. La Combe, as I had advised him, wrote to the Official, desiring him not to refuse him that favour which is granted to criminals; which is *to hear them*. I sent his letter by a person unknown. The Official said he would come after dinner without fail. La Combe was uneasy at having written this letter without the leave of his Superior, and therefore told him of it. On which the Superior sent two friars to the Official, for what purpose it is easy to judge. As I was going to a new hired house, I saw these two friars, and had an apprehension of their errand. I caused them to be followed, till they entered the Official's house. It then appeared that a surprise was designed.

La Mothe, mean while, pretended a willingness to serve him. He went to him, and said, "My father, I know you have certificates of your doctrine from the Inquisition, and from the holy congregation of rites, also approbations. Such credentials are incontestable: and since you are approved at Rome, a simple Official has nothing to say to you in regard to your doctrine." Hereupon la Combe, in the simplicity of

his heart, believing him to be honest and sincere, brought him all these papers, but never could get them back again. In vain he asked for them. La Mothe told him he had sent them to the Official, and the Official said he had not received them, nor ever heard any thing about them. One day, being at his confessional, he said to me, "I resign myself to reproaches and ignominies. Do you sacrifice me to God, as I am going to sacrifice myself to him." Soon after he was arrested, when at dinner, viz. on the third of October, 1687.

The Provincial sent for that Abbe who had been grand Vicar to the Bishop of Verceil, and discharged by him for his misconduct. (See Part II. Chap. xxiv.) He came on purpose to Paris to depose falsehoods against la Combe; but his lies and scandals were so glaring, that his unworthy patrons could not save him from being lodged in the Bastile. Two days after him la Combe also was lodged in the same prison. Though on his trial he appeared quite innocent, and they could not find any thing whereupon to ground a condemnation, yet they made the king believe he was a dangerous man in the article of religion. He was then shut up in a certain fortress of that great prison for life: but as his enemies heard that the captains in that fortress esteemed him, and treated him kindly, they got him removed into a much worse place. God, who beholds every thing, will reward every man according to his works. I know by an interior communication that he is very well content, and fully resigned to God.

La Mothe now endeavoured more than ever to induce me to flee, assuring me that, if I went to *Montargis*, I should be out of all trouble; but that,

if I did not, I should pay for it. He insisted on my taking himself for my director, which I could not agree to. He decried me wherever he went, and wrote to his brethren to do the same. They wrote me very abusive letters, and particularly that, if I did not put myself under his direction, I was undone. I have the letters still by me. One Father desired me in this case to make a virtue of necessity. Nay some advised me to pretend to put myself under his direction, and to deceive him; whereas I abhorred the thought of a disguise or deceit. I bore every thing with the greatest tranquility, without taking any care to justify or defend myself, leaving it entirely to God to order as he should please about me: and herein he was graciously pleased to increase the peace of my soul, while every one seemed to cry against me, and to look on me as an infamous creature, except those few who knew me well by a near union of spirit. At church I heard people behind me exclaim against me, and even some priests say, "It was necessary to cast me out of the church." I left myself to God without reserve, being quite ready to endure the most rigorous pains and tortures, if such were his will.

I never made any solicitation either for Father la Combe or myself, though charged with that among other things. Willing to owe every thing to God, I have no dependence on any creature. I would not have it said that any but God had made Abraham rich. Gen. xiv. 23. To lose all for him is my best gain; and to gain all without him would be my worst loss. Though at this time so general an outcry was raised against me; God did not fail to make use of me to gain many souls to himself. The more perse-

cution raged against me the more children were given me, on which the Lord conferred great favours through his poor handmaid.

While Father la Mothe was so industrious in blackening my character, to render what he said the more credible, he pretended to love and esteem me. In some respects he cried me up as it were to the skies, in others he cast me down into the abyss, or pit of perdition. Some days after, a good young woman acquainted me that the aforesaid Scrivener, Gautier, had been at the Archbishop's palace, carrying a parcel of papers thither. These were the memorials Father la Mothe had spoken of. To diseulpate himself he said to me, "You were in the right to say that was a wicked woman. It is she who has done this."*

One must not judge of the servants of God by what their enemies say of them, nor by their being oppressed under calumnies without any resource. Jesus Christ expired under pangs. God uses the like conduct toward his dearest servants, to render them conformable to his son, *in whom he is always well pleased.* But few place that conformity where it ought to be. It is not in voluntary pains or austerities, but in these which are suffered in a submission ever equal to the will of God, in a renunciation of our whole selves, to

* She relates what two merchants come from Dijon† told her of this woman; that she had stole some plate from the house of a famous fraternity at Lyons, had fled from the nunnery of *repenting maids* at Dijon and come to Paris to marry, where she sewed gloves; whereupon she sent to Father la Mothe, to acquaint him that she had sufficient means to manifest both the wickedness of that woman and the innocence of Father la Combe. He replied, he would not meddle in it. So poor Father la Combe was like Joseph sold by his brethren.

† Dijon the capital city of Burgundy on the river Onche, 140 miles south-east from Paris.

the end that God may be our all in all, conducting us according to his views, and not our own, which are generally opposite to his. In fine all perfection consists in this entire conformity with Jesus Christ, not in shining things which men esteem and cry up. It will only be seen in eternity who are the true friends of God. Nothing pleases him but Jesus Christ, and that which bears his mark or character.

They were continually pressing me to flee, though the Archbishop had spoken to myself, and bidden me not to leave Paris. But they wanted to render both me and Father la Combe criminal by my flight. They knew not how to make me fall into the hands of the Official: for if they accused me of crimes, it must be before other judges; and any other judge would have seen my innocence, and the false witnesses would have run the risque of suffering for it. They continually spread the outcry of horrible crimes; the Official assured me that he had heard no mention of any; for he was afraid lest I should retire out of his jurisdiction. They then made the King believe "that I was an heretic, that I carried on a literary correspondence with Molinos (I, who never knew that there was a Molinos in the world, till the Gazette had told me of it) that I had wrote a dangerous book; and that on those accounts it would be necessary to issue forth an order to put me in a convent, that they might examine me; that, as I was a dangerous person, it would be proper for me to be locked up, to be allowed no commerce with any one; that I held assemblies;" which was very false. To support this calumny my hand-writing was counterfeited, and a letter forged as from me, importing, "that I had great designs, but feared lest they should prove abor-

tive by the imprisonment of Father la Combe, for which reason I had left off holding assemblies at my own house, being too closely watched; but that I would hold them at the houses of such and such persons, in such and such streets;" who are people whom I do not know, nor ever before had heard named. This forged letter they shewed the King, and upon it an order was given for my imprisonment.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS order would have been put in execution two months sooner than it was, had I not fallen very sick. I had inconceivable pains and a fever. The pangs I had for five weeks caused me to lose my senses. Twice I received, as I was thought near expiring, *the holy viaticum*. One of my friends had acquainted Father la Mothe, knowing him to be my brother, but not that he had any hand in Father la Combe's imprisonment, that she had sent me a certificate from the inquisition in said la Combe's favour, having heard that his own was lost. This was a very good piece: for they made the King believe that he had run away from the inquisition; and this shewed the contrary.

Father la Mothe then came to me, when I was under excessive pains, counterfeiting all the affection and tenderness in his power, and telling me "that the affair of Father la Combe was going on very well, that he was just ready to come out of prison with honour, that he was very glad of it; that if he had only this certificate, he would be delivered presently. Give me it then, *said he*, and it will be done." At first

I made a difficulty of doing it. "What! *said he*, will you be the cause of ruining poor Father la Combe, having it in your power to save him, and cause us that affliction, for want of what you have in your hands." I yielded, ordering it to be brought and given him. He suppressed it, and gave out that it was lost. It never could be got from him again. The Ambassador from the Court of Turin sent a page to me for this certificate, designing to make the proper use of it to serve Father la Combe. I referred him to Father la Mothe. The page went to him and asked him for it. He denied that I had given it to him; saying, "Her brain is disordered which makes her imagine it." The page came back to me, and told me his answer: the persons in my chamber bore witness that I had given it to him. Yet all signified nothing: it could never be got out of his hands; but on the contrary he insulted me, and set others also to do it, though I was so weak that I seemed to be at the very gates of death.

They told me they only waited for my recovery to clap me in prison. He made his brethren believe that I had treated him ill. They wrote to me; one, "that it was for my crimes that I suffered; and that I should put myself under the conduct of Father la Mothe, or otherwise should repent;" another, "that I was frantic and ought to be bound; lethargic, and to be awakened; a monster of pride, since I would not suffer myself to be cleansed and conducted by Father la Mothe." Such was my daily feast in the extremity of my pains; deserted of my friends, and oppressed of my enemies; the former being ashamed of me, through the calumnies which were forged and industriously spread; the latter let loose to persecute me;

under all which I kept silence, leaving myself to the Lord. To Father la Mothe's insults I returned mildness, and made him presents.

There was not any kind of infamy, error, sorcery, or sacrilege, of which they did not accuse me. As soon as I was able to bear being carried to the Mass in a chair, I was told I must speak to the Prebend. (It was a snare concerted betwixt Father la Mothe and the Canon at whose house I lodged. I spoke to him with much simplicity, and he approved of what I said. Yet two days after they gave out that I had uttered many things, and accused many persons; and from hence they procured the banishment of sundry persons with whom they were displeased, persons whom I had never seen nor heard of. They were men of honour. One of them was banished, because he said, "my little book is a good one." It is remarkable that they say nothing to those who prefixed their approbations, and that, far from condemning the book, it has been reprinted since I have been in prison, and advertisements of it posted up at the Archbishop's palace, and all over Paris. In regard to others, when they find faults in their books, they condemn the books and leave the persons at liberty: but as for me, my book is approved, sold and spread, while I am kept a prisoner for it.

The same day that those gentlemen were banished, I received a *lettre de cachet*, or order sealed and addressed to me, to repair to the Convent of the Visitation of St. Mary's in the suburb St. Antoine. I received it with a tranquility which surprised the bearer exceedingly. He could not forbear expressing it, having seen the extreme sorrow of those who were only banished. He was so touched with it as to shed

tears. And though his order was to carry me off directly, he was not afraid to trust me, but left me all the day, desiring me to repair to St. Mary's in the evening. On that day many of my friends came to see me, and found me very cheerful, which surprised such of them as knew my case. I could not stand, I was so weak, having the fever every night, it being only a fortnight since I received the *holy viaticum*. I thought they would leave me my daughter and maid to serve me. My daughter was most at my heart, having cost me much care in her education. I had endeavoured, with divine assistance, to root out her faults, and to dispose her to have no will of her own; which is the best disposition for a child. She was not yet twelve years of age.

CHAPTER V.

On the twenty-ninth of January 1688, I went to St. Mary's. There they let me know that I must neither have my daughter nor a maid to serve me, but must be locked up alone in a chamber. Indeed it touched me to my heart when my daughter was taken from me. They would neither allow her to be in that house, nor any body to bring me any news of her. I was then obliged to sacrifice my daughter, as if she were mine no longer. The people of the house were prepossessed with so frightful an account of me, that they looked at me with horror. For my jailor they singled out a Nun, who they thought would treat me with the greatest rigour, and therein they were not mistaken.

They asked me who was now my confessor. I

named him; but he was seized with such a fright that he denied it; though I could have produced many persons who had seen me at his confessional. So then they said they had caught me in a lie; and I was not to be trusted. My acquaintance now said they knew me not, and others were at liberty to invent stories, and *say all manner of evil of me.* The woman, appointed for my keeper, was gained over by my enemies, to torment me as an heretic, an enthusiast, one deranged in mind, and an hypocrite. God alone knows what she made me suffer. As she sought to surprise me in my words, I watched them, to be more exact in them; but I fared the worse for it. I made more slips and gave her more advantages over me thereby, beside the trouble in my own mind for it. I then left myself as I was, and resolved, though this woman should bring me to the scaffold, by the false reports which she was continually carrying to the Prioress, that I would simply resign myself to my lot; so I re-entered into my former condition.

Soon after I came into this convent I had a dream, in which I saw the sky opening all of a sudden, and as it were a shower of bright fire. There were with me a multitude of people, all of whom betook themselves to flight, in order to escape it. As to me, I prostrated myself on the ground, and said, "Oh my God, it is I who am the victim of thy justice." I soon awaked full of certainty that I should earn this title of *victim of divine justice.* Monsieur Charon the Official and a Doctor of Sorbonne came four times to examine me. Our Lord did me the favour which he promised to his apostles, viz. to make me answer much better than if I had studied. Luke xxi. 14, 15. They said to me, "if I had explained myself, as I

now did, all along in that *short and easy method of prayer*, I should not now have been here." My last examination was about a counterfeited letter, which they read and let me see. I told them the hand was no way like mine. They said, "it was only a copy; they had the original at home." I desired a sight of it, but could not obtain it. I told them, "I never wrote it, nor did I know the person to whom it was addressed;" but they took scarce any notice of what I said.

After this letter was read, the Official turned to me and said, "You see, Madam, that after such a letter there was foundation enough for imprisoning you." "Yes, Sir, said I, if I had written it." I shewed them its falsehoods and inconsistencies, but all in vain. I was left two months, and treated worse and worse, before either of them came again to me. Till then I had always some hope that, seeing my innocence, they would do me justice; but now I saw that they did not want to find me innocent, but to make me appear guilty.

The Official alone came the next time, and told me, "I must speak no more of the false letter; that it was nothing." "How nothing, *said I*, to counterfeit a person's writing, and to make one pass for an enemy to the state!" He replied, "We will seek out the Author of it." "The Author, *said I*, is no other than the Scrivener Gautier." He then demanded where the papers were which I had written on the scriptures. I told him, "I would give them up when I should be out of prison; but was not willing to tell with whom I had lodged them."

About three or four days before Easter he came again, with the Doctor, and a verbal process drawn

up against me for rebelling, in not giving up my papers. Copies of my writings were then put into their hands; for I had not the originals. I know not where those who got them from me have put them: but I am firm in the faith that they will all be preserved, in spite of the storm. The Prioress asked the Official how my affair went. He signified very well, and that I should be soon discharged: and this became the common talk; but I had a presentiment of the contrary.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAD an inexpressible satisfaction and joy in suffering, and being a prisoner. The confinement of my body made me better relish the freedom of my mind. St. Joseph's day was to me a memorable day; for then my state had more of heaven than of earth beyond what any expression can reach. I expected from it that there was some new cup for me to drink, as the glorious transfiguration of Christ was an introduction to his passion; depriving himself for the rest of his life of the effusions of the divinity, the supports of the human life, which he had kept before, the beatitude being suspended, the sufferings unabated, unrelieved: in like manner I may say it fell out to me, though unworthy to participate the states of Jesus Christ, and with the infinite disproportion of a poor weak creature to him who was both God and man. This day of St. Joseph, who is a saint to whom I am intimately united, was like a day of transfiguration for me. It seemed to me that I had then nothing left of the creature; but that time was followed

as it were with a suspension of every favour then enjoyed, a dispensation of new sufferings. I was obliged to sacrifice myself anew, and to drink the very dregs of the bitter draught. The dream I had had, wherein all the indignation of God fell upon me, came up again in my mind.

I never had any gall of resentment against my persecutors, though I well knew them, their spirit and their actions. Jesus Christ and the saints saw their persecutors, and at the same time saw *that they could have no power except it were given them from above.* John xix. 11. Loving the strokes which God gives, one cannot hate the hand which he makes use of to strike with. A few days after, the Official came, and told me he gave me the liberty of the Cloister, that is, to go and come in the house. They were now very industrious in urging my daughter to consent to a marriage, which, had it taken place, would have been her ruin. To succeed herein, they had placed her with a relation of that gentleman whom they wanted her to marry. I had all my confidence in God, that he would not permit it to be accomplished, as that person had no tincture of christianity, being abandoned in his principles and morals!

The Prioress and the whole community united in giving the best testimonies of me that could be given of any body. Indeed the whole house now conceived a very great affection for me. Father la Mothe heard of it and was vexed. He soured the minds both of the Archbishop and the Official whose Confessor he is. Far from letting me go out at the end of ten days, as had been said, they left me there several months. The Archbishop said, that I must expect nothing but from my repentance. I was tos-

sed between hope and despair. Now I was told that my persecutors had the upper hand, and I thought I must be a prisoner all the rest of my days. On a sudden would come new days of hope. Then the affair seemed to be concluded in my favour, and myself on the point of being owned and declared innocent. On which presently followed some reverse, new calumnies, new crimes discovered. I looked on myself as a reed beaten with the wind, one while laid down on the ground, another time raised up again. Presently I was told that Father la Mothe had obtained an order for putting me in a house of which he was the master, where it was thought he would make me suffer extremely; for he is very hard. Some of my friends wept bitterly at the hearing of it; but such was my resignation that I could not weep about it. There appears to be in me such an entire loss of what regards myself, that any of my own interests give me little pain or pleasure, ever wanting to will or wish for myself only the very thing which God does. An ignominious death on a scaffold, with which I have so often been threatened, makes not any alteration in me. As God will always be infinitely happy, it seems to me that there is not any thing, in time, or eternity, which can hinder me from being infinitely happy, since my happiness is in him alone.

Father la Chaise* was much prejudiced against me; for he had been told that I was deep in errors; that I had retracted some of them, but still retained many. A friend of mine urged me to write to him, telling me, "I should not wait for God to do every thing for me, without doing myself what was pro-

* A Jesuit and Confessor to the King of France.

per; for that would be to tempt God." Out of complaisance then, without the least hope of any good arising from it, I wrote to him a true account of myself, of the counterfeit letter, and the falsehoods reported of me: letting him know that I could prove the truth of what I had written, if he would admit it. I could never find that this letter produced any good effect, but rather the reverse. The Archbishop assured him that I was very criminal; and to prove it the better, pretended to be willing to do me a favour. He sent a certain Bishop privately, to solicit the Prioress to get me to write a handsome letter of submission, in which I should declare that I was criminal, and had made some retraction; assuring me that, if I wrote such a letter I should be immediately discharged.

I forgot to tell that, a month before this, the Official (with the Doctor) came to me. He proposed to me in the presence of the Prioress, that if I would consent to the marriage of my daughter, as above hinted, I should be set free in less than eight days. I answered him, "that I would not buy my liberty at the price of sacrificing my daughter; that I was content, as long as it should please the Lord, to continue in prison." He replied, "the King would not use violence in the case; but he desired it." I said, "the King was too just to act otherwise." And yet a few days after, Father la Chaise was told that I had said, "The King would have me kept in prison till I consented to my daughter's marriage, and that the Archbishop had told the same to my children's guardian." They said, "I had invented this, that I was a state criminal, and ought to be closely locked up again." But before that, they made a fresh attempt to get me

to write the letter demanded, after which they said I should be delivered. I knew it to be a snare; that they had no mind to deliver me, but to have a clear proof against me, to imprison me for the rest of my life, and that this was what they wanted.

CHAPTER VII.

Soon after the Official and the Doctor came to tell the Prioress that I must be closely locked up. She represented to them that the chamber I was in was small, having an opening to the light or air, only on one side, through which the sun shone all the day long; and that, being the month of July, it must soon be my death. They paid no regard thereto. She asked why I must be thus closely locked up. They said, "I had committed horrible things, in her house, even within the last month, and had scandalized the Nuns." She protested the contrary, and assured them the whole community had received great edification from me, and could not but admire my patience and moderation. But it was all in vain: and the poor woman could not refrain from tears, at a forgery so remote from the truth.

They then sent for me, and told me, "I had done base things in the last month." I asked what things? They would not tell me. I said then, "that I would suffer as long and as much as it should please God; that this affair was begun on forgeries against me, and so it continued.—That God was witness of every thing." The Doctor told me, "To take God for a witness in such things was a crime." I replied, "Nothing in the world could

hinder me from having recourse to God." I then retired, and was shut up more closely than at first: and because there was no key, they fastened the chamber door with a piece of wood, or bar across it. I had an interior joy at this new humiliation. Oh what pleasure, my supreme Love, to be for thee in the most abject condition.

The guardian of my children went to see the Archbishop, and asked him for what cause I was made so close a prisoner, since he had lately told him *I was justified.* He answered, "You, sir, who are a Judge, know that ten indictments may fail of condemning, and that one may be found which may absolutely do it." "What new thing then, my Lord, *said the Counsellor*, has my cousin done?" What, *said he*, do you not know? After having declared she was innocent, she has in this last month with tears, and as it were by force, written a retraction, wherein she acknowledges that she has fallen into error, and hatched wicked sentiments; that she has been guilty of all she has been accused of; that she curses the day and hour wherein she became acquainted with Father la Combe." The Counsellor mistrusted it was a forgery. He desired to see it, with my examinations. The Archbishop told him, "It was not to be seen. The affair was the King's." The Counsellor, to be the better assured, came hither to inquire whether I had written and signed any thing. The Prioress assured him that neither the Official nor Director had come hither for four months past, except when they came to propose the marriage of my daughter, when the Counsellor was present. I had written nothing all that time, except, at the desire of the Prioress, a few lines to the Archbishop, wherein I reminded him "that his Official had told me, before Easter, that I should

not remain here above ten days; that that time was now greatly multiplied, and that I therefore now desired my liberty, as my temporal concerns needed it." Of this letter the Prioress kept a copy. But it was no difficulty to that scriviner, who had written the first false letter, to write more of them.

It was then for these counterfeit letters, shewed to Father la Chaise, that I was now so closely shut up. Now reports were current that I was convicted of old crimes, and had committed new ones. This obtained such credit, that even in this house they began to entertain some doubts about me; my friends again forsook and blamed me for the letter I had written to Father la Chaise. I said in myself, "None shall hereafter prevail on me to have recourse to the creatures. I will place all my hope in God only." Do then with me, Oh my Love, what thou shalt please both for time and for eternity. Even my children's guardian, the Counsellor, changed now in his regard towards me.

Father la Mothe had said *I should be shut up*, three days before it was done. He said also, "We hear that where Father la Combe is imprisoned there is a commandant who favours him: but we shall cause him to be fastened up close." Father la Combe had been transferred to the isle of Oleron, where the commanders, touched with his virtue, respected him as a servant of God. The chief of them, filled with a love for the truth, wrote to Monsieur Chateauneuf, governor of the island, in his favour, requesting him to grant a mitigation to the rigour of his imprisonment. The Governor shewed this letter to the Archbishop, and he to Father la Mothe. And they concluded to remove him from thence into a desart island, which *was done*.

Before I was arrested, Monsieur —— sent for a certain woman, and told her she must go to the Jesuits, and swear against me several things which he told her: she said, she did not know me. "That makes no difference, *said he*, it must be done; and that his design was to ruin me." Hereupon she went to a virtuous Ecclesiastic who told her, "It was a falsehood; and a sin to do it." She then refused to do it. He tampered with another to get her to do it. She also excused herself. A Friar, against whom there were great subjects of complaint, to gain credit to himself, wrote against me: for they gained most who could write with greatest force against me.

I have a cousin in whom the Lord has begun a good work, and I hope he will perfect it in her. She residing at St. Cyr, spoke in my favour to Madam Maintenon, and she to the King, whom she found exceedingly prejudiced against me: she could at that time do nothing for me. I was told, *There was no hope.* All my friends said, *My imprisonment was likely to be perpetual.* I fell dangerously ill, being shut up in a place where the air was so hot, it seemed like a stove. They wrote to the Official hereupon, desiring him to order some help, and to permit somebody to enter my chamber to serve me. He returned no answer; and but for the Superior of the house, who thought he could not in conscience leave me to die without attempting some relief (and therefore ordered the Prioress to look after me) I should have died without succour. For when the Archbishop was spoken to about it, "Very sick, *said he*, at being shut up within four walls, after what she has done!" He would grant nothing, though the Counsellor applied to him for it. The Superior ordered a phy-

sician and surgeon to attend me. It was God who inspired him to do it; for had I not been thus attended, I must soon have died. Seldom I think has the like treatment been heard of. All Paris was let loose against me. My friends were afraid least I should die; for by my death my memory would have been covered with reproach, and my enemies would have triumphed: but God would not yet suffer them to have that joy. After bringing me down, he was pleased to raise me up again.

In the time of the ancient law there were several of the Lord's martyrs, who suffered for asserting and trusting in the one true God. In the primitive church of Christ the martyrs shed their blood, for maintaining the truth of Jesus Christ crucified: but now there are martyrs of the holy Spirit, who suffer for their dependence on it, for maintaining its reign in souls, and for being victims of the divine Will.

It is this spirit which *is to be poured out on all flesh*, as saith the prophet Joel. The martyrs of Jesus Christ have been glorious martyrs, he having drank up the confusion of that martyrdom: but the martyrs of the holy Spirit are martyrs of reproach and ignominy. The devil no more exercises his power against their faith or belief, but directly attacks the dominion of the holy Spirit, opposing its celestial motion in souls, and discharging his hatred on the bodies of those whose minds he cannot hurt. Oh holy Spirit, a Spirit of love, let me ever be subjected to thy will, and, as a leaf is moved before the wind, so let me by thy divine breath. As the impetuous wind breaks all that resists it, so break all that opposes thy empire, even the towering cedars which stand *in such opposition*.

It is said of Jesus Christ that he *yielded up the ghost*, or sent forth his Spirit. (Matt. xxvii. 50.) This was both the consummation of his pains, and the consummation of all ages, even of all things which through his Spirit shall be done in the whole world. Hence he said, *it is finished*, or consummated. (John xix. 37.) Since his death, St. Paul has told us that *he shall deliver up the kingdom to God his Father*, (1 Cor. xv. 24.) to the end that God by his Spirit may reign on earth. Jesus Christ taught to pray *that the kingdom of God may come, and his will be done on earth as in heaven*, which implies the subjection of the whole will in the creature to that of the Creator, even without any reluctance, hesitation or delay. Then will his reign be consummated, and *his enemies become his footstool.* Oh thus may all be reduced into one, though it be through much destruction of what opposes this kingdom, according to Christ's words, viz. *I came not to send peace but a sword.* Matt. x. 34. *I am come to send fire on earth: And what will I, if it be already kindled?* Luke xii. 49.

CHAPTER VIII.

They still strove hard to draw out of me some retractions, being not well enough satisfied with those which the scrivener had inserted in the counterfeit letter. They wanted them from myself, in order that they might serve for a proof of my guilt to posterity, a proof that they were in the right to imprison me, and to convince the world also, that it was with justice that they had caused Father la Combe to be imprisoned. They made use both of alluring promises

and violent threats, to induce me to write *that he was a deceiver*. I answered that, however rigorous my imprisonment was, I was ready to die and even to mount the scaffold, sooner than to write any falsehood; that I was content to suffer whatever it should please God to order or permit; that they ought to shew my examinations, since I had therein told the truth, as I had solemnly promised to do.

As they saw they could draw nothing else from me, they forged an execrable letter, wherein they made me accuse myself of all sorts of crimes, even such as God has done me the favour to keep me ignorant of. They also therein made me own that Father la Combe had deceived me, and that I detested the hour in which I first knew him. Father la Mothe, seeing that people began to look upon him as the author of the persecution and imprisonment of Father la Combe, in order to disculpate himself in the eye of the public, wrote to him that I had accused him, that he had desired the Archbishop to shew him his examinations, that he had designed to pursue the affair, and to demand satisfaction for having imprisoned him. "But, *says he*, the Archbishop told me it was the King's affair, and none of my business." He published abroad that I had like to have ruined their house, wanting to bring them all to be Quietists. He bethought himself of another stratagem to prevent the King from ever knowing that he was the author of our persecutions.

The Archbishop, whose director he is, consulted him, in a sham way, whether he could in conscience set me at liberty, because he was afraid lest Madam Maintenon would speak for me. He answered in *such a manner* as to make me appear guilty, and yet

himself to be concerned on my behalf. "I think, my Lord, replied he, *writing in a concerted letter*, that you may set my sister at liberty, notwithstanding all that is past; and I offer to engage to you that no inconvenience shall arise from it." This letter was shewed to the King, to let him see the probity of Father la Mothe, and to take away all suspicion of his inclination to persecute me: and yet, in spite of the consultation, they did not fail to speak out openly, that they did not think in their consciences that they could set me at liberty. They represented me to the King, so much the more criminal, as Father la Mothe was the more zealous in my behalf. A Bishop, speaking about me one day, to one of my friends who endeavoured to defend me, said, "How would you have us think her innocent, when I know that her own brother, Father la Mothe, has been obliged out of zeal for the good of the church, and through a spirit of piety, to carry shocking memorials against his sister, and her Father Confessor, to the Archbishop's palace?"

Though Father la Combe be under close confinement, we do not fail to communicate in God. Many spiritual persons, to whom the Lord has united me by the tie of maternity, experience the same communication, though in my absence, and find in this union the remedy or relief of their pains. Oh God, who hast chosen in this poor creature to erect the throne of thy *goodness and severity*, thou knowest that I pass over many things, either for want of remembering, or of knowing how to express them. I have said what I could, and that with the utmost sincerity and entire truth. Though I have been obliged to describe the procedure of those who persecute me, I have not

done it out of resentment, since I love them at my heart, and pray for them, leaving to God the care of defending me, and delivering me out of their hands, without any movement of my own for it. I have apprehended and believed that God would have me write every thing sincerely, that his name may be glorified; that the things done in secret against his servants should one day be published on the house tops; for the more they strive to conceal them from the eyes of men, the more will God in his own time make them all manifest.

At present I experience two states, that of Christ crucified and of his infant state, the one of daily crosses, very violent, without number or intermission; the other so child-like, simple and candid, that methinks if my soul were to be impressed any way, there could come nothing out of it but candor, innocence, submission and patience. Oh my God, methinks, thou hast made of me a prodigy, a monument of thy goodness and wonderful works! There is wrought in me something of the original, which is communicated to me after a manner inexplicable, which nothing but experience can comprehend; and rare indeed is that experience. It is then to thee, O MY LOVE, that I render what I have written for thee.

Done this 22d of August 1688, aged forty years, in my prison, which I love and cherish, as I find it sanctified by MY LOVE.

I forgot to tell that I had *a sense* of the state of the souls which came to me, and of that of the persons which were given me, how far distant soever they were from me. By *sense* I mean an interior impression of what they were, especially such as passed for spiritual. I knew presently whether they were up-

right or artful, their degree, and their self-love, for which I felt a rejection. I knew when they were stout in themselves, and supported by the virtue they imagined they had, by which they measured others, and condemned in their minds those who were not like themselves, though more perfect. These persons who think themselves righteous, and are thought so by others, are much more unacceptable to God, than some sinners from weakness, who are looked on with contempt; whom nevertheless God favours with great mercies: which will not be fully seen but at the day of judgment. He *beholds afar off* those souls which are so exalted and full of themselves, though they fancy themselves humble, because they appear in some acts of humility, which for the most part increase the high opinion they have of themselves. If they were to suffer some real humiliation, then would appear their want of solidity. Oh if people knew how much God loves the true littleness of spirit in the creature, they would behold it with amazement. When they speak to me of some persons of piety, my inward sense rejects those who are not in the low state I have mentioned; and admits those who are subject to God in that state. There is something in me which refuses the evil, however glossed or covered; and greatly loves the true and solid good. I find it is the same even in the practice of virtues; or what pass for such. This spirit discerns the real virtue from that which only wears its likeness. Of such as have left this life and are now accounted saints, it esteems those most who have been most annihilated, and whom God has most sanctified by his own operation; it does not join in the world's cry, in attributing to others that which they wanted.

It was thought I was about coming out of prison, and every thing seemed to tend toward it. But the Lord gave me a sense that, far from being willing to deliver me, their consultations were only laying new snares to ruin me more effectually, to make Father la Mothe known to the King, and esteemed by him. The 22d of August I waked under an impression of Jesus Christ in an agony, seeing the counsel of the Jews against him. I knew that none but God could deliver me out of prison, and I was satisfied that he would do it one day by his own right hand, though ignorant of the manner, and leaving it wholly to himself.

My soul has long been in an entire independence on every thing which is not God. It wants not any creature; and if it were alone in the world, in its present state, it would be infinitely content, as it adheres to nothing under heaven. Nothing else but God occupies and fills it. This mortification of every desire, this inability of cleaving to any creature (I mean not of things necessary for the body) this perfect satisfaction exempted from every selfish wish, because it wants nothing, is the surest proof of the entire possession of God, who alone, as the sovereign good, can satisfy the whole soul.

One day thinking why I could not invoke any of the saints, though united to them in God, it was put into my mind, that domesticks had need of credit and intercessors, while the spouse readily obtains every thing without asking any thing. He of his infinite goodness prevents her. Oh how little known is the holy Author of all good! They examine my actions. They cry out that I do not say over my chaplet, or *beads*, that I have no devotion for the holy Virgin

Oh divine Mary, thou knowest how my heart is singly devoted to God, and the union which he has formed betwixt us in himself. I can do nothing but what he directs, depending wholly on his will.

The Official, the Doctor, the Guardian of my children, and Father la Mothe came together to speak to me about the marriage of my daughter. Father la Mothe, who heard all that passed, said not a word, except that he whispered to me (thinking thereby to screen himself from the disgrace of that malice wherewith he persecuted me) "that I was detained in this convent, only on account of the marriage of my daughter." I made him little answer, yet treated him in the most courteous and cordial manner that was possible; our Lord granting me the favour of easily acting this way, through his love. They told Father la Mothe they were glad to see that I received him so well. He gave out that, while I shewed him exterior civilities, I had used him ill, and treated him with malignity. When I heard it, I could not but wonder that any man could invent such gross untruths.

God, who never forsakes those that trust in him, has done what he made me know he would do, by the hand of Mad. Maintenon. It fell out in the manner I am going to relate. It shews the wonderful conduct of God, and the care he takes of those who are wholly his, even when he appears the most to desert them.

My uncle's affairs having miscarried, he had a daughter, a Canoness of sense and merit. She had a little sister who was very pretty: and as Mad. Maintenon had newly established a house for young ladies, whose fathers had been ruined in the King's

service, this Canoness went to present her little sister to Mad. Maintenon, who liked her much, as she did also the good sense and conduct of the Canoness. She desired her to stay at least for some time to give this house its beginning. My cousin was pleased to speak in my favour to Mad. Maintenon, but found her so prejudiced against me by the current calumnies, that she had no hope of doing any thing for me there. She let me know it. I was quite content with the will of God, and was under a full persuasion in myself, that God would make use of Mad. Maintenon for my enlargement.

Mad. Miramion, who also looked on me as very criminal from the same cause, providentially came to the convent which I was in, having a great esteem for the Prioress. She asked her about me. Both the Prioress and the Nuns gave her such a character of me, and of my conversation and conduct, as astonished her. After her return she spoke of me to Mad. Maintenon with a good effect.

But what was yet more amazing, the Abbess, with whom I had placed that good young woman, who had cost me so many crosses, as well at Gex as because Father la Mothe wanted the money which I had assigned for her portion, which in part has caused the persecution I have suffered, came to Paris about business. Having occasion to treat with me about that portion, and being a relation of Mad. Maintenon, she complained to her that the Archbishop would not allow her to speak to me. Hereupon Mad. Maintenon spoke for me to the King, who ordered the Archbishop to set me at liberty, which both surprised and vexed him exceedingly. I admired the singular steps of the adorable conduct of divine Providence.

herein, since the same money, which had proved a source of crosses to me, was now made the means of my deliverance. This Abbess also gave Father la Mothe a fear, lest his underhand dealing against me should be discovered, in a letter which she wrote to him, wherein she expressed her high esteem of my virtue and of the pious life I had led.

CHAPTER IX.

My enemies informed the King, that I could not come out of prison without the proper formalities. This was an act which they wanted me to sign, to shew they had not been in the wrong, and to screen them from all the researches which afterward might be made into their conduct in my affair. The Official came about the beginning of October, telling me, "I must sign an act he had drawn up:" finding, on the perusal of it, sundry articles which I could by no means be free to sign; I let him know it. He disputed them with me one after another, now and then breaking out into violent passions, saying, "I should sign them or pay dearly for it." He and the Doctor said, "If I signed what they demanded, they would presently open to me the door." [*She made all the concessions she could consistent with reason and truth; but they strove hard for more; for themselves and the Archbishop, who had the matter much at heart.*]

I have understood since, that one of my persecutors had obtained a power to send me two hundred leagues off, to a prison where I should have been likely never more to be heard of; it pleased God to put forth his hand to save me, when things were become des-

perate. When my children's guardian went to the Secretary for my *lettre de cachet*, or letter sealed and addressed to me, (after the King had given his order to set me at liberty) the Secretary asked if it was for that lady who was to be transferred.* Oh how it pleases God to overturn the designs of men! The Abbess, with the said guardian, then came and took me out of prison. They took me first to the Archbishop, out of form, to thank him. I ought indeed to do it for what he has made me suffer, as by it God has been glorified. Mad. Miramion, Mad. Maintenon and others, were very glad to see me set at liberty. The Archbishop desired me *to say nothing of what had passed.*

Some days after my release having heard of the Abbe de F.† my mind was taken up with him with much force and sweetness. It seemed to me that the Lord would unite him to me in a very intimate manner, beyond any other, and that of him there would be formed a spiritual filiation *(or sonship)* to me. I had an opportunity of seeing him the next day. I inwardly felt that this first interview did not satisfy him. I experienced something which made me want to pour out my heart into his; but I did not find yet the due correspondence for it, which made me suffer much. Next morning I saw him again. We remained in silence together for some time, till the cloud was dissipated; but he was not yet as I desired him to be. Eight whole days I suffered on his account, after which I found myself united to him without any obstacle: and ever since, this union has increased after a manner pure and ineffable. My soul seemed to be joined to his in the bond of divine love, as was

* Removed to another prison. † Abbe de Fenelon.

that of Jonathan to David. The Lord has given me a view of the *great* designs he has upon this person, and how dear he is to him.

CHAPTER X.

I HAVE thought of writing no more of what regards my interior state, not having words to express it, being so perfectly separated from all that can fall under sentiment, expression, or human conception.

I shall only say that, after being raised up again, I found in myself, some years before my being put into what is called the Apostolic state, or mission for the help of others, all selfishness consumed in the purgatory I had passed through. I found myself in a felicity like that of the Blessed. Nothing here below touched me. At present I see not any thing on earth which can give me pain in regard to myself.

The happiness of such a soul can never be comprehended without experience! Those who die in being employed in thus helping their neighbour, die in the supreme felicity, though loaden with exterior crosses.

When it pleased God to honour me with his mission, he shewed me that the true father in Jesus Christ, the Apostolic Pastor, ought like him to suffer for men, to bear their infirmities, to pay their debts, to be clothed with their weaknesses. He inclines the heart to what he demands, imprinting on it words like these, "I was happy, I possessed glory, I was God: but I quitted it all, and subjected myself to pain, contempt, ignominy and punishment. I

became a man to save men. If thou art willing to finish *what is behind of my suffering*, and that I form in thee an extension of my quality of Redeemer, thou must consent to lose the happiness thou enjoyest, to be subject to weaknesses and miseries, to bear the infirmities of those with whom I shall entrust thee, to pay their debts, and in short to be exposed not only to their interior pangs, from which (as to thyself) thou hast been delivered, but to all the most violent persecutions. If I had continued in my private life, I had never suffered any persecution. None are persecuted but such as are employed in the help of souls."

He shewed me that he called me not, as some had thought, to gain exterior proselytes to the church, but singly to the propagation of his own good spirit. He does not so much design me for the first conversion of sinners, as to make those who are touched with right desire to enter into perfect conversion. Since God has been pleased to bestow on me part of the Apostolic state, what have I not suffered? And yet my love for those souls, instead of desiring to be freed from it, has increased in proportion to my increase of suffering for them, even till their entire purification. Then the union, which has often been covered with clouds, becomes like a clear air, every where penetrated with the light of the sun. As to the souls which are the most consummate in the love of God, living among men, their exterior is covered with apparent weaknesses, which (like a poor skin) hide infinite treasures from the view of others, and tend to save them from being lost.

After entering into the new life men find themselves so different from the rest of mankind, and

think so differently from what they have been used to do, that the faults and errors of their neighbours become insupportable to them. The soul is ready to cry out, *Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.* Luke ii. 29. But in regard to such as have the painful task of conducting others, if the souls conducted could penetrate, through their feeble outside appearance, the depth of their grace, they would look on them with too high a respect, and would not die to the support which such a conduct would give them. If the Jews could have penetrated through the exterior of Jesus Christ, in common with other men, they never had persecuted him, but would have been in a continual admiration. These persons then are a paradox both in their own eyes, and in the eyes of those who behold them: for they see no more than a plain and homely appearance in them, though a divine virtue often proceeds from them. Celestial wisdom flows from their heart and mouth, like, from trees pregnant therewith, a spring of divine nutriment, which communicates life to an infinite number of branches, though one sees on them only a coarse and mossy rind. Hence men who presume to judge of these souls are very liable to err in judgment, and, as says the Apostle Jude, like *filthy dreamers, to despise dominion and speak evil of dignities, of things which they know not,* (Jude v. 3, 10.) the holy mysteries of God, revealed by him only to the souls which he has prepared to receive them.

Such souls can only speak and write through the actual light of the present moment, which lasts no longer than it is necessary to speak, or write; without being able to see or think afterward on what they

saw before, unless the actual light be restored to them. It is like a person to whom one opens a cabinet full of treasures, who sees them so long as it is open, but sees nothing of them when it is shut up again. Only the spouse *opens and none can shut ; and when he shuts none can open.* Such a soul cares neither for honour, nor wealth, nor life. If it were not so, it could not serve other souls in the whole extent of the designs of God.

If God retained these hidden souls in the secret of his presence, they would be screened from the persecutions of men : but how willingly would they suffer fire and racks for a single soul ! No wonder if the Devil stir up all quarters of his dominion against Apostolic souls ; he knows that such a soul, were it hearkened to, would destroy his empire. All exterior devotions hurt him but little ; for he makes reprisals on the self-love of such devotions, for what they make him lose by the regularity of their observances : but there is not any gain for him to make on a soul devoted to the truth of God, and to his pure love ; who lets *self* be destroyed by the sovereign power of God. The Devil cannot approach these souls but at a distance. The rage with which he is fired against them has no bounds. To be devoted to God, one must have no choice or preference of esteem for one action above another. People form to themselves ideas, and imagine that a soul is given to God in some certain manner : and when they see any thing contrary to those ideas, they conclude God is not there ; and yet it is often where he is most. He sets no value on any virtue of our forming. A state which depends on any good, which is capable of being conceived or distinguished, is a virtuous state, but not a divine state.

The saints of the Lord are sanctified, not like other saints, by the practice of some virtues; but by the Lord himself, and by an infinite suppleness to every intimation of his will, even in the smallest things, which is the real possession of every virtue. These are saints after his manner, and not after that of men. Let there not be any virtue or holiness for me, but what flows from this spring. Thus may I, and the children whom God has given me, go on from faith to faith! Though the soul which is lost in God have an infinite suppleness of obedience to his will, yet it is more particularly attracted toward other souls in which it finds an harmonious correspondence, and on the other hand appears reserved, and to have pain to speak before others, being sensible of their repugnant dispositions. One must judge of souls, even in the child's state, more by what God has done for them than by what one sees; for otherwise one would judge of them more from one's own state than from the state which they are in. What seems weak in God far surpasses the greatest force in men. It is what causes the joint alliance of those seeming contraries, divine strength with the weakness of a child. ——1688.

CHAPTER XI.

At my coming out of St. Mary's I entered into the community of Mad. Miramion. My enemies, not yet tired of plotting against me, told me it was more proper for me to enter into a private house. This was to set on foot new forgeries, as before. When they saw that, with all their endeav-

ours for it, they could not prevail, they wrote to Mad. Miramion, assuring her that they saw me go into bad houses in the suburb S. Marceau; and that I held assemblies. Father la Mothe was the author of these letters. Mad. Miramion, who knew that I had all this time kept my bed in the fever, with an imposthume in the eye, which was dressed every day, herself generally being present at the dressing, was very much provoked at such a procedure. Father la Mothe came to see her, to confirm what he had written, and to add thereto other calumnies, of things which he said I had done within eight days last past; she fell upon him sharply for the blackness of his accusations, assuring him that she believed all that had been told her, of the flagrant malignities with which he had all along pursued me, having such a manifest reason so to do, as she was a witness that for three months past I had kept my bed.

Seeing himself so ill received here, he tried to set other engines to work. He complained every where that I had caused him to be ill treated by Mad. Miramion, though I did not know any thing of what had passed, till some time after it, when, upon my recovery, she told me it, and shewed me his letters.

During my late illness, with the great pains of my eye, God gave me great patience. In all my maladies I have been endued with wonderful patience. I only accuse myself of letting it too much appear, as it served to feed my mind with the notice and admiration of those about me: as there are hidden corners in things which appear virtues, that harbour selfish regards, which cannot escape the penetrating eye of pure Love.

My daughter was married at the house of Mad.

Miramion.* I then thought myself obliged, on account of her extreme youth, to live with her; where I continued two years and a half. While I was there my enemies were ever forging one thing or other against me. When I was with my daughter in the country, they charged me with instilling my notions into the country people: if I was in town, they charged me with visiting people whom I knew nothing of. All these things, concurring with my own inclination to a retired life, determined me to write to the Prioress of the Benedictines at Montargis, to inform her that I had a mind to spend the rest of my days with her, unknown to every body but herself, and to see nobody but her alone. We had agreed on every article, and I sent thither my furniture. She spoke of it to the Archbishop, and he did not keep the secret.

Both my friends and my enemies (if one may call by that name those to whom one does not wish any harm) opposed it; the former not willing to lose me, and the latter wanting a better opportunity of undoing me, thinking also that my leading such a life would give the lie to all the strange stories which they had invented and spread of me. They then besought the Archbishop to prevent my reception there, which accordingly he did. I then apprehended that I was going to be exposed to violent hurricanes. I cheerfully submitted to make an entire sacrifice of myself to God, accounting myself happy in paying with such light pains what I am indebted to his justice, and

* To Monsieur Louis Nicolas Fouquet, Count de Vaux, &c. son of the famous Monsieur Fouquet, superintendant of the King's finances. EDITOR'S NOTE.

honoured in being yet more conformable to the image of his son.

The family into which my daughter was married being of the number of Abbe Fenelon's friends, I had the opportunity of often seeing him at our house. We had some conversations on the subject of a spiritual life, in which he made several objections to my experiences therein. I answered them with my usual simplicity, which gained upon him as I found. As the affairs of Molinos at that time made a great noise, the plainest things were distrusted, and the terms used by mystic writers exploded. But I so clearly expounded every thing to him, and so fully solved all his objections, that nobody became better convinced of my sentiments than he; which has since laid the foundation of that persecution he has suffered, as his answers to the bishop of Meaux evidently shew to all that have read them without prejudice.

I now took a little private house, to follow the inclination I had for retirement: where I sometimes had the pleasure of seeing my family and a few particular friends. I often went to St. Cyr. Certain young women of that house having informed Mad. Maintenon, that they found in my conversation something which attracted them to God, she encouraged me to continue my instructions to them; and by the fine change in some of them, with whom before she had not been well pleased, she found she had no reason to repent it. She then treated me with much respect; and for three or four years after, while this lasted, I received from her every mark of esteem and confidence. But that very thing afterward drew on me the most severe persecution. The free entrance I had into the house, and the confidence

which some young ladies of the court distinguished for their rank and piety, placed in me, gave no small uneasiness to the people who had persecuted me. The Directors took umbrage at it, and under pretext of the troubles I had had some years before, and of Quietism, which they said was making a great progress, they engaged the Bishop of Chartres, Superior of St. Cyr, to represent to Mad. Maintenon that, by my particular conduct, I troubled the order of the house, and that the young women in it were so attached to me, and to what I said to them, that they no longer hearkened to their superiors. She caused me to be respectfully told of it. I then went no more to St. Cyr. I answered the young ladies who wrote to me, no more but by letters unsealed, which passed through the hands of Mad. Maintenon.

[Here she gives a relation of one Monsieur Nicolas, who had often exclaimed against her, without knowing her, with whom she had a conference on her little book, or *short method of prayer*, whom she fully satisfied; he reading it over from the beginning to the end, and she removing all his misapprehensions and scruples; after him Monsieur Boileau (Dean of the Archbishoprick of Sens, and brother of the famous French poet of that name) who told her, that, if the explanations which she had given him, of certain passages, had been inserted in that work, it would not have been so much decried as a dangerous book, but instead of it might be good and useful; to which she answered:]

"I never had an intention of publishing that book. It was only written for the private instruction of one of my friends, who had desired it of me, in consequence of some conversations on the subject. There-

fore I could neither foresee that they would cause it to be printed, nor put such constructions upon it as he had laid open to me; but that I should be ever ready to give the explanations necessary to remove all exceptions which might be made to any part of it."

Some days after I sent him an explication, pursuant to a promise I had made him. He appeared well pleased with it, and pressed me to get the little book re-printed with this preface to it:* But I told him I intended no more to print that little book, nor any thing about it, having already given and received so much trouble from it, with some other reasons which made him approve my resolution; and we parted mutually satisfied with each other in this conversation.

Soon after I fell sick. The physicians, after trying in vain the usual methods of cure, ordered me to repair to the waters of Bourbon. My lackey had been prevailed upon to give me poison. After taking it, I suffered such exquisite pains that, without speedy succour, I should have died in a few hours. The lackey immediately ran away, and I have never seen him since. When I was at Bourbon, the water which I threw up burned like spirits of wine. I had no thought of being poisoned, till the physicians of Bourbon, on throwing the said water into the fire, assured me of it. The waters had but little effect. I suffered for above seven years after it. Since that time three or four attempts have been made to poison me: but God has preserved me from it through his

* This preface is among the spiritual works of Lady Guion, printed in the year 1712. It is entitled, *A short apology for the short method.* EDITOR'S NOTE.

mercy, and the presentiments which he gave me of it. The aforesaid Mons. Nicolas, having little else to do, and willing to oblige a party, wrote against my little book, which we had read over together, and with which he had appeared so well satisfied. The quotations in it were not right. A friend of his, with whom I had no acquaintance, a man of reputation and of merit, struck with its want of solidity, wrote a refutation of it. He did not print this refutation; but it still subsists, being in the hands of one of his friends. I let it all fall, without thinking of justifying myself.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Directors, joined by many others, stirred up such a general ferment, such a spirit of violence and bitterness all around against me, as made me wish to live retired, which accordingly I put in execution, living in such a solitude as not to let even any of my own family know where I was, but Mons. Fouquet my son-in-law's uncle. I had need of a person of well known probity, both to receive for me the little annuity I had reserved for myself, and to be a witness of my life and conduct. But my retreat did not produce the effect intended by it. They now raised a new forgery, that I was spreading the poison of Quietism in more distant parts. They set to work a number of pretended devotees, to go from Confessor to Confessor, to accuse themselves of crimes, which they said they had been drawn into from imbibing my principles.

God kept me at that time in such a disposition of

sacrifice, that I was quite resigned to suffer every thing, and to receive from his hand all that might befall me, since for me to offer in any way to vindicate myself would be only beating the air. When the Lord is willing to make any one suffer, he permits even the most virtuous people to be blinded toward them; and I may confess that the persecution of the wicked is but little when compared with that of the servants of God, deceived and animated with a zeal which they think right. Many of these were now, by the artifices made use of, greatly imposed on in regard to me. I was represented to them in an odious light, as a strange creature. Since then I must, oh my Lord, be conformable to thee, to please thee; I set more value on my humiliation, and on seeing myself condemned of every body, than if I saw myself on the summit of honour in the world. How often have I said, even in the bitterness of my heart, that I should be more afraid of one reproach of my conscience, than of the outcry and condemnation of all men!

A woman, who had artfully gained great credit, persisted continually in saying, "that I ought to be shut up in close confinement, for I ruined every body that came near me." Thou knowest, oh Lord, that those whom I am said to have ruined, are full of true love for thee. At this time it seemed as if every one with emulation invented new fables against me. It was only who could make the most libels. He who invented them the best was most encouraged. They believed things incredible, which were against me, and refused to hearken, or give any credit to persons of the greatest respectability, who knew me from my youth, when they spoke in my favour,

even such as they would have readily believed on any other occasion.

To cast a suspicion on what they called my doctrine, they thought they must decry my morals. They omitted nothing to accomplish this. Having persuaded the bishop of Chartres to believe it, by endless stories of the pretended danger of the church, he then assured Mad. Maintenon, and those of the court whom he knew to be my friends, that it was necessary for them to abandon me; because I was both wicked myself, and capable of inspiring them with wicked sentiments. As to Mad. Maintenon, the part she had taken in my release from St. Mary's, my conversations, my letters, the testimony of me given by her friends, in whom she had the greatest confidence, made her suspend her judgment for some time: but at last she yielded to the reiterated instances of the Bishop of Chartres, and some others whom he employed in the direction at St. Cyr. With all his industry he could not in like manner succeed with some illustrious persons, who, having been witnesses of my conduct for several years past, knew me by themselves, and knew also all the different springs which had been made to play, in order to drown or destroy me effectually. I owe them that justice to make it known, that at this time they got the authority of the King to be employed to protect me from so many assaults of injustice: they caused a memorial to be drawn up, sufficient to dispose him in my favour, giving him an account of my conduct both past and present. Mad. Maintenon was to support it with her testimony. She had the goodness to communicate it to me.

I was uneasy at it, not thinking that God would

have me justified by that chanel. I therefore demanded of them, that they would leave me to all the rigours of his justice, whatever they might be. They paid the due deference to my request. The memorial then, which had been already given in, was withdrawn; they took the course of silence which they have since continued, being unable to do any thing more in my favour, by reason of the violent prejudice and general rage against me.

CHAPTER XIII.

Some of my friends judged it proper for me to go to see the Bishop of Meaux. He had read my *Short Method* and *Canticles*, eight or ten years ago, and had expressed his approbation of them. I therefore went. But, oh my Lord, how is every thing done out of human consideration and regard, turned into shame, confusion and pain! and how subject to the grossest mistakes is what we see not in thy light, not duely waiting for thy discovery thereof!

One of my worthy friends, the Duke of Chevreuse, brought the Bishop to my house. Our conversation fell upon the Short Method. That Prelate said, *he had formerly read it and the Canticles, which*, he said, *he liked well*. What I say here is only to give a faithful relation of what passed, as I have been required to do. The Duke afterward gave him *the Torrents*, on which he made some remarks, not of things to be blamed, but needing explanation. The Duke of Chevreuse had the goodness to be always present at our conferences. He presented him, by my consent, with the history of my life, which pleased him

so much, that he wrote to the Duke, "That he found therein such an unction as he had rarely done in other books, and that he had spent three days in reading it, with an impression of the presence of God on his mind all that time."

I forgot to tell that the Bishop desired me to keep it a secret, that he came to see me. As I have always inviolably kept the secrets of my greatest enemies, I took care not to fail therein to him. The reason he gave for it was, that he did not stand well with the Archbishop of Paris: and yet he went himself to tell him what he had desired me to keep silent. My silence and his discourses have been the source of all the persecutions which I have suffered.

I proposed to the Bishop to examine my writings. He accepted the proposal. I then put them into his hands, not only those which have been printed, but all my commentaries on the holy scriptures. I had sent them before to the official by a maid; but she, fearing they would be lost, distributed them among a number of scriveners, who took a copy of them, which was now given to the Bishop of Meaux. To peruse them all was a laborious task for him. He demanded four or five months, to have leisure to read and examine them all, which he did with much exactness, at his country seat, whither he had retired, to be the less interrupted. To manifest the more confidence in him, and to shew him the innermost of my heart, I lent him the history of my life, wherein my most secret dispositions are set down with much simplicity. I desired of him the like secrecy on it, as in a confession; and he fully promised it. He read the whole with attention; and, at the end of the time he had demanded, put himself in a con-

dition to lay open to me his difficulties, and to hearken to my explanations.

This was at the beginning of the year 1694. He desired to see me at the house of one of his friends. There after dinner we had a conference, but far from being kept so secret as it should have been. From thence we went to a certain community in that neighbourhood, where they used their utmost endeavours to prejudice him against me. That they had effected it manifestly appeared, when he returned, and spoke to me. He was no more the same man. He brought all his extracts, and a memorial containing above twenty articles, to which all his difficulties were reduced. The Lord assisted me, insomuch that I satisfied him in every thing which related to the tenets of the church, and to the purity of the doctrine. But there were some places to which I could not reconcile him. As he spoke too fast, and scarce gave me time to explain my sentiments to him, it was not in my power to convince him in some of the articles, as I had done in others. We parted very late. I came away under such an oppression, that I was sick after it for several days. I wrote to him afterward several letters, in which I explained to him, in the best manner I could, the difficulties he could not get over; and I received one from him of above twenty pages, wherein it appeared that he had been put to a stand from the newness of the subject, and the little knowledge he had of the interior ways of the Spirit, of which none are able to judge but from experience.

[After this she repeats, as far as her memory reaches, the long detail of the Bishop's objections, and her remarks on them, which I think would, at

this distance, be quite unprofitable and unentertaining to most readers. They continue to the end of this chapter. To comprehend them with clearness, one must first carefully read over her twenty volumes of Scriptural Explications, with her many other writings which were canvassed betwixt them.]

CHAPTER XIV.

When I speak or write of things, they appear to me as clear as the day. After that, they are like things which I never knew. They pass away and thenceforward are lost to me. This caused one of my greatest difficulties in speaking to the Bishop of Meaux. However, having written only out of obedience, I was easy about the fate of it, leaving it entirely to the disposal of Providence, rather chusing to submit than contend about the vindication of any part therein. Beside my own errors, owing to haste, there were also others of the transcribers which greatly clouded the sense.

He spoke to me about *the woman in the Revelations*, (Rev. xii. 1. &c.) as if I had pretended to be *that woman*. I answered that our Lord was pleased to compare his servants to many things, which, in strict propriety, belong only to himself. When what Solomon says of Wisdom is, in our church, applied to the holy virgin, it is plain that Solomon meant only the divine and eternal Wisdom. I never desire to stick to any thing but God only. I doubt not but my own weakness may have been too much mixed with the sacred intelligences of his pure light. But can the dirt of the ground tarnish or injure the Sun? Such mixture may shade the light of truth, but cannot hurt it.

It remains for ever perfect. What I desired of the Bishop of Meaux was to judge of me rather by the feelings of his heart than the reasonings of his head. I thought that God, who formerly made an Ass speak might also make a woman speak, though of myself I knew little more of what I have spoken, than even Balaam's ass. The Bishop owned that he had never read the mystic writers. The proving path of faith in God (in order to see his designs concerning us, and to be willing to submit to them) appeared to the bishop only the jargon of a distempered brain. To him it was all unintelligible and intolerable. I never set up for things extraordinary. I contributed to the reign of God, not by shining things, but by gaining souls through my reproaches; suffering willingly with Christ, and for his worthy name's sake.

The Bishop rallied me, not a little, on what I had said of my Apostolic state. I meant that it is a state which none ought of themselves to intrude into; none but they whom God calls, having by his spirit prepared them for it: but some, who have been as it were ravished with the first fruits of the divine unction, from the Lord of all, have felt such a longing desire to give a share of their grace to every body, and to diffuse what was given only for themselves, that they have made too free with the holy oil, poured into their lamps; till, like the foolish virgins, they have had none of it left: whereas the wise watchfully keep their oil, till by the light thereof they are introduced into the bridegroom's chamber. Then they may give of their oil, because the Lamb is the light which illuminates them.

By looking into the Ecclesiastical histories for ages past, we may see that God hath sometimes made use *of laymen*, and of women, to instruct, edify, and to

help souls in their progress to perfection: and I think one of the reasons of God's acting thus is that his glory may not be given to any other, but to himself only. For this purpose, *he has chosen the weak things of this world, to confound such as are mighty.* Cor. i. 27.

Jealous of the attributes which men pay to other men, which are only due to himself, he has made a paradox of such persons, that he alone may have the glory of his own works. I pray God with my whole heart sooner to crush me utterly, with the most dreadful destruction, than to suffer me to take the least honour to myself, of any thing which he has been pleased to do by me for the good of others. I am only a poor NOTHING. God is all-powerful. He delights to operate, and exercise his power on NOTHING.

The first time that I wrote a history of myself, it was very short. In it I had particularized my faults and sins, and said little of the favours of God. I was ordered to burn it, to write another, and in it to omit nothing, any way remarkable, that had befallen me. I did it. It is a crime to publish the secrets of the King; but it is a good thing to declare the favours of the Lord our God, and to magnify his mercies the more by the meanness of the subject on which he confers them. If herein I have failed, the fire will try and purify it all. When I first gave myself to the Lord it was without any reserve: and for every thing of mine, which I only did out of obedience, I am content with whatever may be permitted or ordained, as best in the case. It is my consolation that God is not less great, perfect or happy, for any mistakes or errors of mine. My soul can do nothing else but love him, and repose itself in his love. It seems that what proceeds from me flows from that

source : and since *as many as are led by the spirit of God are the children of God*, a humble hope attends me that I appertain to his family. I collect here all that I can remember of that examination of the Bishop, that I may not do it twice over. I thought my director would remove all the improper terms, and would amend whatever he should find not well expressed. I had rather die than deviate from the sentiments of the church. I have ever been willing to disavow and condemn whatever I may have happened to say, or write, which may appear in any respect contrary thereto.

CHAPTER XV.

This conference being ended, I now thought only of a retreat, as the Bishop had advised me : I mean, no more to see any body as I had begun to do for a considerable time past. I wrote him some letters, to explain such things as he had not given me time for in our conference. I addressed them to the Duke of Chevreuse, through whose hands they all passed. And he was careful enough to procure me answers to them. The Bishop's vivacity, and the hard terms which he sometimes made use of, had persuaded me that he looked on me as a person fallen into egregious mistakes, or under a delusion. On this footing I wrote to the Duke of Chevreuse, who shewed him my letter, in which I thanked him for the great pains he had taken on my account. The Bishop answered, that the difficulties on which he had insisted did not regard either the faith or doctrine of the church ; that he indeed

thought differently from me on the articles to which he had objected; but he did not think me the less a catholic for that: and that if, for my consolation and that of my friends, I desired a certificate of his sentiments, he was ready to give me one, by which it might appear that he had found nothing in me but what was catholic: and had therefore administered to me the sacraments of the church. I thanked him for his offer, and desired him to be told, "that, having only wanted to see him for my own particular instruction, and for the satisfaction of some of my friends, who might be uneasy at the great commotions which had been raised, I was satisfied with the testimony which he was willing to give them and me; and that I would do what was in my power to conform to what he had prescribed: but that the sincerity, which I made a profession of, did not allow me to hide from him, that there were some things in which I could not obey him, how great a desire soever I had to do it." After which I broke off all commerce with the world, yet letting it be known that, whenever I should be called to give an account of my faith, I would come at the first signal, which should be sent me by a relation, who managed my temporal concerns.

The aforesaid Monsieur Fouquet was the only one to whom I confided the place of my retreat. At the end of several months he wrote to me, "that the change of Mad. Maintenon in regard to me was now public; that they who had persecuted me before now kept no measures; that there was a terrible outcry against me, and stories circulated, wherein, after a very base and unworthy manner, they attacked my morals." Hereupon I wrote to Mad. Maintenon

such a letter as I thought might have been sufficient to remove her prejudice, or at least to put her, as well as the public, in the way of knowing the truth. I wrote to her, "That so long as they accused me only of my devotion to Almighty God, and of teaching others the same holy exercise, I was content to continue retired. But as I was now informed that public fame charged me with crimes, I thought I owed it to the church, to my family, and myself, that the truth should be known; that I only desired that justice which was granted to the worst criminals, viz. to make out my process, to appoint commissioners for my examination, half churchmen and half laymen, of a known probity and unbiassed; for probity alone was not sufficient in an affair wherein calumny had prejudiced an infinite number of people. *I added that*, if this favour were granted, I would repair to any prison which she or the King should be pleased to order, with a maid who had served me now fourteen years; and that, when she should know the truth, I had some hope that she would think me not altogether unworthy of the marks of esteem with which she had formerly honoured me."

I addressed this letter to the Duke of Beauvilliers, who gave it into her own hands. She told him, "She had never believed any of the reports which were propagated against my morals, which she believed were very good; that it was my doctrine which was bad; that in justifying my morals there was room to fear they would give a free course to my sentiments, and in some sort authorise them; that it was best to clear up first what related to my doctrine, after which all the rest would fall of itself."

At this time my dear friend and relation Monsieur

Fouquet departed this life. He was a true servant of God, and a faithful friend. His loss would have been very sensible to me, under my present circumstances, if I had not had more regard to the happiness he was gone to enjoy, than to the succours which I found myself deprived of, by his removal. I had an impression on my mind that he would depart within eight days, and so I wrote to him.* Great part of this time he was so easy, and seemed to be growing so much better, that those about him said, "I was a false prophetess." But one morning, near the expiration of the time, my maid going to enquire about him found he was dead, though the day before he seemed better than he had been. When I heard it, I felt nothing but joy on his account; I was so certain of his happiness. And though I lost the best friend I had in the world, and who might have been so useful to me in the tempest with which I was threatened, yet the sense of his felicity, and of the accomplishment of the will of God, left no room for any grief with me.

I knew I lost a friend who feared nothing, and would have served me even at the expence of his life. I should rather have envied him than wept, if the love of the will of God had not prevailed, above every thing, in my heart. Some days after, I imagined I saw him as when he was alive. Knowing he was dead, I asked him how he fared in the other world. With a joyful countenance he answered, "Those who do the will of God are accepted of him." I thought this little digression would not be unpleasing to those

* This letter is the 228th in the first volume of her letters, page 415. Editor's Note.

for whom I have written it, as most of them knew him well. Now to return to my own affairs.

I was much concerned at Mad. Maintenon's refusal to appoint commissioners to examine me. I knew well that they wanted to take from me the only resource, by which I could make known my innocence, and to make a new examination, only to impose on the public, and to render my condemnation the more authentic. They intended thereby to stop the mouths of my friends; for though they said nothing to justify me, their silence in so universal a decry, and their refusal to condemn me like the rest, sufficiently shewed that they thought differently of me, and peaceably suffered what they could not prevent. I left to God whatever he should please to order. I was not ignorant who they were that opposed the offer I had made. They were afraid lest my innocence should be known, and all the engines discovered which they had set to work to sully it. But, thanks to God, I have never had any desire to accuse any body, not any of the worst of my persecutors. My views are not so low. There is a sovereign hand which I adore and love, who turns the malice of some, *and the zeal without knowledge* of others, to carry on his own work for my more thorough death to every thing beside himself alone; and to snatch away from my friends certain imperfect and too human supports. As Mad. Maintenon had taken a change, there was little to hope from her attendant ministers: but God does not need the mediation of any body. He builds on wrecks. We must have a care of going into the temptation of judging of the will of God by the apparent success of things. Men form ideas in their heads of means by which they think God will be glorified. When

he destroys those means, they give up the point. God will never be glorified but by his Son, and whatever has the nearest relation, or the most conformity to his Son.

But to pass for a heretic! will some say. What can I do in it? I have written simply my thoughts. I submit them with all my heart. Some say, "They are capable of a good or a bad sense." I know that I have written them in a good, and am ignorant of the bad. Since I wrote them, I have ever been ready to burn whatever was judged likely to do the least hurt. It suffices for myself, that my own heart bears testimony of my faith, since they will allow no public testimony. But they want to corrupt my morals, in order to corrupt my faith. I am willing to justify my morals, in order to justify the faith by which they are produced. If they condemn me, they cannot thereby take me out of the bosom of the church, my true mother, since I condemn all that she condemns in my writings. I cannot confess my having had thoughts which I never had, nor having committed crimes, which far from committing them, I never knew: for that would be to lie against the Holy Ghost.

The way agreed upon, in which they treated me, (saying nothing of the passionate manner, which was without example) was quite contrary to the very spirit of the gospel. They should have asked me what had been my sentiment in writing such and such things, then shewed me the abuse which might be made of them. In such case I would have heartily condemned them, and desired my examiners to commit to the flames, however good any of them might be, what any person might make a bad use of. Ought

they not then to have done me justice, condemning my writings, but not myself?

Being now determined to retire out of the way of giving offence to any, I wrote to some of my friends, and bade them a last farewel; not knowing whether I were to be carried off by the indisposition which I then laboured under, which had been a constant fever for forty days past, or to recover from it. I wrote further, "That I prayed God to finish in them the good work he had begun; that, if I had contributed any good to them by his grace, he would not be unmindful to preserve in them that which was his own, *viz.* the renunciation of themselves, to bear the cross, to follow Jesus Christ with hearts filled with his pure love; that they might judge it was for them, and not for myself, that I deprived myself of all commerce with them, by whom I had often been much edified; that now, if I stayed, I might hurt them without designing it, and be an occasion of trouble and scandal to them; that I therefore desired them to look upon me as a thing forgotten."

CHAPTER XVI.

I BEGAN to perceive that some others were aimed at, beside myself, in the persecution stirred up. I was too inconsiderable an object for so many violent motions and agitations: but as those whom our enemies had in view were out of their reach, by themselves, they meant to attack them by the esteem they had manifested for a person so cried down as I was, and whom they were still endeavouring to render yet more odious. I had long before apprized the Abbe

Fenelon of the change of Mad. Maintenon in regard to him, and of the persons who pretended to pay him the most respect, and to place the greatest confidence in him, without his ever being willing to believe it. He still thought I was mistaken, and I waited in peace till God should undeceive him by other ways. The event has since justified my presentiments. Those same persons have persecuted him violently. They have shared that favour and confidence with the King, which he might have still kept himself, if he had been less devoted to God, and more fond of those objects, of which most part of men are so greedy.

What now gave me most pain was that she judged of others by the impression she had against me. All my intelligences, beside some dreams I had had (for God often by that way has made known to me a part of the things which have since befallen me) made me resolve to live unknown, waiting for the event of Providence. If I could have been sensible to any thing, it would have been to the pain of others, and to the afflictions which I might have caused them, if I could have looked at them any otherwise than in the will of God, in which the greatest afflictions become the greatest benefits. Though through the mercy of God I have not committed the evils which some charge me with, yet I have too often offended him otherwise, through my infidelities. He is so pure that, after so many fires of tribulations, I yet behold myself impure in his most holy sight. I see indeed that his infinite goodness every day diminishes those impurities; for we are not impure but by our attachments to other objects. A selfish desire, even to procure the glory of God, renders us unworthy of his making use of us for it. My worthy friends, I think,

have too much faith to impute to any thing but Providence what they have suffered since, and may yet suffer. I should be quite willing to take on myself the load of all their sufferings. Let me, oh my God, be the *scape-goat* charged with the iniquities of thy people. Spare them all, but spare not me. Thou knowest, oh my Lord, that I have sought neither my own glory, nor justification, in what I have done and desired. It was thy glory only which I have sought, and it was for them that I wanted to have justified myself, if it could have been done. Be then thyself their sanctification and their justification.

Soon after I heard that some persons at court, who had an affection for me, in concert with Mad. Maintenon, had agreed to cause a new examination to be made of my writings, and to employ in it persons well known both for their knowledge and probity. The Duke de Chevreuse wrote to me, that he thought as well as others of my friends, that it was the surest way to recover the minds of the people, and to remove their prejudices. It would have been so, if every one had proceeded in it with the same views and intentions. But it was a condemnation they wanted to assure, and to render it so authentic, that such as till then had continued persuaded of the sincerity and uprightness of my intentions, should not be able to hold up any longer, against a testimony so much the less suspected, as they had sought into matters to the bottom, every thing passing through their hands. I wrote that I was ever ready to render an account of my faith, desiring to be set right if, contrary to my intention, any thing had escaped me, which was not conformable to sound doctrine.

This discussion appeared difficult to be made in

Paris because of the Archbishop, from whom all parties agreed that it should be concealed. He would not have suffered it to be carried on, without him, in the heart of his own diocese; and with him they could not agree. Yet during the course of that examination, the Archbishop, having in his custody a number of false memorials, which had been given him against me, sent me word that he would draw me out of all my troubles. He wanted to have the glory of it, and that no other person should intermeddle in it. Some of my friends would not consent to my going to him. The Archbishop resented it. He censured my books, which he had not done before, having been satisfied with the explanations which I had given six or seven years before. My friends, with my consent, pitched upon the Bishop of Meaux, the Bishop of Chalons, and Mons. Tronson, Superior of the house of St. Sulpitius: but it appeared that the first named of these had promised Mad. Maintenon my condemnation.

[She wrote them a long letter: mentioning in it her particular enemies, one of whom is the Curate of Versailles, who had formerly professed a high esteem for her, visited her often, declared his sentiments were the same with hers; but of late he had imagined that she had drawn away the countess of G. and the Dutchess of M. from under his direction. Hereupon she writes, "When these ladies and others were in the vanities of the world, when they patched and painted, and some of them were in the way to ruin their families by gaming, and profusion of expence in dress, nobody arose to say any thing against it; they were quietly suffered to do it. When they have broken off from all this, then they cry out against

me, as if I had ruined them. Had I drawn them from piety into luxury, they would not make such an outcry. The Dutchess of M. at her giving herself up to God, thought herself obliged to quit the Court, which was to her like a dangerous rock, in order to bestow her time on the education of her children and the care of her family, which till then she had neglected. I beseech you therefore to gather all the memorials you can against me: and if I am found guilty of the things they accuse me of, I ought to be punished more than any other, since God has brought me to know him and love him, and I am well assured that there is no communion betwixt Christ and Belial."]

I sent them at the same time my two little printed books, with my commentaries on the Holy Scriptures. I also, by their order, set about a work to facilitate their examination, and to spare them as much time and trouble as I could, which was to collect a great number of passages out of approved mystic writers, which shewed the conformity of my writings with those used by the holy penmen. It was a large work. I caused them to be transcribed by the quire, as I had written them, in order to send them to the three commissioners. I also, as occasion presented, cleared up the dubious and obscure places; for, as I had written them at a time when the affairs of Molinos had not broke out, I used the less precaution in expressing my thoughts, not imagining that they would ever be turned into an evil sense. This work was entitled *the Justifications*; it was composed in fifty days, and appeared to be very sufficient to clear up the matter. But the Bishop of Meaux would never suffer it to be read.

CHAPTER XVII.

I soon perceived the change of the Bishop of Meaux, and how much I was mistaken in the idea I had formed of him. Though with my friends he was very reserved in declaring his sentiments, he was not so with persons ill disposed toward me. I had confided to him, as I have already said, the history of my life, under the seal of secrecy. My most secret dispositions were set down in it. Nevertheless I have heard that he had both shewed it to others, and been free in his strictures on it. He now insisted on my producing it, though it had nothing to do in the examination which had been desired. I gave it to them. I wrote to his friend and mine the Duke de Chevreuse my thoughts about the Bishop of Meaux, and what room I had to conclude that he studied only how to condemn me: and, to have a sure witness of what should pass in this examination, I requested the Duke to be present at it. I also desired that they would proceed regularly; and to every article, as they went along, affix its sentence, whether approved or condemned. This the Duke proposed to them. The Bishop of Chalons and Mons. Tronson would have willingly consented to the proposal, as they entered into the affair with mildness and candour: but the bishop of Meaux was against it, and, being the ruling person, found means to hinder it from being done. He was no more the same man he had been six or seven years before; for then he did not fail, notwithstanding his extreme vivacity, to be convinced of many things which at first his

prejudices had made him reject. He even appeared sometimes touched with certain truths, and to respect things which struck him, though he had not the experience of them; but now he had a fixed point, from which he would not turn aside: and as he wanted to pass a sentence of condemnation with some eclat, to that he referred every thing which he thought capable of contributing to it. Some who had lived in an unbridled libertinism had given a great handle to my persecution, by going from confessor to confessor, to declare they were now converted from all the horrors of Quietism, giving themselves the merit of a true conversion, and saying at the same time, that I adhered to those sentiments from which they had been reclaimed. These then were highly favoured, and left at full liberty of spreading all the poison of their bad principles, founded on a frightful and unbounded licentiousness. Some of them I have used my best endeavours to draw from that unhappy condition, when Providence put me within the reach of doing it; and still I would gladly do it, if to gain one of them to God were to cost me the same persecution over again.

I perceived every day that the Bishop of Meaux was fixed in his intentions. Such a fixed disposition is an obstacle, almost insurmountable, to the light of truth. I had given clear explanations, at the first conference, on the questions propounded; but nothing entered, he was so bent on the condemnation. The Bishop of Chalons, having at leisure examined my books and commentaries on the scripture, consented to the proposal, which was made to him, to meet at Mons. Tronson's country seat, because being infirm and very much indisposed he could not go out.

I had requested as a favour that the Duke of Chevreuse might be present, being the particular friend of those two prelates, through whose hands all had passed, and who had a perfect understanding of the matter in question, as well as of what had given rise to this examination. I desired also, that after having examined one difficulty, they would write down the decision of it, in order to render the points agreed to clear and consistent. This I thought absolutely necessary, not only for the clearing up of the truth, but to have a standing proof of what I and others were to believe on the matter under examination.

But the Bishop of Meaux, who had promised Mad. Maintenon a condemnation, and who would be the sole director in this affair, started so many difficulties, now on one pretence, then on another, that he found means to elude every thing I had desired, and would allow of nothing but what he pleased. He told me that I might talk with Mons. Tronson, who was confined, after I had attended on him and the Bishop of Chalons. They met then at the house of the Bishop of Meaux. The Duke of Chevreuse was there also, expecting to be present at the conference, as I had desired him. The Bishop of Chalons arrived there early. I spoke to him with great openness; and, as he had not then the impressions against me which have been given him since, I had room to be well satisfied therewith. I had the consolation to see him enter with a good disposition into what I said to him.

The Bishop of Meaux, after having made himself be long waited for, arrived toward evening. After a short space of general conversation, he opened a packet he had brought. He then told the Duke

of Chevreuse that, the affair being a matter of doctrine, purely ecclesiastical, the judgment of which belonged only to the Bishops, he did not think it proper for him to be present, lest his presence should cramp their freedom. This was a mere sham, a poor evasion indeed, not to have a witness of so established a character, on whom he could not impose, artful as he was; he knew him to be too intelligent in that matter to let himself be surprised, and too upright not to give a faithful testimony to the truth of facts which would have passed before his eyes. The business of the conference was not the decision of a point of faith, which belongs to the Bishops, but a peaceable enquiry into my sentiments, in order to see in what I exceeded, and whether my expressions on matters of the inward life were conformable to approved mystic writers or not. For very often had I promised to submit to what these gentlemen should tell me was a point of faith, and the doctrine of the church, about which I never pretended to dispute with them.

But the Bishop of Meaux still went on with his design, determined not to swerve from it in the least. I was shocked at my very heart at this Prelate's refusal. After such exclusion of the Duke of Chevreuse, I might easily guess what was to follow. I was no longer in doubt about the engagements, entered into by this Bishop for my condemnation. What could be more natural than the presence of a person so eminent in the world, so famous both for piety and learning, so greatly interested in the clearing up of these matters, that both he and others might be undeceived, if, against my intention, I had instilled notions into them contrary to the purity of the faith. Such

a witness might have served to confound me, if I had spoken differently from what he had always been used to hear me speak. He might have been undeceived himself, and instrumental to undeceive others, if in a peaceable conference I had been shewed my errors. This was the very thing proposed, when the affair first began to be talked of: but God did not permit it. The Duke did not think proper to insist on staying, as the Bishop of Chalons was silent, his coming being only out of respect to me, and in compliance with my urgent desire. So I was now left alone with the two Bishops.

The Bishop of Meaux spoke a long time, to prove that all christians in common had the same grace. I endeavoured to shew him the contrary. But as the main point was to justify my expressions on things of more consequence, I did not insist upon it: and was going to shew him the conformity of my sentiments with those of approved authors, who have written on the inward life. He endeavoured to darken, and to turn into mere jargon, every thing that I said, especially when he saw the bishop of Chalons touched, penetrated, and entering into what I said to him. Then I was told, the business was not to dispute, but to submit; to believe and act as I should be told. That has ever been the disposition of my heart; I have no pain at laying down my own judgment.

The Bishop of Meaux picked out every thing from my writings which he could wrest against me; putting the worst constructions on them. Many times over he reproached me, saying, *I knew nothing*, burlesquing my words, and then crying out, *that he was astonished at my ignorance.* I returned no answer to

these reproaches. He made it another crime in me to have said, "That to cleave to God is the beginning of union with him." He would needs prove to me that all christians, with common faith, without those inward experiences, may arrive at beatitude. It is impossible to answer a man who throws one on the ground, who will not hear any thing, and who incessantly batters and bruises one. As for me, I then lose the thread of what I wanted to say, and in the midst of such violence forget it all.

This conference was of no service at all, as to the main point in question. It only gave the Bishop of Meaux a pretence for informing Mad. Maintenon, that he had finished the examination; and having convinced me of my errors, he hoped in time to bring me off from them, if he could but engage me to go and spend some time in a convent at Meaux, where he should be more at leisure to finish what he had begun.

I can truly say, when I was first told that I was to be examined by these gentlemen, I was glad, because I thought, as usual in such appointments, that they would all three together see me with them, and that Jesus Christ would have presided amongst us. From thence I hoped to gain my cause, because I had no doubt but that, in such case, the Lord would have shewed them the truth with my innocence, and the malice of my accusers. But God, who was pleased that I should suffer all that has since befallen me, did not permit this to be the case. He permitted a wrong spirit to act, to hinder union and cause confusion.

As the Bishop of Meaux came so late, I had had a good opportunity before his coming, to speak to the

Bishop of Chalons for a long time, in the presence of the Duke of Chevreuse, who readily listened to all I said. In the violent fits of the other, he endeavoured to soften and to ward off the blows from me, as much as he could. I saw that, when he acted of himself, he did it with all possible civility and justice. All that he could do was to write down only some of my answers, when I addressed myself to him, at such times as the other Bishop, in the heat of his rage, would do nothing but reproach me, without hearing me. Afterwards I went to see again the Bishop of Chalons, found him alone, had a free conference with him, with which, though they had tried to prejudice him against me, yet he appeared to be well satisfied; and repeated it several times, "that he saw nothing to change either in my manner of prayer or in any thing else; that I should go on as I had done, and that he would pray to God to augment his goodness toward me, and that I should continue to live retired as I had done for two years past:" which I promised him to do.

It was thought proper also that I should go to see Mons. Tronson. I then went to Issi. The Duke of Chevreuse was there too. Mons. Tronson examined me with more exactness than the others, and the Duke was kind enough to write down the questions and answers. I spoke to him with all the freedom imaginable. At last the Duke of Chevreuse said to him, "You see how sincere and upright she is." He answered, "I feel it well." That expression was worthy of so great a servant of God as he was, who judged hereof not by his understanding only, but by the feelings of his heart. I then took my leave, and Mons. Tronson appeared well satisfied, though a

forged letter against me had been sent him, said to be from a person, who (when asked) denied it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

After all these examinations, and making nothing out against me, who would not have thought but they would have left me to rest alone in peace? but quite otherwise, the more my innocence appeared, the more did they, who had undertaken to render me criminal, put every spring in motion to effect it. I offered the Bishop of Meaux to go to spend some time in any community within his diocese, that he might be better acquainted with me. He proposed to me that of St. Mary de Meaux. This offer highly pleased him from a hope, as I have heard since, of deriving great temporal advantages from it. He told Mother Pickard, Prioress of the Monastery into which I entered, that *it would be as good to him as the Archbishoprick of Paris, and a Cardinal's hat.* When she told me of it, I replied, God will not permit him to have either the one or the other.

As soon as he ordered me I went off. It was in the month of January 1695, in the most frightful winter that has been of a long time, either before it or since. I had like to have perished in the snow, in which I was stopt four hours, the coach having entered into it, and being almost buried in it, in a deep hollow. I was drawn out at the coach door with one maid. We sat upon the snow, resigned to the mercy of God, and expected nothing but death. I never had more tranquility of mind, though chilled and soaked with the snow which melted on us. Occa-

sions like these are such as shew whether we are perfectly resigned to God or not. This poor girl and I were easy in our minds, in a state of entire resignation, though sure of dying if we passed the night there, and seeing no likelihood of any coming to our succour. At length some waggoners came up, who with difficulty drew us through the snow. It was ten o'clock at night when we arrived. They had given over expecting us, and were gone to bed.

The Bishop, when he heard of it, was astonished, and had no little self-complacency to think that I had thus risqued my life to obey him so punctually: and yet afterwards he gave all this the names of *artifice* and *hypocrisy*. Thus men who look at the tree, with an *evil* eye, account its fruits to be all *evil*. It is a strange hypocrisy which endures through one's whole life, and which, far from bringing any advantage with it in this world, causes only crosses, calumnies, poverty, persecutions, and every kind of afflictions. I think one has never seen any hypocrisy like this. There are only two objects which hypocrites have in view; *either to win the esteem of men or to make a fortune*. I am certainly a bad hypocrite, and have badly learned the trade. I take God to witness, that if to be Empress of the whole earth, and canonized while living, I must have gone through what I have done, which was with the single view of being devoted to God without any reserve, I would rather have begged my bread, and died as a criminal. Thus I render testimony for myself in the presence of God, "That I have not desired to please any but him alone; that I have sought him only for himself; and that I dread every selfish interest of my own worse than death; that so long a series of persecu-

tions, which in all likelihood will last as long as my life, has never made me change sentiment, nor repent of having given myself wholly to him, and of having left all for him."

There were times indeed when I found nature overcharged: but the love of God and his grace rendered sweet to me the very worst of bitters. His invisible hand supported me, else I had sunk under so many painful probations. Sometimes I said to myself, *All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.* Psa. xiii. 7. *Thou hast bent thy bow and set me as a mark for the arrow. Thou hast caused all the arrows of thy quiver to enter into my reins.* Lam. iii. 12. 13. It seemed to me as if every one thought he was in the right to treat me ill, and rendered service to God in doing it. I then comprehended that it was the very manner in which Jesus Christ suffered. *He was numbered with the transgressors.* Mark xv. 28. He was condemned by the sovereign pontiff, chief priests, doctors of the law, and judges deputed by the Romans, who valued themselves on doing justice. Happy they who, by suffering for the will of God under all the like circumstances, have so near a relation to the sufferings of Jesus Christ!

Having reached the Convent, I waited above an hour in the turning box, chilled, and without a fire, as they had to acquaint the Bishop of my arrival, and to call up the Nuns. There was at this round tower, or turning box, a good young man who spoke out aloud, saying, "This Lady must surely have God on her side, to wait in the condition she is in with so much patience." By this speech he imprinted an esteem for me on the minds of some who had been very much prepossessed against me. The Bishop of Meaux re-

quired me to change my name, "that nobody might know of my being in his diocese, and that he might not be tormented on my account," as he said: but he could not keep a secret: he soon told such as he met with, that I was in such a convent under such a name. Presently upon it anonymous libels against me were sent to the Prioress, and to the Nuns, from all sides. But they did not hinder her and them from loving and esteeming me.

Though I had come to this place, on purpose that the Bishop might examine me more fully and thoroughly, and he had told it to such as came in his way, yet he set off for Paris the very next day after my arrival, and did not return till Easter. In the mean time my persecutors spread about a letter, which they said was from the Bishop of Grenoble, wherein was written that he had banished me out of his diocese, as I had been convicted of gross crimes, in the presence of Father Richebrac, Prior of the Benedictines, though I had by me letters from the Bishop of Grenoble, written to me since my return from thence, which shewed quite the contrary. I wrote to Father Richebrac, and soon received from him a kind letter in answer to mine, in which he writes thus:

"MADAM,

"Is it possible they should come to seek me out in my retirement, to invent slander against you, and make me the instrument of it? I never once had the thought of what they make me say—On the contrary I now declare—*that I never heard any thing of you but what was the most christian-like and virtuous*, &c."

Dated at Blois the 14th of April, 1695.

The Bishop of Grenoble also at the same time wrote to the Curate of St. *James du haut pas*, who had been industrious in spreading this forged letter, in such a manner as to make him sensible of his resentment, in making him the author of such slanders. Above a year after I had left Grenoble, he did me the honour to write me a letter, inclosing one for his brother the Lieutenant of the city, of which this is the copy:

"SIR,

"I cannot refuse to the virtue and piety of Madame de la Mothe Guion the recommendation she desires me to give you, in favour of her family, in an affair which is before you. I should have made some scruple of doing it, if I did not know the uprightness of her intentions, and your integrity. Admit therefore my solicitations to do her all the justice that is due to her. I request it of you with all the cordiality with which,

I am Yours,

The CARDINAL CAMUS."

In his letter to her he mentions what pleasure it gives, and always will give him to do any thing to serve her.

Nothing at this time contributed more to the general outcry against me than this forged letter from the Bishop of Grenoble: for how could any one give the lie to such a witness as the Curate of St. James, so well known for his connections with a great number of people of merit, to whom he had given copies of this letter, from whence, in a fortnight's time, all Paris was filled with them? The Bishop of Meaux, who had a copy of it, as well as others, was strangely surprised at the answer of Father Richebrac, as

well as at the letters from the Bishop of Grenoble, which I shewed him. He then exclaimed against the blackness of the forgery; for he had his good intervals, which were afterwards destroyed by the persons who stirred him up against me, and by the views of his own interest.

A Curate of Paris forged another story, very frightful and yet very ridiculous. He went to the house of a person of high rank; and talking about me, said, "I had seduced a wife from her husband, a man of quality, and got her to marry his Curate." They were very inquisitive on the occasion, pressing him to let them know how that could be done. He evaded giving a direct answer: only he still assured them that nothing could be more true. That Nobleman and his Lady no longer questioned its truth. They soon told it to one of their friends, who came on a visit to them, and who was acquainted with me. He let them know he did not believe it. But they positively insisted on it, as such a Curate had assured them of its reality. He resolved to search the matter fully, and never more to see me if he found it to be a fact. He went to find out this Curate, he examined him and pressed him closely. At length the Curate answered, "that I was capable of doing that and far worse." The gentleman said to him, "But Sir, I do not ask you what she is capable of: I ask if it is true that she has done this?" He replied, "No: but she can do what is worse." This Curate, I think, had never seen me. However he pretended to recollect that he was told, it was in Auvergne that it was done: nay I think, he added, *forty years ago*. The people to whom he had told this fable, with such assurances of its truth, were strangely surprised when

they heard of its falsehood. I wonder how they could ever have given any credit to it.

They further practised another stratagem, which was, to send a wicked woman, who took on her the name of one of my maids, to confess to all the Curates and Confessors in Paris. Her real name was la Gautiere. She confessd to several in a day, that she might let none escape. She told them, "That she had served me sixteen or seventeen years, but that she had left me for my abominations, as she could not in conscience live with so wicked a woman." In less than eight days I was decried all over Paris, and passed without contradiction for the wickedest woman in the world. Those who said it thought they might well do so, having it brought to them by so sure a channel. It so fell out that my maid, whose name she had assumed, went to confess to a Canon of Notre Dame. She spoke to him of the injuries done her mistress, who, *she said*, was very innocent. The Canon asked her name; she told him it. He replied, "You surprise me not a little, for there has come one to me that has not any resemblance of you, yet has given your name, and told me horrible things." She undeceived him, and set before him the blackness of such a procedure. The same thing was done to four or five others. But could she disabuse all the confessors in Paris? Besides I could not suffer her to have recourse to confession to make known the truth, chusing to leave all to God, and not to lose any of the crosses and humiliations, which seemed to me to be providentially appointed for me.

After that sore evening of my arrival at Meaux, I had a constant fever for six weeks. I was still very much indisposed, when the Bishop returned from

Paris, only for the feast of Easter. He came into my chamber, and the first thing he said to me, was, "That I had many enemies, and that every thing was in a ferment against me." He brought me the articles composed at Issi. I asked him the explanations of some things, and then signed them. I found myself much worse after it. Another time he came to my bed-side, and said, he demanded me to sign immediately, "that I did not believe the Word incarnate (or Christ manifested in the flesh.")

Several Nuns, who were in the anti-chamber near my door, heard him. I was astonished at such a proposition coming from him. I said to him, "I could not sign a falsehood." He repeated it over and over that he would make me do it. I answered him "That, through the grace of God, I knew how to suffer, even to death; but not how to sign falsehoods." He then said, "he intreated me to do it; and that if I did he would re-establish my reputation, which people were trying to tear in pieces; that he would publish all the good of me that was possible." To this I answered, "that I left to God the care of my reputation, resolving to maintain my faith at the peril of my life." Seeing he could not carry his point, he retired.

Mother Picard and the whole community gave me every testimony of a sincere affection in their power. They gave me also a certificate, of which the following is a copy.

"We the Prioress and Nuns of the Visitation of St. Mary de Meaux, certify, that Madam Guion, having lived in our house, by order of our Lord Bishop of Meaux, our illustrious Prelate and Superior, during the space of six months, far from giving us any

cause of trouble or uneasiness, has afforded us much edification. We have remarked in all her conduct and in all her words, a great regularity, simplicity, sincerity, mortification, meekness and christian patience; a true devotion and esteem for whatever appertains to our most holy faith, especially the mystery of the incarnation and holy infancy of our Lord Jesus Christ. It would be a favour, and of great satisfaction to our whole community, if the said Lady chose for a retreat to spend the rest of her days in our house. This protestation is made without any other view than that of giving testimony to the truth.

Done this 7th of July 1695, and signed,

Sister FRANCES ELIZABETH LE PICARD, Prioress.

Sister MAGDALEN AIMEE GUETON.

Sister CLAUDE MARIE AMOURI."

When they spoke to the bishop about me, he answered, "I see just as ye do, nothing but good in her: but her enemies torment me, and want me to find evil in her." One day he wrote to Mother Picard, "that he had examined my writings with great care, and found in them nothing but some terms which were not in all the strictness of Theology; but that a woman was not obliged to be a Theologian." Mother Picard shewed me this letter to console me.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOME days after the Bishop returned, he brought me a paper written with his own hand, which was only a profession of faith, that I had always been

Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, and a submission of my books to the Church. Afterwards he read me a certificate which he said he was to give me. As I was too sick to transcribe that submission, to which I had not any objection, he said, "I might get a Nun to transcribe it, and I might sign it." He carried away his certificate to write it over fair, as he said; and assured me that, "on my giving him the one, he would give me the other; that he would treat me as his sister, and should be a knave if he did not." This procedure appearing so handsome, I said to him, "that I had put myself into his hands, as into those of a man of honour, as well as a Bishop." But fine words are not always followed with fine actions, as will be seen in the sequel. Mortals are changeable, whatever names they bear.

I was so ill after his departure, and so extremely weak, that they were obliged to recover me with cordial waters. The Prioress fearing, if he should come again to me the next day that it would be my death, wrote to desire him to let me have that day's repose: yet he would not; for he came that day and asked me whether I had signed the writing he had left with me; and opening a letter-case which had a lock on it, he said to me, "See here my certificate: where is your submission?" He held a paper when he said this. I shewed him my submission, which was on my bed. I had not strength to give him it. He took it. I then had no doubt but he would give me my certificate, as he had promised: but truly he would not. He put it again in his letter-case, and told me, "he would give me nothing: that I was not yet got to the end, that he was going to torment me much more; and that he would have other signatures beside what

I had now given him, especially, that *I did not believe in the incarnate Word.*" Judge of my surprise. I lost both my strength and speech. He went off. The Nuns were affrighted: nothing that I knew of had obliged him to promise me a certificate. I had never asked him for one.

Some time after, the Prelate came again to me. He asked me to sign his pastoral letter, to confess that I had fallen into the errors which are condemned therein. I endeavoured to shew him that what I had given him comprehended every sort of submission: and as, in this letter he had *numbered me with the malefactors*, I endeavoured to honour this state of Jesus Christ without complaining. He said to me, "But you promised me to submit to my condemnation." "I do it with all my heart, *said I*, and I take no more interest in whatever I have written than if I never had written it. I will never depart from the submission and respect I owe you, however things turn. But, my Lord, you promised me a discharge." "I will give you it, *said he*, when you have done what I shall require of you." "My Lord, you did me the honour to tell me that, on my giving you that submission, you would give me my discharge." "These, *said he*, were words which escaped without thinking maturely on what both can and must be done." "I do not tell you it, *said I*, to trouble you with complaints, but to remind you of what you promised me: and to shew you my submission, I am willing to write at the foot of your pastoral letter whatever I can put there." Having done it, he read it, and said to me, "he liked it well enough." Then putting it in his pocket, he said, "This is not the matter. You do not say that you are formally an heretic. I will have you declare

that, and acknowledge that you have been guilty of all the errors which it condemns." I answered, "Sure, my Lord, you say that to prove me. Would ever a prelate of piety commit such an abuse on the good faith with which I came to place myself in his diocese, only to make me do things which in conscience I cannot do? I hoped to find in you a father: let not that hope meet with a deception." "I am a father of the church, *said he*: but in short, it is not a question of words. If you do not sign what I require, I will come with witnesses, and after having admonished you before them, I will inform the church of you, and we will cut you off, as we are directed in the gospel." "Then, my Lord, *said I*, I have only God for my witness. I am ready to suffer for him: and I hope he will grant me the favour to let me do nothing against my conscience, yet without my departing from that respect which I owe you." He wanted beside to oblige me to declare that there were errors in the Latin book of Father la Combe, &c.

The good Nuns, who had seen and heard a part of the violent rage of the Bishop, were exceedingly affrighted. Mother Picard told me, "that my too great mildness emboldened him to treat me roughly, because his mind was of such a cast, that he generally acted that way with mild people; but more gently with such as were stout and had courage." Such as knew that I had been at Meaux, thought I was there by order of the King, whereas I went thither of myself; and that the Bishop had examined me sundry times about the inward life, my manner of prayer, or love of God, whereas he never spoke to me about any of these things.

When he came to me he said, "he was satisfied

with me; but it was my enemies that bade him torment me." At other times he would come full of fury, to demand that signature which he knew I could not give him. He threatened me with all I have suffered since. "*He did not design*, he said, *to lose his fortune for me*," and many more such things. After thus venting his fury, he returned to Paris and stayed there some time.

At last, after having been six months at Meaux, he gave me of himself a certificate, and asked me no further signature. What is astonishing to think of, at the very time he was most outrageous against me, he told me that *if I would come and live in his diocese, I should do him a pleasure.* A little before I left Meaux, he testified to the Archbishops of Paris and of Sens, how much he esteemed and had been edified by me. He preached to us one day, at mass, a surprising sermon on the inward life, and in it advanced things much stronger than I had done. He said that he was not master of himself, under the view which then was spread around him of those aweful mysteries, and that God caused him to made this confession of the truth against himself. The Prioress went to him after his sermon, and asked him, "how he could persecute me, when he even preached my sentiments." He answered, "it was not he; but my enemies that did it."

As I had now been six months at Meaux, though I had engaged to stay there only three, I asked the Bishop, *if he desired any thing farther from me.* He answered, *No.* I told him then that I now had need to go to Bourbon, and asked him if it would be agreeable to him, that I should come to pass the rest of my days with those good Nuns; for our spirits had been cemented in the bonds of mutual love, though the air

of that place I found to be very bad for my constitution. He was much pleased with this proposal, and said to me, "he should always receive me with pleasure, that the Nuns had been much edified by me; and that for himself he was now returning to Paris." I told him, "that either my daughter, or some Ladies of my friends, would come for me." At hearing this, he turned to the Prioress, and said to her, "Pray receive well those who shall come for Madam Guion, whether it be her daughter or other Ladies. Lodge them in your house, as long as they shall be willing to stay." Two Ladies came for me. They dined, supped and lodged there, and stayed dinner next day. Then, about three o'clock, we took our leave of them and set off.

Scarce had I got home but the Bishop repented his letting me go out of his diocese. What made him change, as was discovered since, was, that having given account to Madam Maintenon of the terms on which this affair was finished, she was displeased with the certificate he had given me. He thought then that in losing me he had lost all the fine hopes he had flattered himself with. He wrote to me to return into his diocese. I received at the same time a letter from the Prioress, wherein she wrote, "that whatever desire she had of having me again in her house, she thought herself obliged to let me know the designs of the Bishop; and that he was resolved, if he had me again in his power, to torment me worse than ever." I knew that he hoped to establish a high fortune on the persecution he should carry on against me; and as the design of it was on another person far above me, he thought that in my escaping him it would be all lost. Mother Picard sent me with her

letter a new certificate, from the Bishop, but so far different from the former, which he desired me to send back; that I saw I had no justice to expect from him. Nevertheless to observe all the rules of decency towards him, from which I never departed, I wrote to the Prioress, that I had placed what the Bishop demanded back from me, in the hands of my family, which, after all that had passed, had need of a piece of that nature for my vindication; and there was room to believe they would not part with it. In the first he certifies thus: "From the declarations and submissions of Madam Guion, together with the good testimony which has been given us of her, during the six months of her residence in our diocese, in the Monastery of St. Mary, we are satisfied with her conduct, and have continued to her the participation of the holy sacrament, in which we found her. We declare farther, that we have found her in no wise involved in the abominations of Molinos, or others otherwise condemned, and have not meant to comprehend her in the mention which hath been made thereof by us in our ordinance of the 6th of April 1695.

"Given at Meaux this first day of July 1695.

"J. BENIGNE, Bishop of Meaux."

Now this latter certificate sent me by the Bishop seemed to support all that had been said against me, as it contained not a word to the contrary. Enraged at the refusal of giving up the former certificate to his demand, he gave out "that I had run away from the Convent, having leaped over the walls." Beside

my being a bad leaper, all the Nuns were witnesses to the contrary: and yet this story was so current that many people believe it to this day. A procedure of this nature permitted me no more to resign myself to the discretion of the Bishop of Meaux: and as they gave me to understand, that they were going to push things with the utmost violence, I thought I ought to leave to God whatever might fall out, and at the same time take all the measures of prudence, to avoid the effect of the threats which came pouring on me on all sides. Many places of retreat were offered me; but I was not free in my mind to accept of any, not to embarass any body, nor involve in troubles my friends and my family, to whom they might attribute my escape. I took the resolution of not quitting Paris, of living there in some private place with my maids, who were trusty and sure, and in general to hide myself from the view of the world. I continued thus about five or six months. I passed the day all alone in reading, in praying to God, and in working. But toward the end of the year 1695,* I was arrested, sick as I at that time was, and conducted to Vincennes. I was three days in the custody of Mons. des Grez, who had arrested me; because the King would not then consent to my being put in prison; saying several times over, *that a Convent was sufficient.* They deceived his justice by still stronger calumnies. They painted me to his eyes in colours so black, that they made him scruple his goodness and equity. He then consented to my being taken to Vincennes.

* This was the 27th of December of said year. Editor's Note.

CHAPTER XX.

I SHALL not speak of that long persecution, which has made so much noise, for a series of ten years imprisonments, in all sorts of prisons, and of a banishment almost as long, and not yet ended,* through crosses, calumnies and all imaginable sorts of sufferings. There are facts too odious on the part of divers persons, which charity induces me to cover: and it is in this sense that *charity covers a multitude of sins.* 1 Pet. iv. 8. And there are others on the part of those who, having been seduced by ill-disposed persons, are yet respected by me for their piety and other reasons, though they have shewn a zeal too bitter for things of which they had no true knowledge. The one sort I pass over in silence, out of respect, and the other out of charity. What I have to say is, that from so long a train of crosses with which my life has been filled, one may judge that the greatest were reserved till the last; and that God who, through an effect of his goodness, did not reject me, had no mind to leave the end of my life without a greater conformity to Jesus Christ. He was arraigned before all sorts of tribunals. He has done me the favour to be so too. He suffered the most violent outrages without complaining. He has conferred on me the mercy of doing the same. How could I do otherwise in the view he gave me of his love and his goodness?

* It seems that these words have been inserted by the Author, on her reading over again her manuscript some years after the date, which will be seen at the end. Editor's Note.

In this resemblance of my Saviour I regarded as favours, what the world looks upon as strange persecutions. The peace and joy I had within hindered me from seeing the most violent persecutors, otherwise than as instruments of the justice of my God, which has ever been to me so adorable and so amiable. I was then in prison as in a place of delight and refreshment, this general privation of all creatures giving me more room to be alone with God. Thus I regarded all those great apparent evils, and that universal decry as the greatest of all benefits. I looked upon it as the work of the hand of God, who was pleased *to cover his tabernacle with the skins of beasts*, to hide it from the eyes of those to whom he would not have it manifested.

I have borne long and sore languishings, oppressive and painful maladies without relief. I have been also inwardly under great desolations for several months, in such sort that I could only say these words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" All creatures seemed to be against me. I then put myself on the side of God, and of the creatures, against myself. How could I complain of what I suffered, with a love so clear from all self-interest? Should I now interest myself for myself, after having made so entire a sacrifice of whatever regards this SELF? No. I therefore chuse rather to consecrate all these sufferings by silence.

I have defended my innocence with enough of courage and firmness, not to leave any doubt of the falsehood of the calumnies cast on persons whose prayer is fervent, and love sincere. The speeches of their slanderers are rash, and contrary to every sort of truth and justice: and yet the heart, which loves

God, whose conscience reproaches it with nothing, even from hence gains an increase of strength and of happiness. Persecution is a weight which always sinks and plunges the soul into God. What matters it if all creatures are unchained against that soul, when it is all alone in sweet communion with its God, and gives him solid testimonies of its love? So, since there is no other way of testifying to God that we love him, than in bearing heavy sufferings for his love, we are infinitely indebted to him when he gives us the means of doing it.

Perhaps some will be surprised at my refusing to give the detail of the greatest and strongest crosses of my life, after I have related those which were less. I thought it proper to tell something of the crosses of my youth, to shew the crucifying conduct which God held over me. I thought myself also obliged to relate certain facts to manifest their falsehood, the conduct of those by whom they had passed, and the authors of those persecutions of which I have been only the accidental object, as I was only persecuted in order to involve therein persons of great merit; whom, being out of their reach by themselves, they therefore could not personally attack, but by confounding their affairs with mine. I thought I owed it to religion, piety, my friends, my family and myself.

While I was prisoner at Vincennes, and Monsieur de la Reine examined me, I passed my time in great peace, content to pass the rest of my life there, if such were the will of God. I sang songs of joy, which the maid who served me learned by heart, as fast as I made them: and we together sang thy praises, oh my God! The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies. I esteemed them more

than all the gaudy brilliancies of a vain world. My heart was full of that joy which thou givest to them who love thee, in the midst of their greatest crosses.

This peace was wounded, for a short space, by an infidelity which I fell into. It was in premeditating one day on what answers I should make, at an examination which was to be the next day. I answered badly. God, who had so often caused me to answer difficult and perplexing questions, with much facility and presence of mind, punished me now, even by stopping me short on easy matters with confusion. It served to shew me the inutility of our arrangements on such occasions, and the safety of trusting in God. They who depend on human reason say, "It is necessary to look before us, and to make our preparations; that it is to tempt God, and expect miracles, to act otherwise." I leave others to think what they will. As to me, I find no safety but in resigning myself to God. All scripture abounds with texts enforcing such a resignation.

When things were carried to the greatest extremities, I, then being in the Bastile, said to thee, oh my God, if thou art pleased to render me a new *spectacle to men and angels*, thy holy will be done! All I ask is, that thou wilt save thine, so that neither *principalities, nor powers, nor the sword, may ever separate them from the pure love in Jesus Christ.* As for me, what matters it what men think of me, or make me suffer, since they cannot separate me from thee? Were I to please all men and displease thee, wretched would be the consequence. Let all men then despise and hate me, so I may but be agreeable to thee. Their strokes will polish what may be defective in me, that I may be presented to him for whom I die

daily." I saw all men united as it were to surprize and torment me, all the subtilty of wit employed for it, by people who had abundance of it; and myself, alone, without succour, sometimes also feeling the heavy hand of God upon me, who seemed to abandon me to myself, and to my own obscurity; all my own vivacity having been so long mortified, having laboured all my life long to submit myself to Jesus Christ, and my reason to his conduct. I voluntarily underwent, as long as my health permitted it, very rigorous fastings and austere penances: but all this looked only like the burning of straw. One moment of the conduct of God is of a thousand times more efficacy than all *that we can inflict* upon ourselves.

CHAPTER XXI. AND LAST.

As my life has ever been consecrated to the cross, I was no sooner out of prison, and my spirit began to breathe a little, after so many persecutions, but my body was afflicted with all sorts of infirmities. I have had almost continual maladies, which often brought me to the very verge of death.

In these last times I can hardly speak at all of my dispositions. It is because my state is become simple and without any variations. It is a profound annihilation. I find nothing in myself to which I can give a name. All that I know is that God is infinitely holy, righteous, good and happy. I see nothing below myself, nothing more unworthy of his bounties than myself. I acknowledge that God has heaped his favours on me, enough to save a world, which I have too much requited with ingratitude. All good is in

him; for my share betwixt us I have only NOTHING. To me every condition seems equal. All is lost in his immensity, like a drop of water in the sea. In this divine immensity the soul sees itself no more, but it discerns every object in God, without discerning them otherwise than by the feeling of the heart. All is darkness in regard to itself, all is light on the side of God, who permits me to be ignorant of nothing that is proper, or of real advantage. There is here neither clamour, nor sorrow, nor pain, nor vain pleasure, nor uncertainty; but a perfect peace; not in myself but in God: no interest for self, no anxiety or bustle for self. If any think there is any good in me, they are mistaken, and by such thought do injury to my Lord. All good is in him and for him. The greatest satisfaction I can have is because HE IS WHAT HE IS; and because *what he is he will be for ever*. If he save me, it will be gratuitously; for I have neither merit nor dignity.

I am astonished that any should place confidence in such a poor nothing creature as I am. I have sometimes said it. Nevertheless, I answer what they ask without difficulty. My own will and inclinations are vanished. Poverty and nakedness are my share. Sometimes indeed I could wish to undergo the worst of sufferings, so that souls might be brought thereby to know and love God.

I dearly love the church: whatever wounds that wounds me. I seek nothing for myself. I study nothing; but there are given me immediately, as occasion requires, expressions and words very forcible. If I wanted to have them they would escape me, and I could by no means catch or come at them. When I have something to say, if I am interrupted,

it is all lost. I am then like a child from whom, unperceiving, his apple is withdrawn. He looks about for it, but all in vain : he finds it no more. My God keeps me in an extreme simplicity, godly sincerity, uprightness of heart, and enlargedness of spirit, in such sort that, as to particular things, I seem to look from and above them, and of them to see nothing at all, except when occasions present them.

He gives me a free air with the various numbers of people who come to see me ; and makes me discourse with them, not according to any dispositions of my own, but according to their states. I am not afraid of any of them laying snares for me in what they say. I cannot have recourse to precautions in any of these cases, conscious of my own innocence and uprightness in them. Oh carnal prudence ! How opposite do I find thee to the simplicity of Jesus Christ ! I leave thee to thy partisans. As for me, all my prudence, my wisdom, is in following him in his simple and lowly appearance : and if to change my conduct would make me an Empress, I could not do it ; or were my simplicity to cause me all the heaviest sufferings, I could not depart from it.

Nothing is greater than God, nothing less than myself. He is rich, I am poor ; and yet I want nothing. Life or death is equal to me. God is love. All good is in him and for him. What I have said, or written, is all past away from me. I remember little or nothing of it. I want neither justification nor esteem. I want nothing but God and his glory. Let him then, if he sees it best, glorify himself by my destruction, or by re-establishing my reputation. The one or the other bears equal weight in the balance with me.

My children, I will not deceive or mislead you. It belongs to God to enlighten you, and to give you esteem or disesteem for me. I want only to keep my place, and go no more out, no more to move from my centre. I pray God to enlighten you always, to give you thereby the clear discernment of his holy will, that no false light may ever lead you to the precipice.

O my dear children, open your eyes to the light of truth. *Holy Father, sanctify them through thy truth.* Thy divine Word has spoken to them through my mouth. Christ alone is the Truth. He said of his Apostles, *For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth.* Oh say the same thing to my children. Sanctify thyself in them and for them. It is being truly sanctified in all holiness, to have none of our own but only the holiness of Jesus Christ. Let him alone be all in all in us and for us, that the work of sanctification may be carried on through the experimental knowledge of the divine truth. To him belongeth all wisdom, strength, greatness, power and glory; to us poverty, emptiness, weakness and misery. Let us abide in our nothingness, paying homage to his holiness: then shall we find in him all that we want. If we seek for any thing for SELF out of him, then, however holy he may appear to us, we are liars, and the truth abideth not in us. We deceive ourselves, and in that state shall never be the saints of God, who, having no other holiness than his, have renounced all selfish usurpation of his sacred rights.

Holy Father, I have committed into thy hands those whom thou hast given me; keep them in thy truth, that the lie may not come near them; for to attribute any thing to one's self is to be in the lie:

make them know this to be the great truth of which thou art jealous. All language which deviates from this principle is falsehood. He who speaks only the ALL OF GOD, AND NOTHING OF THE CREATURE, is in the truth, and the truth dwelleth in him, usurpation and selfishness being banished from him. My children, receive this instruction from your mother, and it will procure you life. Receive it through her, not as for her, but as of and for God. Amen! Lord Jesus Christ!

CONCLUSION.

I intreat all such as shall read this, not to think hardly of the persons, who through a zeal, perhaps too bitter, have carried things so far against a woman, and against one so submissive; because, *as Taulerus says* in his Institutions, Chap. xi. "God willing to purify a soul by sufferings, might permit an infinite number of well-disposed persons to fall into darkness and blindness toward that soul, in order to prepare this chosen vessel, by the rash bias of their judgments in such a state of ignorance; but that at last, after having purified this vessel, he will take away the veil sooner or later, from their eyes, not treating them with rigour for a fault which they have committed through a hidden conduct of his adorable providence. —I say much more, that sooner would God send an angel from Heaven, to refine this chosen vessel through tribulations, than leave it without sufferings."

DECEMBER, 1709.

Here she left off her own Narrative, though she lived a retired life above seven years after this date. What she wrote being done only in obedience to the *commands* of her Director.

SUPPLEMENT.

THE Writer of the Life of the Archbishop of Cambray has therein given us a brief Summary of that of Lady Guion, from her birth till her death. He first tells us that she was born of noble parents, that in the time of her widowhood her estate brought her in above forty thousand livres a year, till she gave up to her relations her *garde-noble*, and reserved no more than a small annuity to herself, that the Bishop of Geneva, so often mentioned in the second Part, was Monsieur D'Aranton.

After giving the account of her being arrested, and sent prisoner to the castle of Vincennes, he goes on thus:

"An assembly of the Clergy was held at St. Germain en Lay, where the Bishop of Meaux was chosen to draw up a relation of all that had past, concerning the Pope's constitution against the Archbishop of Cambray's book, entitled, *The Maxims of the Saints*. It is observable that, in the verbal process drawn up, in which matters were carried on in so outrageous a manner against that Archbishop, the Bishops gave testimony to the purity of Madam Guion's conduct and conversation. They professed a veneration for her life, while they condemned her principles and her doctrine.*

* These Popish Bishops did not judge of her principles and Doctrine according to our Saviour's Rule, *By their fruits ye shall know them*. They owned the fruits to be *good*, but pronounced the tree which produced them *bad*.

"This authentic testimonial *(says the Writer)* will be an eternal monument of that Lady's innocence; because the Bishops assembled did not give her it till after she had been five years in prison. During that time strict enquiries had been made in all the places where she had been ever since her youth. All persons of her acquaintance in the provinces, far and near, had been examined. Threatenings, promises and prisons had been employed to engage her two maid-servants, witnesses of her conduct for many years, to say something to her disadvantage. She herself had been made to undergo divers captious interrogatories before different judges. She had been carried from prison to prison, in order to shake her resolution; from Vincennes to Vaugirard, from Vaugirard to the Bastile.* And yet, notwithstanding all this, the verity of her answers, the purity of her manners, and uniformity of her conduct all along shone forth so conscipuously, as to force this acknowledgment from a numerous assembly of Prelates, under the direction of the Bishop of Meaux.

"She remained however several years longer in prison, sick and in a suffering condition. She continually demanded her crime to be specified and proved. Her enemies unable to make any thing appear against her, she was at length discharged from her confinement, and banished to Blois, where she lived near twelve years, honoured and respected for her good understanding, sincere piety, pure and modest virtue, even by those who had entertained

* When it was perceived, of her and Father la Combe, that the Lord gave them favour in the eyes of the keepers of prisons, they were removed to others to be more hardly treated.

the strongest prejudices against her. She died at length in Blois, tenderly regretted by her family and all her friends."

To this account he subjoins an extract from her last Will, but not its date.

"In the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost —— this is my last Will and Testament, which I request the Executors hereunder named to see executed.

"It is to thee Lord, my God, that I surrender up all that I am, as it is to thee that I owe all things. O my God, do with me whatsoever thou pleasest. I make thee an irrevocable donation of my soul and of my body, to be disposed of according to thy will. Thou seest my nakedness and misery without thee: thou knowest that there is nothing in Heaven, or on Earth, that I desire, but thee alone. Within thy hands, O God, I leave my soul, not relying for my salvation on any good that is in me, but solely on thy mercies, and the merits and sufferings of my Lord Jesus Christ.——

"I am obliged, in justice to the Truth, and for my own justification, solemnly to protest, that false evidences have been given against me, that my enemies have added to my writings, thereby making me say things which I never said, as I was very far from thinking them. They have divers times counterfeited my hand-writing, have joined calumny to forgery, putting captious questions to me, adding to my answers what I never said, and suppressing real facts. I make no mention of the other matters. I forgive those who have been the cause of my sufferings, from the bottom of my heart, whatever they have

done against me, having no will to retain so much as the remembrance thereof."——

"Before we leave this matter, let us observe the three notable Testimonials given of her, in the three principal periods of her life. She had been first examined by Monsieur de Harley, Archbishop of Paris, for the space of eight months, and had justified herself.* Afterwards the Bishop of Meaux, who was powerfully interested to find her criminal, gives her an ample certificate at the end of six months examination. Last of all, an Assembly of the Gallican church, after a strict enquiry into her whole life, gave public testimony to her innocence."

* This is her own Narrative she has but lightly touched on, probably for fear of causing any reflection to be *passed* on the Archbishop of Paris. But this Author writes of it as follows, "She very soon made appear the imposture of her enemies, confounding them by the force of her answers. After a strict Examination for the space of eight months, by order of Monsieur de Harley, Archbishop of Paris; after the most malicious accusations, the most captious interrogatories, and a perfect clearing up of all matters, her innocence appeared in all its lustre. Her candor, meekness and submissive behaviour so undeceived the Abbess and the Nuns of the monastery in which she had been confined, that they were all unanimous in giving an authentic Testimony to her virtue."

I CANNOT easily take my leave of the life of this Handmaid of God, (says the Translator) without exhibiting a little more of the works of that excellent life, viz. an Abstract of her *Short and easy Method of Prayer*, and an abridged Extract from her Treatise entitled *The Torrents*.

Her *Short and Easy Method* contains twenty-four chapters, generally short till the four last. As the same thoughts and expressions frequently recur; as she sometimes expatiates on her subjects, to make them clearer to dark and ignorant people; as some things relate to the peculiar usages of the country she lived in; and as other parts have too much of the mystical in them; for these several reasons I thought it best to give only an abstract, containing the principal substance thereof, clear of what is obscure, and of such things as appeared not requisite to be inserted.

From this piece her enemies charged her with Quietism; and made it a pretext for her persecution and imprisonment, but with what colour or shadow of reason seems not easy to discover. For my part, I look upon it to be a fine piece of experimental divinity: but self-interested men, who wanted the people to leave to them the whole business of their salvation, exceedingly disliked her invitation to all to pray for themselves, and to *come to buy wine and milk without money, and without price*, of him who sells it for the dedication of the whole heart to his divine love.

AN ABSTRACT OF LADY GUION'S SHORT AND EASY METHOD OF PRAYER.

CHAPTER I. ALL people are proper for Prayer. It is a lamentable misfortune that most of them imagine they are not called to it; whereas we are all called to prayer, as much as we are all called to our salvation.

Prayer is nothing else than the application of the heart to God, and interior exercise of divine love. St. Paul advises to *pray without ceasing.* 1. Thes. v. 17. And our Lord saith, "What I say unto you I say unto all, watch and pray." Mark xiii. 33. 37. All then may practise prayer, and all ought to do it.

My most dear Brethren, whoever ye be who desire to be saved, come to the practice hereof. Ye are to live on prayer as on love. *I counsel you to buy of Christ gold tried in the fire, that ye may be rich.* Rev. iii. 11. For you to have this gold is easier than ye may imagine.

Come all ye who are athirst to these living waters, and waste not your precious time in *hewing to yourselves broken cisterns which cannot hold these waters.* Jer. ii. 13. Come, O ye hungry hearts, who find nothing to content you, and ye will soon be fully satisfied. Come, ye poor and afflicted, who are loaden with pains and grievances, and ye will be relieved. Come, ye that are sick to your best Physician, and be not afraid of addressing him by reason of your manifold maladies. He will make them all turn to your advantage in the highest relation.

Come, O ye children to your Father, and he will receive you with open arms of love. Come, ye poor wandering and lost sheep, return to your Shepherd; Ye sinners to your Saviour; Ye stupid and ignorant to an all-wise Instructor; Ye who look upon yourselves to be good for nothing, far from being incapable of prayer, ye are the most fit for it. Come all without exception; for Jesus Christ invites you all.

Prayer is the key of perfection and sovereign happiness, the efficacious means of getting rid of all our vices, and acquiring all virtues; the foundation of worship, and support of the spiritual life; for the great means of becoming perfect is to *walk in the presence of God*. Prayer only procures us the lively sense of that presence, and does it continually.

Ye must learn then the prayer which can be practised at all times, when ye go out and come in, when your hands are employed in their lawful occupations, the prayer which all ranks of men, and which women and children can practise: not a prayer of the head, but of the heart, a prayer which nothing can interrupt but depraved affections.

When any come to relish the sweetness of divine love, every charm beside becomes vile. These cannot relish any thing else but God. Now it is easy for us to have this divine relish of him, as he is more desirous to give himself to us than we to possess him. It is only for us to seek him, which is so easy and and natural, that the air we breathe is not more so: will not then the neglect of this duty be the more criminal in any of us, should we be convicted of it?

Chap. II. The reading of spiritual books, which have been written by such as have long lived under the government of Christ, and been largely instruct-

ed by him, is often very helpful to animate and strengthen in the practice of this duty: but herein we must fix our attention upon the valuable subject, read only a little, and digest it well. It is not the quantity of reading that profits. The bees draw their honey from flowers by resting on them, not by running over them. We should read important truths, not to reason about them, but to excite the will to pursue the good things which they manifest.

When the soul is retired from the circumference to the centre; then it is sweetly occupied with the celestial truth, and the affections moved to the pursuit of all goodness, which is better than employing the understanding in cold considerations about it.

At first it is difficult to continue inward with God, by reason of the habit which the soul has contracted. But when it grows naturalized thereto, by following the draughts of divine love it is then very easy, as well because it becomes habituated to it as because God, who desires nothing else of his creatures but to communicate himself to them, sends it abundance of grace and an experimental enjoyment of his presence. For as a person who would only chew any excellent food would not be nourished with it, how well soever he liked its taste, if he did not proceed from that movement to swallow it; so it is with the soul, when the affection is moved, if it do not proceed from that to faithfulness in action, in all the duties owing both to God and men.

As to those who know not how to read, they are by no means on that account to omit the exercise of prayer. Jesus Christ is the great book, written within and without, which will teach them all things. Let them learn this fundamental truth, *that the kingdom of God is within them*, and there to be sought.

Though he causes his goodness to flow into the enamoured soul, yet he often hides himself, to oblige it to seek him with love and fidelity. Then with what high favour does he recompence the constancy of his Well-beloved! Wherefore in humiliation and abasement wait patiently for his return. Shew him that it is himself alone and his good pleasure that ye love, and not the selfish pleasure which ye have in loving him, or in enjoying his love.

Be patient in Prayer. If ye wait long in patience, in a resigned humble mind, for the return of your Well-beloved, this is an excellent prayer, and will be followed with the best of consequences.

Chap. VI. We must surrender ourselves entirely to him, resting assured that every thing which befalls us, from moment to moment, is the order and will of God, and for our good. I beseech you, my most dear brethren, when ye have made this surrender, never think of retracting, or drawing back; any thing once given being no more of right at our own disposal. Resignation is of great consequence all along our journey through this life. A great faith causes a great resignation: we must then trust in God, *hoping even against hope.* Rom. iv. 18.

Wherefore take no thought for your life what ye shall eat; neither for your body what ye shall put on—for your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things: Luke xii. 22, 30. *But seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.* Mat. vi. 33.

In regard to practice, our own will ought to be entirely lost in the Will of God, all our own inclinations, how good soever they may appear, to be renounced, even at the first perception of their begin-

ning to rise; to have no will of our own either for body or soul, for blessings temporal or eternal, to give the present moment still to God, forgetting the past, and leaving the future wholly to his Providence; content with the actual moment, which brings with it the eternal order of God, and is an ineffable declaration to us of his will; to attribute nothing to the creature, to look at all things in God, and as coming from him, except our sins.

VIII. God ought to be so purely loved with the whole heart, as ever to be sought through our lives. Do not act like those persons who give themselves to his caresses, but revolt from his crucifixions, and run to seek their consolation in the creatures. O dear souls, ye will never find any true consolation but in the love of the cross, and an entire resignation thereto. Ye will never otherwise grow in grace; so as to come rightly to *savour the things that be of God, and not of men.* Matt. xvi. 23. But *to the hungry soul bitter things are sweet.* Prov. xxvii. 7. For he that is hungry after God becomes so after the very cross of Christ.

Jesus whom he follows as *the Way*, hearkens to as *the Truth*, and is animated by as *the Life*, John xiv. 6. imprinting himself on the soul, makes it bear all his states, as St. Paul writes of himself, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Gal. vi. 17. He often gives the soul herein a resignation of the views of its states. We must give all our application to whatsoever shall please him, whether light or darkness, strength or weakness, sweets or bitters, desiring only to continue stedfast with him, to cleave closely to him, and abide annihilated before him.

Now this is the only short and sure way of acquir-

virtue; because, God being its principle, he who possesses God possesses every virtue. All virtue which is not from this principle is but like a garment, which is often put off, and does not last long. This is the only essential real and permanent virtue which, like *the beauty of the King's daughter*, (Psa. xlv. 13.) has its spring and seat within. God, with whom faithful souls are united, makes them practise every kind of virtue. They think of nothing else but what may please their Well-beloved. Oh did this love prevail, how easily would the whole church be reformed! But it never can be without it.

X. By any other way it is impossible ever to arrive at the perfect mortification of the senses and passions. The reason is, that the soul gives force and vigour to the senses, as the senses move and irritate the passions: but when the soul is singly attentive to God, separating itself for that purpose from the senses, then every thing is done with much perfection. The passions are easily subdued and mortified, when we inwardly turn from them to the divine presence: but any other opposition to them rather irritates than appeases them. There are two senses which we need greatly to mortify, viz. *the sight and the hearing*, because from these two most of our ideas and imaginations are formed. God enables us to do it, and we have only to follow his spirit herein.

Conversion is nothing else but the return of the soul from the creatures to the Creator, in order to live in him as its centre. Beside the attracting force and virtue of the centre, the soul has a powerful inclination to a re-union therewith, except it yield itself to be held down by the creatures. When released from them, if it be not stopt by some obstacle,

it holds its course thither with an intense rapidity: as a stone, cast up in the air, speedily returns to the earth, as to its centre; so the soul turned toward God violently yields to the force of the central attraction.

XII. Exercising itself in his love, it soon becomes astonished to find that he seizes and engrosses it entirely. His blessed presence is then given to it continually, and prayer becomes natural and habitual, in a deep silent attention to, and ever-ardent desire after him, wherein its happiness is ineffable.

It is then of the greatest consequence for it to cease from *its own willing and running*, or movements of any kind, that God alone may move and act in it, who by his servant David saith to us, "Be still, and know that I am God." Psa. xlvi. 10. But this point needs a close watch to be kept up within; for the soul is so fond of its own imagined excellencies, its own discernments and productions, that it is exceeding apt to be too forward therein. Its hastiness hinders it from seeing the steps it makes, whereas the true silence, is not unfruitful, from any want of matter; but is full of divine unction, which lays a restraint on all its own operations.

Two sorts of persons keep silence; the one for having nothing to say, the other for having too much; viz. more than they are capable of expressing, or judge proper to be expressed; as water causes the death, very differently, of two sorts of persons; the one through thirst, or the want of water; the other through it's overflowing and drowning them. A child at the nurse's breast shews us this very sensibly. He at first moves his little lips to make the milk come; but when once the milk comes plentifully, he quietly

swallows it without any motion. After the like manner ought we to act in the spiritual exercise of prayer; for as the infant, if he should then be too free of motion, would cause the milk to be spilled and lost, and would be obliged to quit the breast: so should we, if too ready to run into words, or any inconsistent conduct, lose the inward sweetness of divine grace, which ought to be our nourishment; and so we hurt the growth and liveliness of our souls toward God thereby.

XIII. Let the soul arrived here rest in stillness, wherein it enjoys an inestimable happiness; at so wonderful a blessing it is astonished; and a heavenly conversation is carried on *within*, which that *without* does not interrupt. Every virtue flows agreeably and naturally in this soul; it practises them easily and with alacrity. It has a spirit of life and of fruitfulness, which gives it all the readines of love for whatever is good, and a rejection for whatever is not so. Let it then continue faithful and fixed in this disposition, and beware of seeking any other whatever, this being the most perfect in which all religious duties can be attended.

Oh if ye would make the trial hereof, how soon ye would see that experience goes far beyond all that can be told! Cast yourselves then into the arms of love, which are stretched out to receive you. What can ye risk in giving yourselves up to God? He will not deceive you, except in giving much more of true happiness than ye expect; whereas to them who expect every thing from themselves, belongs that reproach he hath uttered by his prophet, "Thou art wearied in the greatness, or multiplicity, of thy ways; yet saidst thou not, there is no hope. I will manifest

thy righteousness and thy works; for they shall not profit thee." Isai. lviii. 10, 12.

XIV. The Prophet Habakkuk crieth out, "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." The eternal essential word speaketh in the sanctified temple of the soul. Choose therefore to hearken diligently to this word, that ye may not speak of yourselves, but wait till this word speak through you, that ye may thereby *minister grace* to the hearers. Eph. iv. 29.

There are many places in scripture which exhort us to hearken to God, and to be attentive to his voice. Exterior silence is very necessary to cultivate the interior, and indeed it is impossible to become spiritually minded without the love of retirement and of silence. Wherefore God saith to us, by the mouth of his Prophet, "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, (or draw her into solitude) and speak comfortably unto her, (or as in the margin, speak to her heart.) Hosea ii. 14.

XV. Self-examination ought to be frequently practised, with prayer to God that he may search us, and shew us our defects; then to be followed with fidelity, in giving them up to be cured by him, in the way of the cross.

Let us beware lest self-love deceive us herein. It *calleth good evil and evil good.* Isai. v. 20. When we abide herein exposed to the eyes of God, then the sun of righteousness shines, and shews us even to the least atoms. God does not fail to reprove the soul for all its faults. No sooner has it committed any, than it feels an inward burning, which reproaches it therewith. It is then an examination which God himself makes, who lets nothing escape,

but by his divine light discovers it. Ever bear with dutiful patience and gratitude his fatherly corrections, joining repentance with amendment of life.

XVII. The soul now lays aside all selfish prayers to God, such as formerly it used to make, learning to desire, and to pray, only that his pure and holy will may be done, how great a cross soever to its own; or having lost its own will in his; and herein his good *spirit helpeth our infirmities—and maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.* Rom. viii. 26.

XIX. In temptations or distractions, do not rashly encounter them; for that draws the soul from its adherence to God, and increases their force and power. One ought instantly to turn off from looking on them, and to flee to God the mighty Helper and Deliverer, like a little child, who seeing a monster, far from thinking of fighting it, shuns the sight of it, and softly sinks into its mother's bosom, as its only safeguard.

Acting otherwise, as we are weak, aiming to attack our enemies, we are easily wounded, if not entirely defeated. But abiding faithful in the presence of God, we soon find ourselves suddenly fortified. This was David's case. "I have, *said he*, set the Lord always before me, &c." Psa. xvi. 8. So in Exodus it is said, "The Lord will fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." Exod. xiv. 14.

XX. Prayer, according to the testimony of St. John, is an incense, the smoke whereof ascendeth up to God, wherefore he says, *An Angel held a golden censer, in which was the perfume of the prayers of all saints.* Rev. viii. 3.

Prayer is an effusion of the heart in the presence of God. "I have poured out my soul before the Lord," said the mother of Samuel. (Sam. i. 15.) It is also a warmth of love, offering incense, like the wise men from the East at the feet of Jesus, in the stable at Bethlehem. It is what the Spouse expressed, when she said, "While the King sitteth at the table, my spikenard sendeth forth its smell." Cant. i. 12. This table is the innermost of the soul, and this smell the fine odour of pure charity.

This Prayer is *worshipping the Father in Spirit and in truth*, (John iv. 23. 24.) *in spirit*, because we are drawn thereby out of our own human carnal manner of thinking and acting, to enter into the purity of the spirit which prays in us: *in truth*, because the soul is thereby placed in the truth of God being ALL, and itself NOTHING.

XXI. Some people, hearing this silent worship spoken of, have fallen into a mistake about it, imagining it to be of a stupid, lifeless, inactive nature; whereas it is certain that the soul herein acts the most nobly, and with the most enlargedness, since it is moved of God himself, and acts by his spirit.

This is finely represented by Ezekiel, under the figure of *wheels which had the spirit of life in them, and went as that spirit actuated or conducted them; they were lifted up from the earth, or went down, as they were moved by that spirit; when that stood still, so did they.* Ezek. i. 19, 20, 21. But by it they were never drawn backward. Thus ought the soul to yield itself to be moved by that vivifying spirit which is in it, following singly its action, and not that of any other spirit. It will never cause the soul to move backward, to turn

again to the creatures; but always to advance toward the happy end.

While it thus continues in a pure dependence on the spirit of grace, its action is so free, easy and natural, that it seems as if it did not act at all, as when a wheel moves slowly, we easily see and distinguish it; but when with a very keen and rapid motion, we can no more distinguish any thing of it.

This Spirit is no other than God, who attracts and causes the soul to fly to him, as is experimentally known to the SPOUSE, who thus addresses him, "Draw me, and we (viz. *all the powers and faculties of the soul, harmonized in unity*) will run after thee." Cant. i. 4. Under such a dedication to him, it is that *in him we live, and move, and have our being.* Acts xvii. 28: far from being so lifeless and inactive as some have misapprehended and misrepresented the matter. Indeed there is no other way for the soul to come back into that simplicity, and unity, in which it was at first created. We must quit the multiplicity of our own actions, before we can attain this happy simplicity and unity, to become one spirit with the Lord.

God created us in his own image and likeness. He breathed on us *that breath of life*, by which he gave us the participation of the spirit and life of the Word, who is the image of the Father. The Devil by his sin having disfigured this beautiful image, it was necessary for the same WORD, whose spirit had been breathed into us at our creation, to come to restore that image to its first beauty and purity, as that disfigured image could in no wise restore itself thereto. We ought therefore to leave him to act entirely, and not to stir of ourselves therein: for an image

that stirs of itself, or is stirred of others, hinders the painter from imprinting his own perfections upon it. It provokes him to withdraw and leave it. Then it is liable to receive other impressions and very false features.

The Son of God *hath life in himself.* John v. 26. He alone it is who communicates it. We must then make room for this life to flow into us, which cannot be bone but by the evacuation and loss of the life of Adam, or of corrupt SELF: as St. Paul assures us, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are past away; all things are become new, and all things of God." 2 Cor. v. 17.

Actions done from a divine principle are divine actions; whereas the actions of the creature, how virtuous or good soever they may appear, are only human actions. Martha did such things as were good; but, because she did them in her own spirit, Christ reproved her for them. The spirit of man is restless and bustling. He does little, though he appear to do much. Mary ceased in appearance to act, to let herself be moved by the spirit of Jesus. She might seem to be inactive and lifeless, but it was that Jesus Christ might live and act in her. It is equally necessary for us to renounce ourselves, and our own operations, in order to follow him.

St. Paul assures us, "that if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his; and that as many as are led by the spirit of God are the sons of God;" that this is not *the spirit of bondage to fear, but the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba Father; and which beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God; being delivered from the bondage of corruption into their glorious liberty.* Rom. viii. 9, 14, 15, 16.

Thus moved by the spirit of Christ, we partake with him in his filiation or sonship, and this spirit in us never asks or prays for any thing but what is conformable to the will of God.

Why then should men load themselves with a superfluity of cares, or fatigue themselves with external performances, wasting their strength, their time and treasures, therein; when the Almighty has so emphatically remonstrated with us hereupon, and invited us to the internal substance, by his prophet, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Isai. lv. 2. In order to hearken thus to him, *all flesh must be silent before the Lord.* Zech. ii. 13. We ought to resign ourselves entirely, and fear nothing in so doing, since he takes so special a care of such as confide in him, as he has fully assured us. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will not I forget thee." O words full of consolation! Who after this shall fear to resign themselves to God?

XXII. When a vessel is in the port, the mariners have some labour to get her out of it, into the open sea; after which they easily turn it into the way in which they want it to go. So while the soul is yet in sin, fastened among the creatures, it requires often no small labour to draw it out from them. It is necessary to loose the ropes, which hold it, to get it out from that port of its own, in order to draw it toward the immense ocean of all good.

But when the vessel is once got clear of the land,

detached from the earth and its objects, then the oars become useless, and the labour of towing it is laid aside: the pilot hoists up the sails, and holds the rudder. *To hoist up the sails* is to lift up the heart in prayer to God to be moved of his spirit: *to hold the rudder* is to hinder the mind from wandering, or turning aside out of the right road, and to steer it according to the movement of the spirit of God. He then sends a favourable wind to fill the sails; the vessel advances easily, and the joyful mariners rest from their labours. Then the wind carries it forward without them, which all their labours without it cannot effect. So the soul advances by the divine motion without its own efforts, but not at all by the latter without the former.

When it is assaulted with contrary winds, or with tempests, it is necessary to cast anchor into the sea, to stay the vessel. This anchor is a confidence in God, a hope in his goodness, a patient waiting for the calm, and the return of the fair wind, as David did, "I waited patiently, *saith he*, for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry."

XXIV. St. John informs us that *there was silence in heaven*. To us heaven represents the centre of the soul, where all should be in the profoundest silence, before the majesty of God. All its own activity, all selfishness, are to be utterly suppressed; for it is this selfishness which is the source of malignity of every kind in men.

Secondly, to unite two things so opposite as the purity of God and the impurity of the creature, he alone must operate.

It can never be done by the efforts of the creature, since two things can never be united, which have no

resemblance or relation to each other, as no impure metal can ever be joined with fine gold.

Therefore to purify the soul God sends his own wisdom, as to purify gold people make use of fire. It is certain that gold can be purified no other way than by fire, which by degrees consumes in it all that is earthy and different from its own substance. That gold is often put into the fire and dissolved in it, till it thoroughly lose all its impurity.

When the goldsmith can find no more mixture in it, by reason of its being brought to a perfect purity, the fire can act no more upon it: it might then be for an age in the fire without being either more pure, or in the least diminished thereby. It is then proper for making the most excellent works.

If the gold after this seem to be impure, it is only a stain contracted by a commerce with different substances. The impurity is outward, and does not hinder it from being put into use: but the other was inward, and as it were the same with its nature. Persons of no knowledge are very liable to be easily deceived herein, setting less value on pure gold with a coarse outside, than on gold very impure with a polished surface.

Beside, we may remark that gold of an inferior degree of purity cannot mix or incorporate with that of a superior degree. In order to join them together in one mass, the goldsmith labours to make the former lose in the fire all its earthy mixture, in order to fit it for joining with the purity of the latter. This is what St. Paul takes notice of when he says, "The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work be burnt he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."

1 Cor. iii. 13, 15. This is to consume all the activity of SELF, that our religion may be the more pure, undefiled and unsullied.

Another thing appears proper in this place to be noted. St. Paul says of himself, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ." 1 Phil. iii. 13. Should we not think strangely of a person who, having undertaken a journey, would stop at the first inn because some had sojourned there, and the master of the house lives there, instead of advancing toward the end? Let souls then take the shortest and easiest way, which is that of constant application to God in prayer. Let them not stop at the first, second, or any other place. Let them not take up a rest by the way, short of the true rest.

None are ignorant that God is the sovereign good, and that the essential beatitude consists in our union with him; that the saints are more or less great and happy as this union is more or less perfect; since God communicates himself to the soul, only so far as its receptivity becomes great, noble and enlarged. None can be united to God without passiveness and simplicity; and this union being perfect beatitude, the way which conducts us in this passiveness is most certainly the best. It is what all may and ought to walk in. No danger attends it, since Jesus Christ has made it the most perfect and necessary of all ways; the way to enjoy God, and not his gifts only: for they can never give the essential beatitude, nor fully satisfy the soul.

The design of God being to restore the soul to its original entire purity, it is necessary that divine justice, as *a consuming fire*, should take from it all that is terrestrial, carnal, and of its own activity; in order to render it conformable to God, and uniform with him.—It must therefore continually advance, faithfully following his guidance, leaving all things which would in any wise retard, or stop it in its progress, leaving all the inns, all the practices and past experiences, which are to be quitted when the signal for it is given.* So shall we be fitted for beatitude, or to enjoy God both in this life and the next.

O the blindness of men, who think highly of their own wisdom and knowledge! How true it is, my God, that *thou hast hid thy secrets from the wise and prudent; and revealed them unto babes!* Matt. xi. 25.

* After her first entrance upon an entire dedication of herself to God, she for a considerable time practised very great bodily austerities; but, on being farther enlightened, she quitted them, to proceed to labour for the good of others, and to expose herself to sufferings from other quarters. So in the course of her life, we find, she left behind her sundry other things she had before been in the practice of, as the invocation of Saints, in order to pray to God only; the saying over by rote her vocal prayers, in order *to pray with the spirit and with the understanding also*, &c.

EXTRACT FROM THE SPIRITUAL TORRENTS OF M. GUION.

Let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream. Amos v. 24.

AS soon as a soul is touched of God, in such a manner as to return to him in all sincerity; after its first purgation, or cleansing, which confession and contrition have made, God gives it a certain instinct for turning to him in a more perfect manner, to be united to him; as it then clearly sees that it was not created for the amusements and trifles of the world: but that it has a centre, to which it must strive to return, and out of which it never can find any true repose.

This instinct is put into the soul after a very powerful manner; yet in some more, and others less, according to the designs of God: but all of them have the vehemence of love, and of desire for purifying themselves, and for taking the ways and means necessary for returning to their source and origin; like rivers which, after they are come out of their fountains, have a continued course, 'till they discharge themselves into the sea. Of these *rivers* we see some which are gentle and slow; *others* which flow with more speed; there are also *torrents* which run with vast rapidity. All obstacles, thrown in the way of their course, serve only to redouble their violence.

It is just so with these souls. *Some* advance slowly towards perfection, and never arrive at the sea, or

but very late, content with discharging themselves into some stronger or more rapid river, which carries them along with itself into the sea. Those of the *second* sort flow thither more powerfully and sooner. They even carry along with them many rivulets: But they are slow in comparison of the *last*, which run with such a continued force, as renders them less regarded or desired. People do not sail upon them, nor entrust any merchandize to them, except at certain times, and in certain places. They beat against rocks, affiright with their noise, and stop not for any thing. The *second* sort, on the contrary, is more admired and extolled, as it appears to be more useful. The gravity and solemnity of its course is more pleasing; it carries abundance of valuable merchandize, and people venture upon it without fear.

Let us see, with the help of grace, the three sorts of persons who are specified under these three figures, And begin with the first, that we may happily finish with the last.

I.

The first kind of souls aforesaid, are those which, after their conversion, give themselves to meditation, or even to works of charity. They practise some exterior austerities, or self-denial. They try, only by little and little, to purify themselves; to break off from obvious sins, and even some smaller ones. Thus, according to their little abilities, they labour to advance, but feebly and slowly.

As their spring does not abound, a little privation makes them quickly dry. If for public service they must sometime carry a little merchandize, in that case *art* must supply the defects of *nature* in enlarging them, by the discharge of ponds or lakes, or joining

them with other rivers, whereby they carry some little boats, not into the sea but into some large rivers.

These souls are in a general way very little inwardly exercised. They carry no merchandize, *that is*, they have nothing to spare for others. God makes use of them only to carry small boats, that is some acts of corporal mercy or kindness to the bodies of others: and to make them serviceable, there must be discharged into them ponds of sensible graces, or animating motives, or else they must be joined with others in religious concerns, wherein several of a moderate share of grace joined together do not fail to carry a small boat, not into the sea itself which is God, into whom they never enter in this life; but through his mercy obtain that entrance in the next.

These souls have nothing supernatural but in proportion to their outward exercise. Take from them that and you stop the course of grace; like those pumps which give no water, but while one works at them, or like those travellers on foot, who, if they lose the use of their feet, having no boat, or other kind of conveyance, can travel no more. You may observe in them a great facility of reasoning, an activity ever vigorous, a desire of always doing something, thereby to render themselves the more perfect. They have many *ups* and *downs*. One while they do wonders, then again they languish, and have no even conduct, easily sinking under discouragement and frequently complaining.

II.

The second sort are like those great rivers which flow with pomp and majesty. Their course is orderly. They are loaden with merchandize, and go of

themselves into the sea. But their course being long and slow, they do not arrive there 'till late: nay, most of them lose themselves in larger rivers, or end their course in some arm of the sea. Such are the souls which are in the way of gifts and openings. Their springs are plentiful; they are the admiration of the age. They appear to such as have not the divine discernment to be far superior to those of the third sort. They arrive at great eminence, as God raises their natural capacity to an eminent degree. They are full of a burning zeal. They do sometimes indeed meet with great crosses and trials, which serve as shades the more to set off the splendor of their virtues. In this way there are many different degrees.—The design of God, in the plentiful distribution of his gifts, is to draw men to himself: but these are apt to make a quite different use of them. They look at them and value themselves upon them, from whence arises self-esteem, preferring themselves to others, which too often ruins the inward state of such.

These souls are often made helpful to others, especially if they have once been sinners themselves: but then they often entertain so much aversion for many poor sinners; they have so little motherly compassion, and so much of self-valuing triumph over the infirmities of the weak, that they do not act toward them according to the designs of God. And yet they will hardly ever get out of this way, without a miracle of Providence, in order to pass beyond the gifts and to look singly to the Giver, without which those gifts are only like sluices, which hinder the pure water of life from inwardly flowing. O my soul dwell thou in God alone; for in him

there is no deception. These have much more difficulty to enter into, and continue in the way of naked faith than those of the first sort; they are so wise and prudent in their own sight; so full of a spiritual selfishness, and so fixed in their own opinions.

When any of these come to be truly sanctified, God strips them gradually of all their riches: but as there are very few of this class courageous enough (after their elevation amongst men, and possession of so much of treasures and honour) to submit to lose them for Christ's sake, few of them pass beyond this degree of christian attainment. They are dexterous at hiding their own defects, covering them over, and putting a fine gloss or fair colour upon them. Their defects come from Satan transforming himself, and artfully furnishing supports to maintain themselves in them.

III.

Of the souls of the third degree what shall we say? They are like torrents descending from the high mountains. They come from God, and stop at nothing till they enter into him, and till all of SELF be utterly lost in him. In their course they appear quite naked. No merchandize, no rarities are exposed to recommend them. *Yet, unto these the glorious Lord will be a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein can go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby.* Isai. xxxiii. 21. Sometimes they are as it were lost in deep and subterranean gulfs, till after a while they appear again. As much as they seem poor, vile and contemptible in the eyes of men, so much the more are they enriched, not with their own riches like other rivers, but with the riches of the sea itself: for being soon lost in the sea, and become one with

it, they then bear ships of the heaviest burthen. What say ye of these torrents, O ye rivers which flow with so much pride, which glory in the rich merchandize ye bear? This poor naked torrent, which ye looked on with disdain, as inferior to you, can want nothing. It is more fruitful in hidden charity, more clear of self-exaltation, *not doing its works to be seen of men* and admired of the weak, but to please God only, to whom it is much more dear, as it has no will of its own, but is singly given up to the divine will, whether to labour or suffer.

The soul, as has been said, having come from God, has a continual bent to return to him; because, as he is its principle, he is also its end. Its course would be infinite if it were not interrupted by frequent infidelities. This is the very thing which causes that the heart of man is in continual motion, and can find no rest till it returns to its principle and centre, which is God. O poor souls which seek any divine repose in this life! Ye will never find any but in God. Try to return to him: and in him all your agitations and anxieties will be reduced into divine unity and a calm repose, a heavenly hope, *a joy unspeakable and full of glory.*

WE have now traced the life of Lady Guion, (a woman singular in a Popish country, in the best respects, even in the fruits of the spirit, as specified by the Apostle Paul, viz. *love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.* Gal. v. 22, 23.) with the previous preparation for that maternity, or Apostolic mission, with which she writes she was invested; we may observe that therein she was very much cramped by the constitution and rules of that church of which she was a zealous member, labouring in all private opportunities, such as this church had not forbidden to the laity, or to females: and though she has mentioned little of the service or success thereof, particularly after her return to Paris; yet other accounts inform us of several great men and their families, about the court of France, being convinced by her, and embracing her principles; particularly the Archbishop of Cambray, the Dukes of Beauvilliers, Chevreuse, &c.

Her fundamental Principle and Doctrine was *The pure love of God*, tending to universal peace and benevolence. This is harmless and at the same time beneficent: it produces good fruits, charitable actions, free and disinterested labours, or even sufferings, for the salvation of souls. This hath appeared in her life. It will appear again in the Archbishop of Cambray's, who employed all his abilities, of mind, of station, of worldly substance, to do every kind of good to all sorts of people; whose death was deeply felt and lamented by vast numbers of survivors. If this

be Enthusiasm, it would be of infinite advantage to many to be such Enthusiasts.

Others are offended with her frequent addresses to the Most High in her soliloquies and reflections. These seem to forget that HE was her sole object continually. Not having that sacred fervour themselves, they can the less relish such a constancy of it in another. But though I believe she attained to great purity of heart, which is the principal point, yet I never said she was a perfect model in all the punctilios of external conduct. On the other hand, while any lay too much stress on these, they are in danger of over-looking the weightier matters of the divine law, as the Pharisees did in their exactness and punctuality in the smaller matters. She herself sufficiently exposes and exclaims against her own weaknesses, inconstancy and ingratitude. Again she wrote an account of her life only for private use, not intending it at the time when she wrote it, for the public; but was prevailed upon, by the desires of some who visited her in her latter days, to consent thereto.

I conclude with observing that she underwent no small conformity with the Apostles in divers respects; as appears by many passages of her life, compared with what an eminent Apostle writes of himself and his Brethren.

"For I think that God hath set forth us the Apostles last, as it were appointed to death. For we are made a spectacle unto the world, to angels and to men: and are buffeted and have no certain dwelling place. We are made as of the filth of the world, and the off-scouring of all things unto this day. 1 Cor. iv. 9, 11, 13.

"— In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses,—in labours, in watchings, in fastings, by pureness, by knowledge,—by love unfeigned,—by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report; as deceivers and yet true. 2 Cor. vi. 4, 5, 6, 8, 9. In perils of waters, in perils of robbers—in perils of the sea, in perils amongst false brethren." 2 Cor. xi. 26, 27.

Like one of those TORRENTS she writes of, she was not to be stopt by any, or all of these discouragements, or obstructions, from running directly to the pure ocean of all goodness, and drawing with her, in her way thither, as many of the greater rivers and smaller streams as she possibly could.

END OF THE LIFE OF LADY GUION.

ADDITIONAL NOTICE OF F. LA COMBE,

(By the Translator of the foregoing work.)

Since I published that Part which contains the Note relative to Father LA COMBE, (Vol. I. page 232) a friend of mine lent me a little Book, entitled, *A short Letter of Instruction, shewing the surest way to Christian Perfection.* Translated out of the French.

THE TRANSLATOR IN HIS PREFACE WRITES THUS :

" THIS Letter was written by the famous Francis de la Combe, to one of his intimate friends. He was well known to the late venerable Archbishop of Cambray, was a person of eminent virtue and sanctity, and patiently endured many cruel and long persecutions for *righteousness-sake.*

From it I here give an extract as a specimen of his zeal and manner of writing.

" I beseech the Father of Lights, the Author and Giver of all good gifts, to open to me the treasure of his divine Grace, and to make me faithful in drawing from thence what is necessary to assist you in the desire you have conceived of loving God perfectly ; as he hath opened your heart to ask this instruction of me.

" —— Conversion is from a common life to a perfect one ; from lukewarmness to fervour ; from the animal man to the spiritual man, and from the slavery of self-love to the reign of pure love."

Since God calls you to perfect conversion, resist him no longer. Make haste to escape out of the inchantment of self-love, by which St. Paul declares, (Phil. ii. 21.) *all seek their own interests, and not those of Jesus Christ.* Come out of the carnal World to enter into the spiritual Paradise, from wandering abroad among the creatures, to enter into the inward *kingdom*, which, according to the saying of our blessed Lord, is to be found no where *but within us.* Luke xvii. 21. There you will discover wonders hitherto unknown to you; and will see the prodigious difference there is between a servant of God who, by denying himself and all things else, holds fast his God through ardent love in the sanctuary of of his heart, and an unmortified man who lives in perpetual dissipation.

My Son give me thine heart, and let thine eyes be fixed upon my ways. Prov. xxiii. 26. In these few words the holy Spirit opens to us the entrance and progress of the spiritual life. The entrance is happily found in *giving the heart to God.* The progress is advanced by *keeping the eyes fixed upon his ways.*

Begin then by giving your heart to God, that he may make it such as he would have it. Make him such a resignation and transfer, and so full and absolute a deed of gift of yourself, and all that belongs to you, as to reserve no proprietary or selfish use of yourself; and so irrevocable as to renounce for ever all right and all desire of taking yourself again; which being done, use your liberty only in submission to the order of God, and dependence upon the divine movements; give up and abandon yourself to his amiable conduct, that he may reign absolutely; that you henceforth may no longer live to yourself, *but to God* alone.

A devout person has left us an excellent model of this donation, in these terms :

" Give me leave, O Lord, to consecrate my liberty to thee in its utmost extent. Receive my memory, my understanding, my will, my soul with all its powers. As it was thou that gavest me all that I have and possess, it is to thee I ought to return it all without reserve, leaving myself to the just disposal of thy holy will in all things. I ask nothing of thee, but thy will ; grant me but thy grace ; this alone suffices me, instead of all riches, and all other pretensions ; my heart desires nothing more."

This has been the practice of all the saints—It is certain that it was this donation which first placed them in God, which united them intimately to him, and which, being afterwards maintained by a constant fidelity in not taking themselves back again, did at last happily sanctify them.

——And because this resignation is not so soon perfect (for there remains still some reserve in the soul, and we often take ourselves back again without knowing it, or perhaps thinking we do well) we ought for some time to renew this donation every now and then, and to ratify it as often as we have a motion to do it.

As Jesus Christ was not formed in the pure womb of the Blessed Mary, till she had given her consent, to it ; in like manner he does not come into us, and make his abode with us, without our consent. And as God waited for the happy *fiat* of the Virgin, to work in her the incarnation of his Son, so out of the great regard (Wis. xii. 18.) he has for the free-will of man, he waits for his total surrender of himself, in order to impress upon him the image of his Son ;

which St. Paul calls *the forming of Jesus Christ* in us. Gal. iv. 19.

Having then given all to God, consider yourself as his entirely, and say with St. Paul, 2 Cor. v. 16, 17, 18. "As for us, henceforth know we no man after flesh, &c."

In this disposition you will labour successfully and delightfully in destroying the remains of sin, the disorders of your passions, and the most secret imperfections: and at the same time will acquire the christian virtues, and the greatest gifts of God; because *abiding in Jesus Christ, and he in you, you will bring forth much fruit.* John xv. 5.

Far from being dispensed with from labouring yourself, to sanctify yourself, you must do more than ever you did, or would have done in any other way: but the advantage will be, that acting by the movements of Jesus, and by the direction of the spirit of his Grace, every thing will be done more readily, more easily, and more perfectly; because Jesus Christ being the master of the work, the success of it must be wholly divine.

God has given free-will to mankind; he never forces it, so long as we will keep it in our own hands. But what is the effect of our keeping it? Why, we perpetually abuse it.—There is nothing then more safe than to give it up to him; since we do by this what is most agreeable to him, and advantageous to ourselves. There is no better way of succeeding than to engage God in the affair, to work in us, with us, and for us: and we cannot engage him to it more effectually, than by resigning up our free will to him; because that is the only thing that resists him: and if this proprietary or selfish resistance were taken

away, he would reign over us with full satisfaction, in which our perfection does wholly consist.—Can we hazard our perfection in trusting God with it?

Let us then go to the source; let us at the very first seek the reign of Jesus Christ in us. Where his love enters, vices and imperfections are consumed; as all the branches of a tree fall at once to the ground, as soon as the root is cut up; so that there is no need of lopping them off one after another,——And as, in order to make another tree grow up to perfection, there needs nothing but to plant a slip, which having once taken root, grows and advances naturally, extending its branches, and bringing forth its fruits in their season; in like manner the reign of Jesus Christ being established in the heart, all the virtues follow and accompany it; and the soul finds itself enriched with the greatest gifts of Grace, even unsought for and unknown, far from being studied.

Many pass long years, and spend their whole life in heaping up materials, purple, linen, gold and precious stones, without ever coming to the building of the inward tabernacle, which is to serve for the habitation of God, and to be the place of his delight. Inestimable is their loss, and yet they persist in it, even to obstinacy, because they would always keep all in their own hands, instead of trusting wholly to God in all things. But they who make their offering to the Lord, with a ready mind, for all that is to be done at the tabernacle of witness, by the hands of Moses (who represents the spiritual Guide) soon see the sanctuary finished, and sensibly experience that God dwells there, and fills it with his majesty.

Christian perfection consists in being *united to God*, and *enjoying him*. This *union* is gained by the submis-

sion of the soul to the will of God, and this *enjoyment* by prayer. The whole spiritual life is reducible to these two points, which are as it were the two poles, upon which the firmament of sublime virtues and holy exercises turns ; First, *The practice of mental prayer.* Second, *The love of the will of God.*

There is no solid devotion without the profound and durable Prayer of the heart.—How wretched then in the sight of God is the life of so many persons, both of the Clergy and laity, who live without prayer ? If they were truly sensible how impure it is before God, they would die with the horror of it.

To the LOVE OF THE WILL OF GOD are reducible all the pious exercises, whether inward or outward, that are necessary to the fulfilling it, *or* which we are to practise in obedience to him. It would be a manifest indiscretion to neglect those employments we are bound to follow, in order to have more time for prayer ; since true prayer consists in doing the will of God. Would it not then be a capital error, under pretence of praying, really to forsake prayer ?

There are six inward exercises, which are as it were the arms and hands, the feet and wings of prayer, by which it reaches to all the actions of our life, to all places, times, persons and employments.

I. *Recollection.* This is a secret power which withdraws the soul from outward things, to keep it attentive to God within. Happy is he who knows what sacred recollection is ! Nothing but experience can teach it. When the soul feels herself powerfully seized by her heavenly Spouse, she is forced to cry out, that his visits are admirable and his perfumes odoriferous.

Keep yourself then recollected, fearing to lose your

treasure among the creatures. He who is always dissipated, like a house open to all comers and goers, is very unfit for prayer. He that will never pray but in the hour that calls him to it will never do it well, and will easily lose it: but he that would succeed in this great exercise ought, by continual recollection, to keep himself always ready, and in an actual disposition for praying. To this end it is necessary to love silence, retreat, obscurity, and disengagement from the creatures, in order to be well disposed to be employed of God.

II. *The presence of God.* God is always present to all things; but all things are not present to him. *Seek the Lord while he may be found.* Isa. lv. 6. *Seek his face evermore.* Ps. cv. 4. Let it be your first thought when you wake; the most frequent all the day long, and the last at night when you go to sleep. When you come out of company, or from business that requires application, immediately seek God in his sanctuary, which is *your spirit within you.* Isai. xxvi. 9.

If we have not the happiness of acting as the holy Angels, without ceasing to behold the face of God, let us act at least like dutiful and affectionate children, who, after having obeyed their father's orders, return immediately to present themselves before him, to receive new commands from him.

III. *The Intention.* There are many intentions that are *good*, as when we propose to serve God for our own advantage, temporal or eternal: but there is only one intention that is *perfect.* If we aspire after christian perfection, we must disengage ourselves, and forego all that concerns our own interest, to have God alone in view. This is the generous charity;

this is the purity of love. All self-interested motives are imperfect, because in them we seek ourselves.

Walk in the most excellent way, which is that of disinterestedness. Renounce all human respects, all desire of catching the esteem, applause, or favours of the creatures, imprinting deeply upon your mind St. Paul's rule; *If I should yet please men, I should not be the servant of Jesus Christ.* Gal. i. 10.

IV. *Attention* is the application of the mind to that which is doing. It ought to be pious and holy in prayer, and in all that regards the service of God, that it may be religiously and duly performed, without distractions, reflections, indiscretion, or any violent efforts of the creature.

The holy spirit requires of us this submission to his divine movements in all our inward conduct; it is for this that he communicates his gifts to us. They then who give up themselves most to him are best qualified to receive his graces, and to deserve the increase of them.

Seek whatever may be an help to recollection, as secrecy and retirement, according to the example which our Lord Jesus Christ has left us, who, when he would pray without disturbance, sent the multitude away, and went up to the mountain alone.

V. *Aspirations* are the dartings of the soul toward God, by short and fervent words, either to beg some grace of him, or to testify our love to him. These *are the daughters of Jerusalem*, whom the sacred lover in the Canticles charges, that, if they should be so happy as to arrive at the throne of her Beloved, *they would tell him that she is sick of love for him.* Cant. v. 8. To these aspirations the heavenly Spouse frequently answers by his inspirations, all glowing with

love; this she also confirms, when she says, *My soul melted with love as soon as my Beloved spake to me.* Cant. v. 6.

VI. *Fidelity. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.* Rev. ii. 10. It is of infinite importance to be faithful to God, since upon this the crown depends. Now this fidelity consists, first in *observing what the will of God is*, in order to know it; just as the first duty of a faithful servant is to be very diligent in learning his master's will. Second in *readily performing the will of God when known*, as well in little things as great, and indeed in every thing; which is the second part of fidelity in a good servant: for, according to the oracle of truth, *He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.* Faithful souls are as careful to avoid little faults as great crimes, and imperfections as sins; because they would not offend or displease their Beloved.

Another important duty of fidelity is, *to keep exactly the laws of divine friendship.* These sacred laws are three principal ones; sovereignty, chastity and generosity. (1.) By the *sovereignty* of love, we are to love nothing so much as God. The faithful lover sacrifices without reserve not only himself and all that depends upon him, but also all creatures to the interests of his God. (2.) By the *chastity* of love we are to love God without *reserve*, without *mixture*, without *disguise.* There would be *a reserve* if we did not deny ourselves, and all things for the love of God. There would be *a mixture* if we sought our own advantage in his service. There would be *disguise* if we protested that we loved God with all our hearts, and yet would displease or resist him, in any thing.

(3.) By the *generosity* of love, the friend of God is always ready to do any thing, to suffer any thing, and to lose any thing rather than be wanting to his friendship. It is in this that love ought to be *stronger than death*. Cant. viii. 6.

The first degree of divine Love is that it be true; the second that it be strong; the third that it be pure. One great point of the generosity of divine love is *to be faithful to the cross*; that is, never to refuse it, of what nature soever it is; never to complain of its rigours; not to desire to be freed from it: not to seek human comforts: but to bear with an humble resignation the absence of divine consolations, begging only the grace to bear it with an entire fidelity.

A holy and enlightened person has written in these terms, "The soul remaining in its disorderly will is imperfect; it becomes perfect in proportion as it approaches nearer to the will of God. When a man is herein advanced so far that he cannot in any thing depart from the divine will, he then becomes wholly perfect, united with, and transformed into the divine nature."

As for you my dear Brother, who aspire after perfection, never act from nature, not even in things which seem permitted; because this is by no means allowable by the laws of pure love, which never seeketh her own interest. 1 Cor. xiii. 5. Whatever is not done purely for God, must pass the fiery trial mentioned by the Apostle. 1 Cor. iii. 13. Act then in every thing by grace, that is, to please God, to contribute to his glory, and to live after his spirit in a perfect manner.

Mortification, according to St. Paul's rule, is the proper exercise of the spiritual life. See Rom. 8. 13.

Gal. v. 16. There is no living after the spirit without dying to the flesh. The practice of christian mortification, is, first to cut off from nature all useless pleasures, to be content with what is necessary, according to the order of God. Second, to endure pains with patience.

The first labour is to mortify *the senses*, which is done by giving them nothing but what is necessary for them, for the preservation of the body, being content with bare decency, according to our conditions, and making our necessities the measure in such cases.

We ought therefore to cut off all superfluity, all sensuality, all delicacy in eating and drinking, in lying and sleeping, in linen and dress, in warming ourselves, in walking, speaking, seeing, hearing and conversing; no more to seek for objects to feed our curiosity; no more to admire jewels and trinkets; to keep no animals merely for diversion; no more of musical instruments; or songs, unless to recreate ourselves in God in spiritual hymns; no more to be for feasts nor games, though accounted innocent; visits nor assemblies, unless either necessity, obedience or charity, sometimes engage you in them. If your heart be captivated with the love of Jesus, you will no more be fond of any vain amusements. His servant has other kinds of diversions to desire, and fix his delight in. So long as a man is wedded to his sensual pleasures, he never can relish the chaste delights of the spirit.

The second application should be to mortify *the passions*; so that there may be no more impatience, anger, trouble, ingratitude, anxiety, love or desires barely natural, though they pass for decent and

reasonable, no friendship but in God, to promote his kingdom in us. This mortification will not suffer us to be attached to any creature, to desire to be esteemed and loved naturally, nor permit us any ambition, or any passion for the point of honour; all these being nothing else but the disorders of corrupt nature: but above all things learn of Jesus Christ to be *meek and lowly in heart*, as he was; before all men meek as a lamb, and in the depth of humility abased before God.

The third exercise is to mortify *the spirit*, refusing the three powers of the soul whatever is useless or dangerous to them. Deny *the understanding* all curiosity, all unprofitable reading, all search of knowledge, not required to fit you for the station you are in. Despise the news of the age, as one not of this world, a citizen of a higher city, one whose heart is enstranged from such things; and only seeking to have a continual conversation in heaven. Renounce *your judgment*, as the most dangerous enemy, and the hardest be overcome. Keep it subject to the judgment of God. To this end make it pliable to that of men, when they contest any thing with you which you do not manifestly see to be contrary to the Will of God. 2. Deny *the Memory* all unnecessary reflection, or seeking after things which signify nothing, all but that alone which the order of God obliges you to apply yourself to. 3. Deny *the will** all desire, design, inclination or tendency, eagerness or attachment to whatever is not God, all selfishness, and all natural

* The three powers, I here find, mentioned by M. Guion, Vol. I. I had in that place mistaken, in my conjecture about them. Editor's Note.

aversion; desire nothing but God, to know and do his will in all things.

But why do I propose a little detail of christian mortification? Such as are not accustomed to sacred recollection will comprehend nothing of it, or will judge it all to be impracticable and impossible: but as to those who are accustomed thereto, the holy Spirit keeps them close locked up from going out after any false or hurtful satisfactions. They find the grace of God omnipotent to make them practise, even with joy, and with incredible courage, that which at first appeared insupportable to nature.

Divine love makes a great alteration both in our taste and our strength. Become habituated to prayer, my dear friend: you will then find it by experience, and will admire both how much grace and strength prayer gives us to practise mortification; and what advances in prayer mortification procures us.

N. B. The hard imprisonment of Father la Combe, as the Editor of M. Guion's Works (in a note under a letter of said la Combe to M. Guion) tells us, continued till his death, which was in the year 1714, having been a prisoner about twenty-seven years. All the rest that we have of his life (so far as I yet find) is included in that of M. Guion.

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

THE LIVES

OF MICHAEL DE MOLINOS,

FENELON, ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY,

AND

ST. TERESA,

WITH SOME OTHER SHORT TRACTS.

THE

LIFE OF MICHAEL DE MOLINOS,

AND PROGRESS OF QUIETISM.*

MICHAEL DE MOLINOS was descended of a respectable family in Spain. Though he entered into priest's orders, he devoted himself to the service of the church without any desire of worldly advantage from it. His course of life was blameless, but little using those austerities, or ceremonies, which are so much magnified in the church of Rome. The esteem which they have in Spain for St. Teresa had drawn his mind into spiritual divinity, in which he made such advances as to acquire a high reputation, and to gain vast numbers of proselytes.

He published his *Spiritual Guide* in 1675, with the approbation of five celebrated doctors. Four of them were of the Inquisition, and one Esparsa, a Jesuit. It was much read and highly esteemed both in Spain and Italy. The Bishop of Palermo in Sicily, one of Molinos's disciples, in his pastoral letter in 1687, earnestly recommends this little book, saying, "It had met with such a favourable reception over all Europe, that in less than six years it had passed through above twenty editions in different languages." Persons of the first quality sought his acquaintance.

* It was under the name of Quietists, that M. Guion, F. la Combe, and the Archbishop of Cambray suffered persecution.

Letters in abundance were written to him from many parts. At Rome and Naples many of the priesthood openly declared for him. The most eminent were three to whom the Pope afterwards gave the Cardinal's hat. One of these was Petrucci, who was looked on as the Timothy of Molinos; but above all Cardinal d'Etrees, Ambassador to the Pope from the King of France. He was one of Molinos's most zealous partizans, approved his principles, contributed to promote them, and entered into a singular friendship with him.

Next year one of Molinos's friends, Cardinal Odescalchi, being made Pope, gave him signal marks of his regard, lodging him in the Vatican, his palace. The Jesuits and Dominicans were alarmed. They saw their trade decay. They branded Molinos with the infamous name of heretic; and to his heresy, as they termed it, gave the name of Quietism. They got the Inquisition to take cognizance of his book and of Petrucci's letters. And as the Jesuit Esparsa had given an authentic approbation to the before-mentioned book, it is said, they privately shut him up within four walls. Whatever way they dispatched him, he was seen no more: so dangerous it is to do any good or honest thing which incurs the wrath of the Jesuits!

Molinos and Petrucci being then arraigned before the Tribunal of the Inquisition, defended themselves so well, and refuted their antagonists so fully, that the pieces which the latter had wrote against them were condemned, as scandalous and defamatory libels. This victory augmented the credit and number of the Quietists, and never were their books more eagerly sought after.

Molinos was now at the zenith of this world's favour, lodging in the Pope's palace, treated with high regard, and consulted as an oracle. Honours unsought by him, and enjoyed only for a few years! Such is the vicissitude of worldly favours, his lodging in a *palace* was afterwards exchanged for that of a dreary *prison*, though without any demerit of his. He calmly submitted, and with equanimity bore the two opposite states.

As to Petrucci, the Pope gave him a public mark of his esteem, in making him Bishop of Jessi. He had no reason to repent his choice. Petrucci's life and manners were in every respect so exemplary, that his enemies *could find no occasion against him*, except that he (and the Quietists in general) omitted those exteriors of religion, which in the Romish church make a person pass for a saint.

The Jesuits and their partizans were excessively chagrined at their late defeat, and the success of the Quietists. "They lamented, *they said*, the blindness of his holiness, and the sacred college, which did not penetrate the pernicious designs of that sect, nor foresee their consequences; that Molinos was a Spaniard, and that the Spaniards were capable of doing wonders, when their enterprizes were left to ripen; that the errors of the Illuminati in Spain had, before this, brought religion to the brink of ruin; and that the union, silence and secrecy of the Quietists were infallible signs of their nourishing a monster in their bosoms." Some of them even added, that the Quietists were hidden enemies of christianity; that they concealed their private designs under the specious pretext of a sublime devotion, the better to insinuate

themselves into the minds of the people, in order to subvert the belief of the mysteries of religion."

On the other hand it was observed, concerning the exemplary life of Molinos, with his disinterestedness, which induced him neither to pursue, nor even to accept of any worldly dignity, or ecclesiastical benefice, though he was for a long time in very high favour both with the Pope and Cardinals, with the unspotted conduct of his disciples, to which all Italy bore witness, that there could be no stronger proofs of his and their piety and sincerity.

The Quietists continuing sheltered from the rage of their enemies, under the protection of the Pope, the Jesuits determined to leave no stone unturned to suppress them. For this purpose they sent privately to Spain to examine the Registers of his native place, in order to find out whether he might not be descended from the antient stock of the Jews or Moors: in that case they would have raised a clamour of his having sucked in their impieties with his milk. They also resolved to address the King of France: which they did; and in this they succeeded.

When in that kingdom the destruction of the Huguenots* was resolved upon; the revocation of the edict of Nants on the point of being published, and the dragoons just ready to execute the commission given

* Huguenots was an appellation given by way of contempt to the Protestants in France in 1560. Du Verdier derives it from Hus and guenon an ape, viz. Huss's apes. For John Huss, born at Huss a little village in Bohemia in 1407, had openly opposed and preached against the errors of popery. The edict of Nants had been granted to the French Protestants, in favour of their religious liberties, by Henry IV. King of France in 1598. It was arbitrarily revoked by Lewis XIV. in 1685.

them, violently to break up the assemblies of the Huguenots, to disperse or destroy them, then F. la Chaise represented to the King, "that it would be his glory, as the eldest son of the church, to purge Italy from hereticks, as he was doing in France; that one Molinos had infected it with pernicious errors, which were beginning to spread farther, and had even entered into his kingdom; that the penitents of the Jesuits decreased every day, while the number of the Quietists was continually increasing excessively; that the Pope, who protected them, shewed in all his conduct, that he was in the interests of the house of Austria; that by raising a persecution against Molinos three very useful points would be obtained; 1st. ruining heresy; 2d. weakening the party of Spain; 3d. making work for the Pope, to prevent his giving any disturbance to France."

These reasons had the desired effect. The King sent an order to Cardinal d'Etrees, his ambassador at Rome, to pursue the Quietists with the utmost rigour. Little did he think that the said ambassador was one of them himself. What a thunder-stroke to that prelate must this have been at first, he having publicly approved the doctrine of the Quietists, in causing to be translated into Italian the book of a French priest, (who goes much farther than Molinos*)

* This book was written by Malaval, in the form of a dialogue, and several times printed in France with the approbation of the Doctors of Sorbonne, (the college at Paris.) As the doctrine it contains is conformable to that of Saint Teresa, it was much cried up; and the Italian translation of it was dedicated to the barefooted Carmelites. This book contributed not a little to confirm the authority which the method of Molinos had already acquired, because it made people think that the best directors in France agreed therein with those in Spain and Italy.

now to see himself reduced to break the sacred ties of friendship, and to betray his sentiments, or else to disobey his prince! An honest Christian would have said, in such a case, "*that it is better to obey God than man*; that no consideration ought to oblige us to act against conscience and what we regard as truth." Had that Cardinal wrote thus to the King, all he had to fear was to be recalled, as he has been since.

But instead of this, he determined to obey the King's order, and to disclaim Molinos; which was done with so much secrecy and expedition, that both Molinos and Petrucci were cited to appear before the Inquisition very suddenly and at unawares. Petrucci was soon dismissed, but Molinos was detained.

Cardinal d'Etrees, in quality of ambassador, had presented to the Pope a letter from the king of France, wherein he set forth, "that it was a strange thing, that while he himself, in quality of eldest son of the church, was employing all in his power in the extirpation of heresies, his holiness entertained *in the Vatican* an impious seducer of souls, and protected a public despiser of the sacred ceremonies." To which, the Cardinal added, that he was ready to prove Molinos to be an heretic. To this the Pope only replied, that he might address himself to the Inquisitors.

The Cardinal then presented himself before their Tribunal, with extracts from the books of Molinos, and from divers papers of his which had been seized. He would not allow Molinos to give the sense and meaning of his own writings, "because, *said he*, his obscure terms inclose mysteries, which he has discovered to me." The Inquisitors astonished, and appearing at that time loth to proceed against Molinos, asked the Cardinal, "how he could for so long a time

be the particular friend of a man whom he now represented to be so wicked." To this the Cardinal, without any shame, readily replied, "All that he had done was in disguise, in order to discover the more easily the pernicious designs of the Quietists; that from the very first he had seen into the impious consequences of their doctrine; but that he had prudently dissembled to see how far they would carry their impiety; that he had often approved *with the mouth* what he detested *in his heart*; but that the necessity of penetrating to the bottom of those abominable mysteries had obliged him to have recourse to such dissimulation; that in all this he had done nothing but what was conformable to the rules of the holy Inquisition, which allows of those pious frauds, when one can by no other way come at clear and convincing proofs against an heretick; that if he had delayed so long to accuse Molinos, it was because he waited till he had collected so great a number of proofs and evidences, that the accused might not now escape as he had done before."

Whether the Cardinal could have disguised such a design, for so many years, with the warm professions of esteem, or during that time had been sincere, he certainly at last acted a base and treacherous part: but what will not men do who are governed by sordid ambition?

Molinos was hereupon imprisoned in 1685; and the affair was quiet for some time. During several months he was pretty well treated in prison, as the Pope could not so soon forget their mutual affection. The Pope allowed, "that Molinos might have fallen into some errors, yet *he said*, he believed him to be a good man."

Thus he remained for near two years, people judging differently about him. His friends hoped that he would come out of this trial more glorious than ever; while such as knew the credit of his adversaries expected him to be crushed under it; when all on a sudden a storm broke out against the Quietists, which surprized the world.

The Count and Countess Vespiniani, with other persons to the number of seventy, and amongst them some eminent for learning and piety, were all put into prison. They were accused of omitting the exterior practices of religion, and giving themselves entirely to solitude and inward prayer. The answers which the Countess Vespiniani gave on this occasion astonished her judges. She said, "She had never discovered her manner of devotion to any but her Confessor; that it was impossible for them to have learned it but from him; consequently he was a wicked man who had betrayed her, and revealed her confession: and who but idiots would go to confess, when priests let it be seen that they make use of confessions only to discover secrets, and so to make themselves masters of the fortunes of such as are weak enough to entrust them therewith: but that she was resolved in future to confess to God only."

The noble firmness and courage of the Countess, which the Lords Inquisitors had not expected, quite confounded them. Not daring to act with rigour against a person of her quality, and not willing to give room to any more such bold answers, so capable of bringing down the credit and authority of the Confessors, by keeping this lady any longer in prison, they set her and her husband at liberty, on their

promise of returning to appear before them, as often as they should be required.

It is impossible to describe the consternation the people were in, both at Rome and almost over all Italy, when they saw in less than a month near two hundred persons put into the Inquisition. Every one was afraid for himself; and they thought there was no safety but in saying *Amen* to all the sentiments of the Jesuits, and siding with them on every occasion; since they could render the most pious and venerable persons hereticks when they pleased; and turn into abominable errors even the very doctrines which themselves had taught, or cried up with loud encomiums.

Indeed who could think himself safe, when the Pope on this account seemed to be in danger: for now they made him pass for one of the favourers of the new heresy: in consequence hereof the Inquisition sent deputies to examine him hereupon, not in quality of sovereign Pontiff, Christ's Vicar, successor of Saint Peter; but in quality of a private individual. We have not been able to discover what passed in this extraordinary conference.* But they held strange discourses about it at Rome, reporting the answers which learned men of that city made to solve the objections against the Pope's infallibility,

* The people at Rome at this time carried the rights of the Inquisition so high, as to declare, "that its tribunal was on certain occasions above that of the Pope; that the authority of Popes is only precarious, and that they lose it when they abuse it in favouring heresy." Hence it appears that the Inquisitors, of whom seven were Cardinals, supported by crowned heads, had a formidable power. The Pope, then, after having long protected Molinos, abandoned him, but with regret, not having courage enough to support him to the end.

which were, "That the Pope cannot err, nor favour heresy without being erroneous or an heretic. In this case, *say they*, he falls from his dignity, in such sort that if he afterward make a decree in favour of heresy, it is no more the Pope, but an heretic, that does it. The Pope always continues infallible; and it is only the individual who errs."

These answers amount to nothing; for if Pope Innocent XI. could fall into Quietism, and hold nevertheless all the exteriors of the Pontificate, who will assure me that when the same Innocent XI. condemned Molinos, he did it in quality of Pope or a simple individual? Be it which it will, was he not more an heretic than the Quietists, being guilty both of hypocrisy in favouring, and of Jesuitism in condemning him?

Two days after their conference with the infirm decrepid Pope, the Inquisitors caused a *circular letter*, written by Cardinal Cibo, their prime minister, addressed to the prelates of Italy, to be sent to apprize them, that in divers parts of their dioceses assemblies were held; where, under pretence of teaching *the interior way and prayer of quietude*, they taught execrable errors. Wherefore *it* enjoined them to forbid and to disperse those assemblies, and to pursue to justice such as should be found adopting those criminal novelties. They also nominated Visitors of convents, to examine such as were suspected. On their being asked why they rejected the common prayers and the received customs, they returned so many sound and weighty answers, and concluded with referring to the books of Molinos and Petrucci, already printed several times over with the approbation of the holy

office, that little or no reply could be made to them. The examiners found themselves quite disconcerted.

These Visitors having made their report to the Inquisition, it was ordered that, without returning any replies, or giving any reasons for the conduct of the holy office, they should take away from those persons the books of the two chiefs of the Quietists, and all others of the same sort, and enjoin them to resume their hours, *certain prayers*, &c. though they gained nothing from them, and to say over their beads, though they had no relish for them.

The circular letter had no great effect, most of the Bishops of Italy either not minding the contents, or being disposed in favour of Molinos. But what most destroyed its credit was this, that, whereas the orders and letters of the Inquisition are always kept very secret, this happened to be divulged. Copies of it fell into the hands of the people; all the city was full of it. Scarce any thing else was talked of, as it had been translated out of Latin into Italian. This accident vexed the Inquisitors exceedingly, for they cannot bear that the world should have the opportunity of examining their procedure. Cardinal Cibo was blamed by them for this indiscretion; and he threw the blame back again upon the Inquisitors, or on their Secretary.

This letter was followed with nineteen articles, or erroneous propositions imputed to the Quietists, to every one of which a short refutation of the pretended errors was subjoined. The sentiments of Molinos and his disciples were pourtrayed therein in the blackest colours, with much malignity. But they never mentioned from whence they drew those sentiments which they charge them with; for fear lest such as

had made those extracts might be convicted of infidelity and malice.

Among the two hundred prisoners afore-mentioned, there were some very considerable: divers domestics of Cardinal Petrucci; his nephew and his secretary were also of the number. Petrucci himself, coming to Rome soon after, kept himself incog. fearing lest the Inquisition should catch him in its trap. The Cardinals Caraffa and Ciceri were under the like apprehensions. The Pope's nephew Don Livio was not one of the least suspected, being the particular friend of the aforesaid Count Vespiniani. He had also lived in a very retired manner, which at that time was sufficient to make any one a quietist at Rome. Beginning to be in dread for his safety at Rome, he retired to a country house he had near Civita Vecchia. The Pope wrote to him several times to return; yet he was afraid of doing it.

The prisons of the Inquisition filled fast every day; the fright all over the city of Rome was so general and so great, that only they whose public debauch and riot, or whose ignorance and stupidity screened them, thought themselves out of danger. It was said that the Inquisitors, in their examination of the prisoners, found some brave resolute people who answered nobly, and shewed more knowledge than their examiners.

The Pope still shewed his regard to Cardinal Petrucci, and gave him leave to go and see Molinos in prison, with whom he had a long conversation. The Pope's mildness had given some hopes to the friends of Molinos: but their fears redoubled, when they thought on the number and credit of his adversaries. Very formidable enemies, especially in Italy, are all

the different orders of monks joined together; of whom they reckon five hundred thousand; amongst them forty thousand Jesuits; and in the single city of Naples, twenty-five thousand ecclesiasticks, both *regular* and *secular*. This reflection made them look upon the condemnation of Molinos as inevitable. They foresaw that the Inquisitors, who are such other politicians as Caiaphas, would conclude with him, that it was *better that one man perish*, though innocent, than that the whole nation of monks should be starved, and *superstition*, to which they owe their subsistence, authority and riches, destroyed.

The condemnation of Molinos was then resolved upon, and the noise of it spread in the city. Of a million of persons, who were thought to be engaged in the sentiments of the Quietists, there was not one found who dared to open his mouth in favour of their chief.

So completely had the Inquisition, like some hurricane or earthquake, struck an universal panic, that innocence turned pale; fortitude trembled, and was dumb; while cowardice and baseness joined the general outcry, and easily carried all before them. Hence the very same Molinos, who had lived twenty years in Rome, in the reputation of a saint, now passed for one of the wickedest men of the age, being accused of schism, sedition, and of other high crimes and misdemeanors, of which it was easy for the inquisitors to procure proofs; whether true or false, they could stretch and bend them sufficiently to make them serve their turn.

A general prejudice, like a torrent, had overspread Rome in such a manner, that to say of any person before the spies of the holy office, that he entertained

a doubt, either about the errors or the bad life of Molinos, would be sufficient to get such a person clapped into the Inquisition. The Inquisitors gave out that they had not condemned Molinos, till they had heard the depositions of fourteen witnesses, eight of whom presented themselves; and the truth was drawn from the other six *(by tortures:)* but these fourteen witnesses, it is more than probable, were not worth one good one; such as come to present themselves, to accuse an unhappy man, being generally people hardened in wickedness; and for the others, how common is it for tortures to force men to utter falsehoods!

A hatred of the Pope at this time prevailed among the people of Rome. It broke forth in their discourses, and in the rage which they shewed against an unhappy man whom the Pope had so long protected. In this the Jesuits took pleasure to confirm them. "It is the first time, *said they*, that heresies have dared to lift up their head in Rome. Never before has any arch-heretic presumed to set up his throne in the holy city, and to make a sink of corruption at the fountain-head of religion: and what is stranger still, this abominable heresy has triumphed, even here, during twenty years; his holiness never would lend an ear to the good advices which the spies of the holy office gave him from all sides: such as attacked the Quietists were treated as hereticks and calumniators; and after all the proofs which had been collected against Molinos, in consequence of which he had been arrested, the Pope has not failed still to favour him privately; and even, after having full proofs of Molinos's hypocricy and wickedness, with the greatest pains in the world has he been brought at last to assent to his condemnation."

On the day that Molinos was brought into Minerva's temple, his countenance and carriage manifested a steady firmness, such as shewed no consciousness of any guilt, however charged with it by his enemies. A little before this solemnity, the Pope granted *a plenary indulgence** to all who should assist at it. This and the proclamation made of it, joined to the curiosity so natural to people on the like occasions, brought such a concourse of thronging multitudes, that it required one's having a good deal of money or of credit to get a good place there.

At the prison door he was set in an open chariot, with a Dominican friar at his side; and when he arrived at the Minerva, he was left for some time in a gallery: when he was put in the place designed for him he made a low bow, without shewing the least mark of fear or confusion. He had his hands tied together, holding a lighted waxen taper, which was put into them. In the mean time two monks, clad in long robes, read his process with a loud voice. Some people were suborned to cry out at the reading of certain articles, "*To the fire, to the fire.*" All the people joining re-echoed the cry; and became so animated to madness, that if the guards in leading him back to prison had not opposed the insolence of the mob, he must have fallen the speedy victim of their fury. When he was near the little cell, in which he was to be shut up for the rest of his life, he entered it with great tranquility, naming it his closet. Then taking leave of the Friar who had attended him, he said, "Farewell, at the day of judgment we

* *Plenary indulgence*, a full and entire remission of the penalties due to all sins, an impious pretension, encouraging sin.

shall see each other again; and then it will appear on which side the truth is, whether on yours or mine."

After this we hear no more of him; his life and death being kept private among the Inquisitors and their officers.

It was said that the holy office had collected above twenty thousand letters of Molinos, which had been sent and received by him; and that, on the day he was arrested, they seized at the post-office near twenty crowns worth of letters addressed to him. The author of this account tells us that an ecclesiastic of Rome owned to him one day, "that most part of the Quietists were so well instructed, and overpowered their adversaries with so many reasons, passages and authorities, that all the school-divines in the world could not have been able to confound them: wherefore the church was obliged to interpose, and to stop their mouths by its authority, solemnly declaring them hereticks, that nobody might dare to listen to them." A ready way of putting people to silence, when not knowing how to answer them!

The same author hereupon makes the following observation:

Thus the Jesuits by their art, industry, and indefatigable constancy in persecuting innocence and truth, have effected the oppression of the doctrine of divine grace, of self-renunciation, and of the contempt of human traditions, at a time when those evangelical tenets began to have so great a number of adherents in the heart of the Romish church, Bishops, Archbishops, Counts, Dukes, Cardinals, the Pope himself and his Nephew. The Jesuits have again set up, established, and brought to flourish, the spirit of

superstition and tyranny, with the school-divinity, and the morality or rather impieties of the casuists. So goes the world in slandering and persecuting good people, because their candor and simplicity gives an easy handle to their enemies; their virtue and good conscience hinder them from using, for their lawful defence, those unlawful means, which their enemies put in practice to ruin them, while they load with honours and praises those who trample probity and good faith under their feet, in order to raise themselves on the ruins of the virtuous and the faithful.

THE LIFE OF
FRANCIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE
FENELON,

ARCHBISHOP AND DUKE OF *CAMBRAY*.

*Translated and abridged from the French.**

HE was born at the castle of Fenelon in Perigord, in the province of Guienne, in the south-west of France, in 1651, son of Pons de Salignac, Marquis of Fenelon, and Louisa de la Cropte, sister of the Marquis of St. Abre. He was brought up in his Father's house, till he was twelve years of age. This private education, in a remote province, preserved him from the corruption of manners and sentiments, which the young Nobility of most nations too frequently contract, in acquiring the politeness and delicacy of the court.

* This history of the life of the Archbishop of Cambray in French, was printed at the Hague in 1713. It is said to have been written by Chevalier Ramsay, author of *The Travels of Cyrus*. I have one likewise by another hand. They both agree in all the parts of his life, and in the character of Lady Guion: but this by the Chevalier Ramsay, is much more agreeably written, more explicit, clear, nervous, and better digested. I have therefore chiefly followed it: yet some things in the other too I thought worthy of insertion.

It has sometimes pleased infinite Goodness, in various nations, to raise up noble patterns, to shew mankind what they should (above all things) desire and endeavour to be. Whosoever shall impartially read this life of the Archbishop of Cambray will, I think, find sufficient reason to esteem him to have been one of this kind.

1663. He was sent to the university of Cahors in the same province, and afterward put under the care and instruction of a learned and pious uncle at Paris, viz. Antony, Marquis of Fenelon, who, dreading for him the vanities of youth, made him take, (says the Author of his History,) the resolution of imitating, for several years, the silence of Jesus Christ.

1686. Lewis XIV. King of France, having been informed of Fenelon's great abilities and virtues, named him the Chief of a mission for the conversion of the Protestants on the coast of Saintonge and in the country of Aunis, in the aforesaid province of Guienne.

As the King had been advised to employ military force, to put an effectual stop to the diversity of religions in his kingdom, Abbé Fenelon, abhorring those maxims, would not enter upon this mission, but on condition that no troops should be employed therein. The mild and gentle treatment which the Protestants of those parts experienced, while their brethren in the neighbouring provinces were delivered up to the most cruel and inhuman persecutions, disposed them to hearken to the instructions of the new missionary, and to receive solid fruits from them. This way indeed did not make so many sudden conversions as force: but it made them more sincere.

Having finished the mission, he returned to Paris, and presented himself before the King: but he was two years after without returning to Court. He became equally noted for possessing fine parts and endeavouring to conceal them. His modesty, his retired disposition, his probity, and his inaction about striving to procure posts or benefices, or to court the

favour of such as were consulted in their distribution, were the cause that, after having been nominated Bishop of Poictiers, he was struck off the list before the nomination was made public. The Archbishop of Paris had received him well, and treated him with great respect: but accustomed as he was to be surrounded with flatterers, and not finding Fenelon among them, his pride was offended. Meeting him one day he said to him, "Sir, you have a mind to be forgotten, and you shall be so."

The Marquis of Fenelon, his uncle, had introduced him into the acquaintance of several illustrious persons at court, and among the rest the Duke of Beauvilliers, at whose request, having several daughters, Fenelon wrote a Treatise on the education of daughters, wherein the talents with which he was endowed for forming youth became conspicuous.

This Duke under great plainness and simplicity concealed uncommon virtues; an enemy of pride, divested of ambition, unanxious for riches, he was modest, sedate, disinterested, liberal, courteous, sincere, polite, regular in every thing, and thereby well qualified to govern men. As a minister of state, the very basis of his politicks was *the love of justice*. This was his reigning virtue, to which he sacrificed his own inclinations, his personal friendships, and even the interests of his own family. All these great qualities were heightened and perfected by an eminent piety, which ascribed every thing to God. This piety was in him a fruitful spring of light to guide him in all his conduct; for, setting his heart free both from irregular passions and vain amusements, it poured in upon his mind continual supplies of clear discernment, to discover in every thing what was *right* and *good*.

Him the King made choice of for governor of his grand-children: and the Duke making known the merit of Fenelon, the King nominated him to be preceptor to the eldest of the princes. The public in general applauded this choice, and especially Monsieur Bossuet the Bishop of Meaux, who wrote a letter of congratulation upon it to M. Fenelon, daughter of the aforesaid Marquis, expressing therein the high joy with which it filled his heart.*

1689. Abbe Fenelon entered on his post at the age of thirty-eight years. For assisting in this education there were also chosen several persons of distinguished merit, as Abbe Fleury and others. Never was seen a greater harmony than in the education of this prince. All who were around him acted in concert, never to flatter him, never to take his part, when he had given cause to any of them to be displeased with him. He found no asylum but in obedience and the practice of his duties.

This prince in early youth was haughty, scornful, passionate and capricious. He afterwards grew up remarkably courteous, meek, pacific, just, and sensibly moved with the calamities and misfortunes of humanity, even denying himself almost every thing to relieve the wants and distresses of others. His nature was so much and so happily changed for the better, by the good impressions made on his mind.

He looked on himself as designed for the sovereign authority, only to be the servant of the people, and to labour to render them good and happy. The method which they had made use of, to form the understand-

* How changeable, how little to be depended on, are weak mortals! The Bishop of Meaux serves as a glaring instance of the truth of this remark.

ing and the heart of this young prince, is a model of the most perfect education.

To form his understanding, they made him study, not by rules, but according to the curiosity which they took care to excite in him. Hereby they turned amusements into study; and the most serious studies became an amusement. A conversation formed on purpose, without his perceiving it, gave occasion to the reading of an history, to the examination of a map, to reasonings within the comprehension of his years. The exercises set him were constantly solid instructions: some history or dialogue, which learned him the principal actions and events of antiquity, or of modern times, brought him acquainted with the characters of the great men of all ages, and at the same time inspired him with the love and desire of the purest virtues. *Telemachus* and *the Dialogues of the Dead* were written with this view.

To form his heart, it was necessary to reform his natural faults. The humour, impetuosity, and haughtiness of the young prince were represt by a dissatisfied look spread over every countenance.

The usual chastisements in inferior educations were never employed in this. The privation of a pleasure, of a walk, of a study itself of which they had raised in him an eager desire, were the only punishments they made use of.

In the time of his fiercest vivacities, all that approached him to serve him, had orders to do it in a melancholy silence. Thus they left him vexed with himself, and meeting with none to pity him, till quite tired out with such a sad state, finding no body to speak to, he came to beg pardon, acknowledging his fault.

Candor in confessing every thing was the only condition of pardon; and, to accustom him to that ingenuity, they confessed the faults which they had committed before him; drawing from their own imperfections matter of useful instruction to their pupil.

They inspired him with the love of virtue, not by dry precepts, moral sentences, or studied harangues; but by a word, a look, a sentiment properly placed, they were continually giving him lessons without his being disgusted at it, or even perceiving it. At meals, in their walks, in their discourses, they turned every thing into instruction. By imperceptible touches, and ingenious turns, they caused him every where to meet with noble sentiments and royal virtues. They joined to this knowledge, and to this love of truth, the great science of knowing how to keep a secret. To accustom him early to secrecy, they made him sensible, but with precaution, of a confidence above his age on the most important affairs.

During the whole time that Abbe Fenelon was at court, he shewed a most perfect disinterestedness. Having learned early to live content on a little, independent of that servility which a sordid love of interest begets, this habit of bounding his desires, joined to a divine love of the poverty of Jesus Christ, made him continue six years at court, in distinguished favour, without receiving or asking any emolument, either for himself or his friends. The public liberally dealt out to him the places which became vacant, while he neither obtained nor sought for any of them.

At last the King gave him the Abbey of St. Valery, making a kind of excuse to him, *for giving him so little and so late.*

Some months after, the archbishoprick of Cambray becoming vacant, the King nominated him thereto. Abbe Fenelon, scrupulous on the subject of his duties, excused himself from accepting it, being afraid lest he could not reconcile the care of a diocese with the functions of his employ. But the King tried to remove all his objections, and urged his acceptance of this vacancy.

On his compliance therewith, he resigned the abbey of St. Vallery, without asking it for any of his friends or relations. The King was astonished at it, and pressed him to keep it, but in vain. This disinterestedness, so very unusual, drew upon him encomiums; but it also soured against him those persons of a distinguished rank whom his example condemned. He made no other use of his credit than to seek to eradicate the notions which the corruptors of kings instil into them of their grandeur and their power.

The high favour the new Archbishop was in, with the King, seemed to announce a still greater elevation; but there soon arose against him a storm which banished him from the court of France for ever. To know the spring, the progress and completion of his disgrace, we must speak of Madam Guion, who has been the pretext for it, and give a concise idea of her conduct and her sentiments.

[Hereupon the Author gives a summary of the life of Lady Guion. In it he gives the following character of the Duke of Chevreuse, one of her intimate friends:

He had a rare stock of knowledge for a person of his rank, an easy eloquence, an extensive genius, capable of remounting in every thing to the first principles, and of forming the greatest designs. Bold in the execution, courageous against bad success, and

against the disapprobation of those who did not penetrate the greatness of his designs; he was easy of access, graceful and modest. His politeness was noble, delicate and unaffected; his temper sweet, affable and engaging. He lived in his family with his children like a good friend, as well as a good father. His soul appeared always equal and calm, notwithstanding his natural vivacity. In a word, piety had united in him the virtues human and divine, to such a degree, that he was at the same time a good christian, a good citizen, and a perfect friend.]

Some envious people now spread confused rumours of a rising heresy gaining credit at court. They alarmed many with their outcries of *the danger of the church*, and particularly Monsieur Godet de Marais, bishop of Chartres, a man of a lively nature, and fiery zeal for whatever he accounted sound doctrine.

Such a man was susceptible of very strong prejudices. They gave him a horrible idea of the new spirituality. To turn him from his indefatigable pursuits against Jansenism, a doctor of Sorbonne, one of that party, who yet concealed his sentiments, artfully represented to him Quietism (which had been so fiercely fallen upon at Rome some years before) as an object worthy of his episcopal zeal. He, not perceiving the snare, applied himself with all his might to thunder against the rising heresy, and to render Madam Guion suspected of its propagation. He induced Madam Maintenon, as he was her director, to change her sentiment. He made her conceive gross errors, and all the imaginary horrors of Quietism, in the little book entitled, *The short method of prayer*, which before this she had liked and approved. She then, who had treated Madam Guion with singular

marks of esteem, became from henceforth her implacable enemy.

Abbe Fenelon met with Madam Guion at first, soon after her release from her first confinement, at the house of the Dutchess of Bethune, to whom she had been known from her earliest years. Before this he had been very much prejudiced against her, by the calumnies which were so industriously spread, and through such hands as gained them a ready credit. But when he came to see and hear herself, her excellent conversation soon removed all his prejudices, and made him highly esteem her. Going afterward on some occasion to Montargis, he enquired there what reputation she had borne before her leaving that city. All expressed their high esteem of her piety, and the purity of her manners, even from her infancy. These testimonies, given by the most respectable persons, confirmed Fenelon in the high idea he had already conceived of her virtue. And hence there was gradually formed between these two persons a very particular friendship, which afterwards proved for them both a source of great crosses, and of the exercise of great virtues.

When it was discovered that Madam Maintenon had openly and warmly declared herself against Madam Guion, they tried alike to turn her against the Abbe Fenelon, which was easily done; and the more, as the Abbe had already disappointed and displeased her, by speaking his mind to her honestly, yet with caution and reserve.

She had hoped at first to gain an absolute ascendant over him, but had the mortification of seeing him often dissent from her opinions. She was afraid lest a man, whom she could not secure to herself,

should acquire too much credit with the King. This change in Madam Maintenon gave a fine opportunity to the Bishop of Meaux, to vent that secret jealousy which for a long time past he had nourished in his bosom against the Abbe Fenelon. Having been accustomed to see himself admired as the first genius of the age, he could not bear to observe the eyes of the public turned from him, and fixed on the Abbe.

The violent outcry against Madam Guion became universal. It seemed to affect the reputation of her friends. Madam Maintenon began then, in order to carry on her designs, to demand a strict examination of the books of Madam Guion, and spoke of it to the King, who chose the Bishop of Meaux for principal examiner. To him were added the Bishop of Chalons, who is at present the Cardinal de Noailles, and Archbishop of Paris, and Monsieur Tronson. Madam Maintenon would have the Abbe Fenelon to be joined as the fourth, and the King approved of it.

The Bishop of Meaux had always maintained the contrary opinion to that *of pure disinterested love*. He thought he knew the doctrine of the Church better than any one else, and could not bear to be shewed that the tradition of the Church, on so essential a point, had escaped him.

After an examination of several months, they were scarce able to agree on any precise determination. The Bishop of Meaux was continually crying out, *The church was in danger*. He probably thought it would add a new eclat to the glory of his triumphs over the Protestants, against whom he had published some pieces in print, to convict such a man as the Abbe Fenelon of error.

[We have seen before how this violent Bishop of Meaux, conquered by the force of truth, had given Lady Guion a good certificate at the end of an examination of six months, how Madam Maintenon was vexed at it, how the Bishop himself, after the ill spirit revived in him, repented of that act of justice; and how that much injured good woman was, notwithstanding it all, arrested and carried a prisoner to the castle of Vincennes, near the end of the year 1695.]

It would, *says the other writer of the Archbishop's life*, be an unpardonable weakness in him to have esteemed, and to have suffered his best friends to confide in a person of a suspicious conduct, or in whom nothing else was to be seen but fanaticism. We should then be obliged to own that his veneration for her had been a blemish in his character. It is therefore requisite that the public should find here at least something whereby to form an idea of that Lady's true character, and of the purity of her life, which was confirmed to the last, even by those who had taken the most pains to prove her guilty.——Yet their rage against her furiously increased, when they found that certain persons of distinction about the court placed their confidence in her. The sudden retired change of life in these persons, who before had been very conversant in the world, appeared to the Directors, who were alarmed at the good done by her, to be an invasion of their prerogatives, and of dangerous consequence if suffered.

The Archbishop had been brought acquainted with this Lady when she was calumniated and persecuted. His prejudice against her was changed into a singular veneration for her, as soon as he had conversed with, and examined her.—When afterwards

he was attacked on this account, he did not disown that he had very much esteemed and still continued to esteem her: and yet he never undertook to defend her, but contented himself with constantly refusing to join in condemning her. When he was pressed to do it, he defended himself, acknowledging that he had often seen her, as every body knew; that he had esteemed her, and suffered her to enjoy the esteem of several eminent persons, whose reputation was dear to the church; that he had read enough of her writings to think it his duty to examine her very strictly; that he had often done it at a time when, having nothing to fear, she was the more open with him, and free to disclose all her inmost sentiments—that he had very narrowly observed her practice, and the counsels she gave to the most ignorant, and had never discovered the least footsteps of those bad maxims which were now ascribed to her. How then could he in conscience, *he asked her enemies*, charge her with them, by authorizing with an approbation the defamations which were published against her?

In a letter to a friend he wrote, "The Bishops who condemn her, have done it by writings which they have published; they have since confined her, and loaded her with ignominy; I have never said one word either to justify or excuse her, or to alleviate her present condition; and is not that going a great way, considering all that I know? the least that I can do for an unfortunate person, whose conversation was always edifying to me, is to keep silence whilst others condemn her."

But this silence was not sufficient for those who wanted of him a public approbation, which might serve to justify their censures against her writings,

and their severity towards her person. His constant refusal provoked them, and became an occasion of their falling upon himself. It was already seen by their manner of proceeding against M. Guion, that he was rather the object they aimed at than herself.

In the course of that same year things were carried with a high hand (probably either to gain favour with Madam Maintenon, or to avoid the dreaded consequences of her displeasure.) The bishops of Meaux, Chartres, and Chalons, published pastoral letters against Quietism, condemning also the books of Madam Guion. The last indeed, did it with much more moderation than the two others. "In blaming, *says he*, the excesses of the false mysticks, let us ever admire and commend those of the true saints to which the love of God carries their souls, which never can be carried too far: since the measure of loving God is to love him without measure, &c." Thus, while he proscribed the books, he was far from condemning the person of Madam Guion, whom he treated with respect, telling her, "that, in submitting her expressions she might continue her sentiments, and that he should pray to God to continue his favours to her."

The hatred of Madam Maintenon to the Archbishop of Cambray every day increased. As he could not be prevailed upon to condemn Madam Guion, as the other prelates had done, she regarded his refusal as an intolerable obstinacy.

The Archbishop of Cambray wrote a book in vindication of Madam Guion's tenets, entitled, *The maxims of the Saints*, and in his absence the Duke of Chevreuse published it.

The Archbishop's enemies took care immediately to give a general alarm, to frighten the pious and well meaning, and to excite the derision of the profane. The prelates who were in the highest credit at court exclaimed against him. The courtiers, who envied the high favour which the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse enjoyed, now conceived great hopes that they would be involved in his disgrace. All things concurred together to swell the storm; learning, ignorance, industry, policy, insinuation, dispute, credulity, nay incredulity itself; and all this, because a prelate had dared to maintain, *That we ought to love God for his own sake with a pure disinterested love.* These outcries having at length reached the King's ears, the Bishop of Meaux went to wait on him, asking his pardon for not having sooner disclosed to him *the Fanaticism of his Brother Prelate.*

This bishop drew the most horrible consequences from the Archbishop's principles, loudly declaring, "that the sentiments he concealed were worse than those expressed in his book." Such discourses of a Bishop eminent for his capacity, venerable for his age, and esteemed a father in the church, did not fail to spread a general alarm, and to cause a furious outcry of doctors, priests and monks, with people of all sorts and conditions, against the Archbishop of Cambray, who offered all along to make additions to his book, to explain every thing in it which gave offence, and to clear up every ambiguity: but nothing would satisfy the Bishop of Meaux less than *a formal recantation.*

The Archbishop, seeing all reasonable means of accommodation opposed, addressed the King, and represented the hard situation he was in, the expedi-

ents he had proposed in order to peace, the refusal given him of examining his book, and in fine, that he had no way left to put an end to the scandal which these disputes occasioned, but by applying to the Pope; begging leave of the King to go in person to Rome. The King gave orders to tell him, that he might transmit his cause to Rome, but without going thither himself.

The Archbishop had been advised and urged by several to give up his book entirely: but as he firmly believed it to be the truth which that book contained, he could by no means agree thereto, till the sovereign Pontiff, to whom he had submitted it, should pronounce sentence upon it. This refusal was represented to the King, as the criminal obstinacy of a man incapable of submitting.

By these impressions the King was induced to order his confinement to his diocese, to deprive his relations of their employments, and to banish his friends from court. Nobody had any intimacy with or interest in him without sharing his disgrace. The superiority of his understanding and the purity of his life were utterly disregarded. His intimate friend (M. Guion), was to pass for a whimsical enthusiastic woman, and himself for the Patriarch of a senseless and profane sect. How profound a humiliation was this! But it is only by a total overturning and annihilation of the whole man, that we can arrive at those divine virtues of which Jesus Christ, covered with ignominy and shame, was the perfect example and model.

The King having sent word to the Archbishop to retire to his diocese, and not to come back without his order; he left the court next day. The young

Duke of Burgundy expressed a most lively concern for the disgrace of his dear and worthy tutor.*

In the mean time great pains were taken at Rome against him by his enemies. He sent thither his defences in manuscript: but the Cardinals signified to him, "That it was impossible to provide all the members of the holy office with such long memoirs, and that as the accusations against him were made public in France, it was necessary his defences should be so too." He then sent them to the press. Under-

* Before he left Paris he wrote to the Duke of Beauvillier a letter dated the 3d of August 1697, from which I present the Reader with the following extracts.

"Be in no pain, my Lord, or concern for me. The affair of my book is carried to Rome. If I am mistaken, the authority of the holy see will undeceive me, which is what I seek for with an humble and resigned heart. I am going to Cambray, having sacrificed to God all that I am capable of sacrificing to him. Permit me to exhort you to enter into the same spirit. Nothing worldly or temporal has had any share in what I have done for the doctrine I have judged to be true; nor have I omitted to lay before the Pope any of the reasons which may support that doctrine. Enough has been done on my part; it belongs to God to do the rest, if it is his cause that I have defended. Let us neither regard the designs of men, nor the steps they take; 'tis God alone that we should look up to in all this. Let us be the children of peace, and peace will rest upon us; if it be bitter it will be only the more pure. Let us not mar the uprightness of our intentions by any obstinacy, any passionate warmth, any human industry, any over-earnest desire to justify ourselves. Only let us give an account of our faith, let us correct ourselves if we have need of it, and let us bear correction patiently, even though we should not deserve it. Let us humble ourselves, and keep silence: and instead of reasoning upon prayer, let us take care that we pray. 'Tis thus that we defend ourselves; 'tis in silence that our strength will lie."

This letter at large was immediately made public, and every body admired the pacific disposition of the good Archbishop. What danger had any to fear from a man who feared to deceive himself, and who desired to be set right.

all the violence raised against him on every side, he continued still and quiet. The Bishop of Meaux, who before had pretended so high a regard for him, was now most furious, hot and indefatigable in his persecution.

I shall not here display the epithets with which he characterized not only the doctrine but the person of the Archbishop, who never offered any thing in reply but sound reason and argument, preserving always the meekness of a Christian with the gravity of a Bishop. The following is one letter of his to the said Bishop of Meaux.

"I pray God from the very bottom of my heart, that he may no otherwise give his *perfect love* a compleat victory over you, than by making you feel it with all its charms. May you be inflamed and consumed by that celestial fire which you seek to extinguish! May it inspire you with the zeal of kindling it every where, and may it raise you to that height of perfection from which you are endeavouring to estrange others!"

The Bishop of Meaux, finding no success in his disputes upon doctrine, had recourse to facts. He published an account of Quietism, in which he endeavoured to make the Archbishop of Cambray pass for the blind admirer of a fanatical woman. The Archbishop answered this piece with so much strength, and at the same time with such extraordinary moderation, as quite turned the public in general against the Bishop of Meaux, and filled the people with indignation against him, from the clear discovery of the wily arts by which he had endeavoured to substitute ridiculous phantoms in the place of truth.

The ministers of the court at Rome used their utmost endeavours to quiet the storm, and to avoid giving a decisive judgment against a prelate of so venerable a character. The book was put into the hands of the Consultors of the holy office, who were ten in number. They held their assemblies for near eight months, wrought at it with extraordinary application, and were at last divided in their sentiments. Five were of opinion to censure the book, and the other five maintained its doctrine to be sound. The Archbishop of Chietti, one of the consultors, loudly declared, "that they ought either to burn the books of Saint Francis de Sales, or allow that of Monsieur de Cambray." But as they could not agree, the affair was at last brought before the holy office.

The Pope ordered three congregations to be held every week; and the Cardinals were ten months examining and discussing the whole. The Archbishop's adversaries were supported at Rome with all the credit which their situation in France could give them. They now had recourse to a stroke, which was judged necessary to let them see at Rome how much the court of France, which openly solicited the condemnation of the book, had the affair at heart. They prevailed on the King to dismiss the relations and friends of the Archbishop of Cambray, from their attendance on the princes. They disposed of the Archbishop's apartment at Versailles, which till this time had not been done. And both himself and the rest who were dismissed on this occassion were struck off the state list, and denied the salaries which were given (during life) to such persons as had been honoured with any share in the education of the Princes of France. They would have done the same by some

of the most honourable persons about the court ;* but they found upon trial their power, credit and interest, did not reach so far, those persons being too well established, and no occasion sufficient for their purpose to be found against them. The temper which the good Archbishop maintained in the midst of so violent a storm appears in the following letter, which he wrote to the Duke of Beauvilliers, at a time when it raged most furiously against him :

"I cannot avoid telling you, my good Duke, what I have at heart. Yesterday I spent the day in devotion and prayer for the King. I did not ask for him any temporal prosperity ; for of that he has enough. I only begged that he might make a good use of it, and that, amidst such great success, he might be as humble as if he had undergone some deep humiliation. I begged that he might not only fear God and respect religion, but that he might also love God, and feel how easy and light his yoke is to those who bear it less through fear than love. I never found in myself a greater degree of zeal, or if I may venture to use the expression, of affection to his person. Though I am full of acknowledgment, it was not the good he has done me that then moved me. Far from being under any uneasiness at my present situation, I would have offered myself with joy to God, for the sanctification of the King. I even considered his zeal against my book as a commendable effect of his religion, and his just abhorrence of whatever has to him the appearance of novelty. I looked upon him as an object of the favour of God. I called to mind his education, without solid instruction, the flatteries which have surrounded him,

* Viz. The Duke of Beauvilliers, Chevreuse, &c.

the snares laid for him in his youth, the profane counsels that were given him, the distrust that was with so much pains instilled into him against the excesses of certain professors of devotion, and the artifice of others; and lastly the perils of greatness, and such a multiplicity of nice affairs. I own, that with all these things in view, I had great compassion for a soul so much exposed. I judged his case deserved to be lamented, and I wished him a more plentiful degree of mercy to support him in so formidable a state of prosperity. In all this I had not, as I apprehended, the least interested view; for I would have consented to a perpetual disgrace, provided I knew that the King was entirely after God's own heart. I only desire he may have solid virtues, and such as are suitable to the duties of his station. For my own part I am at peace, in the midst of almost continual sufferings. By casting scandal upon me, they shall not, by God's will, exasperate me, neither shall they discourage me; they will not make me an heretic, by saying that I am one. I thank God I breathe nothing but sincerity, and submission without reserve. After laying my reasons before the Pope, my conscience will be discharged, and I shall have nothing more to do than be silent and obey. They shall never see me, as some others have done, seek for distinctions to elude the censures of Rome. There would have been no occasion to have gone thither, if the affair had been carried on with that equity, fair dealing, and christian charity, which they owed to their brother. I pray God to undeceive me, if I am under a mistake, and if I am not, that he will open the eyes of those who have confided too much in passionate persons."

The Pope, being favourably inclined toward the Archbishop's book, made a proposal which was presently rejected aloud by the Cardinal Casa Nata, intimating that it would create a misunderstanding between Rome and France. At last the judgment so long expected, after an examination of eighteen months, came forth. Pope Innocent XII. published a brief condemning the book with twenty-three propositions extracted out of it. Hereupon the Archbishop gave himself up immediately to the most absolute submission.*

He wrote hereupon a letter to his dear friend the Duke of Beauvilliers, a part of which is as follows:

* He published a Mandate in the following terms. "We owe ourselves to you without reserve, my very dear brethren, since we are no longer our own, but the flocks, which has been committed to us. 'Tis in this disposition, that we think ourselves obliged here to open our heart to you, and continue to communicate to you what concerns us relating to the book entitled, "The Maxims of the Saints." In short, our holy father the Pope hath condemned this book, with the three and twenty propositions extracted out of it, by a brief bearing date the 12th of March, which is now dispersed abroad, and which you have already seen.

"We adhere to this brief, my very dear brethren, as well with respect to the text of the book, as to the 23 propositions, and condemn both the book and them, precisely, absolutely, and without any restriction. Farther, we forbid all the faithful of this diocese to read and keep the said book. We would comfort ourselves, my very dear brethren, in our humiliation, provided the ministry of the word which we have received of the Lord for your sanctification be not weakened thereby; and that, notwithstanding the humiliation of the pastor, the flock may grow in grace in the sight of God. May it please God, that my name may never be mentioned, but with this remembrance, that a pastor had thought it his duty to be more submissive than the least sheep in his flock. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, my very dear brethren, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, remain with you all. Amen. Given at Cambray, April 9, 1699."

" What you send me word you have done in obedience to the Pope, by parting with my book, is very edifying to me, and by no means surprising; I know your attachment to a strict obedience, nor could I expect any other conduct from you. You know very well, Sir, that I never valued or countenanced any piety which has not this solid foundation. For my own part, I endeavour to bear my cross with humility and patience. Amidst so many troubles I have one consolation, of little consequence in the eyes of the world, but a solid comfort to those who seek God with sincerity, and that is, my conduct is entirely fixed, nor have I any thing more to deliberate upon; all that is left for me to do is, to submit and be silent; and this is what I have ever desired; as my conscience is discharged in that of my superior. In all this, far from considering it as brought upon me by my adversaries, I look not on any man; I see only the hand of God, and am content with what he does. Sometimes I am importuned with long letters of exhortation, advising me to submit, and telling me how glorious such an humiliation will be; I am tempted to say within myself, what is it then that I have done to these people, that they should think I shall find so much difficulty in preferring the authority of the Holy See to my own weak understanding, and the peace of the church to my book? I have no consolation but in obedience: and if they had known my sentiments in this respect, they would never have had the vain alarms they have suffered themselves to fall into.

" As to the Bishop of Meaux, he and I have no longer any contention. I very sincerely pray for

him, and wish him all that may be wished for those whom we love according to God."

He also in a letter to the Bishop of Arras wrote thus:

"My Superior, by the decision he has made, has discharged my conscience. I have now nothing more to do than to rest in peace, and bear my cross in silence."

Some people looked on the Archbishop's submission as a stroke of policy. But on this subject, *says the author*, I shall repeat what I have had from his own mouth.

"My submission was not a stroke of policy, or a silence in respect to men, but an interior act of obedience paid to God alone. I looked on the judgment of my superiors as an echo of the supreme will. I did not stop to consider the passions, the prejudice, the disputes which preceded my condemnation. I heard God speaking, as unto Job, out of the midst of the whirlwind, and saying to me, *Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?* and I answered them from the bottom of my heart, *Since I have spoken unadvisedly, what can I answer? I will lay my hand upon my mouth.* Since that time I have sought no shelter in the vain subterfuges of the *Questions of Fact and of Right.** I submitted to my condemnation in its full extent."

The Archbishop's enemies now made pressing application to the Pope, by the French Court, to con-

* The *Question of Right* is, whether the propositions condemned are true or not. The *Question of Fact* is, whether those propositions are really contained, or not, in the book wherein they are pretended to be found?

demn likewise his apologetical writings: but the sovereign Pontiff, with a resolution not to be shaken, refused to do it; though these writings were dispersed in Rome, and the doctrine of *pure love* was more amply unfolded in them than in his *book of maxims*.

Very soon did the Archbishop send his submission to the Pope, who wrote him a letter commending both his doctrine and his piety, and gave orders to Cardinal Spada to dispatch it. But the Cardinals of the Bishop of Meaux's party, representing that France might take umbrage at such a letter, privailed on the Pope to blot out several parts of it. Soon after the Pope made three of the five Examiners, who had voted against censuring the *book of maxims*, Cardinals. The King sent orders to all his Archbishops to assemble their suffragans, to receive the Pope's brief. In these synods the Archbishop of Cambray was well or ill treated, according as there were found at them more or fewer Bishops devoted to the court; but no where worse than in his own palace, by his own Suffragans, one of whom, viz. the Bishop of St. Omers, told him, that his words did not express an inward consent and acquiescence, but still left him a back door to withdraw from his submission.

The Archbishop took no offence at so odious an accusation. Not in the least discomposed, with meekness he thus delivered himself to his Suffragans.

"You are assembled here not to examine my Ordinance or Mandate, but to do all of you jointly what I have been doing in particular. I shall declare to you with an entire openness, as to my brethren, and not as to my judges, that, with the whole extent of my heart, I have renounced all thoughts of explaining my book. I prefer the authority of the holy See

to my feeble lights. I have endeavoured, by words fully submissive and humble, to accept the humiliation which is come upon me from the Sovereign Pontiff. If his holiness thinks my submission defective, I am ready to supply the defect, and to make it in such a manner as the Holy See shall think proper.*

About a year after this was held an assembly of the clergy at St. Germain en Laye. Here the Bishop of Meaux accused the Archbishop of Cambray, of being the Patriarch of a Sect whose maxims were not only inconsiderate but impious; not only dangerous in practice but blasphemous in theory; not only erroneous but absolutely heretical.

He drew up an abridgement of *the new spirituality*, as he calls the tenets of Fenelon and Guion, which begins thus, "The salvation we hope for by Jesus Christ, the eternal glory, the enjoyment of God, the beatific vision appear things of too low a nature to move and affect such souls as are arrived at the pure love."

Abbe Fenelon on this head declares that, if only the hope of reward be the motive of actions and conduct, it is a selfish motive, leaving little or no room for the celestial flame of *pure charity*, or the love of God for his own sake, the love of his perfections, the *single desire* of rectitude in all states and trials, which includes *that* of divine approbation and union. Such a motive, he observes, falls short of inspiring us with

* This passage brings to my mind that text, Numb. xii. 3. *Now the man Moses was very meek, above all the Men which were upon the face of the earth.* There appears some resemblance of him in this Archbishop, so patiently bearing, and meekly replying to, the insults of his own subordinate Suffragans, Bishops devoted to court the favour of Mad. Maintenon.

any noble virtue, and often leaves men without remedy against vice; it fails of being a support in times of trial. He represents a man who acts upon this principle, in the time of temptation, speaking thus:

"The heavenly sweetness has forsaken me.—I expected to be delivered from all my weaknesses by the efficacious power of a delicious and invincible grace. I looked upon the life of a christian to be a religious enchantment. I pleased myself with the thoughts of going straight to Paradise, in a way strewed with roses. I wept for joy. Heaven seemed already open to receive me. I blest God for having put me under a necessity in this life, to be happy in the other. But alas! How great is my disappointment! The source of pious pleasure is dried up. I feel no other but what is vicious and corrupt; and it is as impossible for me, in my present condition, to resist the victorious pleasure of vice, as it is to ride post without a horse."

From hence A. Fenelon concludes that there is a love of *order*, of *absolute pulchritude* and *perfection*, superior to all *agreeable sensation*, which can act in us when the sensible pleasures and consolation of grace are wanting, and which is sufficient to move the will, under all the pains and privations which are to be met with in the sacred path of piety; there being no virtue without trials, no merit in goodness when it lasts no longer than while it is caressed, or when it is only practised for the sake of rewards.

"Thus it was, *says he*, that the saints in imitation of their great model, remained faithful to God under the most terrible sufferings. Under the purifying pains of love they continued stedfast in their submission to the divine will, not because it was delightful,

but because it was just. The spring by which God then moved them was not any impression of pleasure, but the pure knowledge he gave them of what was due to him. Often were they deprived of all consolation, both heavenly and earthly, so as to cry out with their holy head, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!*"*

* A certain famous writer made an offer to the Archbishop to write in his defence, acquainting him, that a book was prepared for his justification, and nothing requested of him but to consent and contribute to its impression. To this he answered as follows:

"You propose to me to send money for the printing of a book, in justification of my faith—you may easily believe I should value little the expence: as I was diligent to write in my own defence before the judgment of Rome, so I am resolved, since that judgment, to be silent, to suffer in peace, and give up my reputation to providence. I had rather die than defend, either directly or indirectly, a book which I have condemned without restriction, and from the bottom of my heart, in compliance with the holy see. Whatever I should write would be looked upon as a design to rekindle the war. It is neither just nor edifying for an author to be perpetually employing the church in his personal disputes, and chusing rather to continue the trouble without end, than bear his cross with humility. When they hear not a bishop concerning his own meaning, which he has so often explained in writing, to what purpose should he speak any more? Such a one can neither edify others, nor support the dignity of his own character, but by a profound silence. I know too well what scandal the church suffers by such disputes, to have any inclination to renew them from a regard for my own reputation. God will take care of the honour of his minister, if he deigns to make use of it for the benefit of the ministry in his diocese. I am even persuaded, that neutral and equitable people are edified by my silence, and do not doubt of my honesty in the whole affair. No treatise would persuade those who have no mind to be persuaded. And you know very well, that there would be a double-dealing, unworthy of a Christian, in declining to write myself, and yet privately acting in concert with another who should write for me."

The readiness and simplicity of his submission had surprised the King. They had prejudiced him, by representing the Archbishop of

Thus the Archbishop of Cambray, excessively humbled, covered with shame, banished and confined to his diocese, enjoyed there that profound peace of mind which never fails to accompany pure virtue. He applied himself wholly to make men good and happy, discharging with great diligence and tenderness all the functions of his episcopal character.

It was now, and from henceforward to the end of his days, that he appeared to be one of the true children (in the faith) of the worthy Lady Guion.

The French writer of his History, informs us, That all the sermons he preached flowed from the abundance of his heart, without being written or premeditated. Only he retired into his closet, to draw his light from heaven in prayer. *That author goes on thus,* like Moses the friend of God, he went first upon the holy mountain, and then returned to the people to communicate to them what he had learned in that ineffable conversation. An ardent love of God was the great point in these public exhortations of his, in which he made every thing terminate, such a love as produces and perfects all virtues. His preaching was very plain and intelligible. He banished from it all abstracted reasonings and superfluous ornaments,

Cambray as a man of an uncomplying temper, who would never submit. Whereas he now saw the contrary, and the remembrance of all his virtues recurred to his mind. His virtues indeed, during his residence at court, had in them something of austerity. It was this stiff part of virtue, which the hammer of adversity was to molify by an abasement. This change had been foretold to him, *(most probably by M. Guion)* but it was not entirely effected till the latter part of his life. A stranger, who passed through Cambray out of a desire to see him, let fall this memorable expression, *I have formerly seen great men great; but I have now seen a great man little.*

and sought only to speak as a good father, to comfort, relieve and enlighten his flock.

He was diligent in going round his diocese, preaching in every church in it, examining his flock, instructing and exhorting both priests and people, and taking all possible care in regard to both; ready also to listen to the advice of any, and to profit by their experience. "The shepherd, *he used often to say*, has yet more need of being docile than the flock; he must be continually *learning*, that he may be the more able to *teach*, and ready to *obey*, in order to *govern* well. *The wise man increases in wisdom by all that he gathers from others.*"

All his practice beautifully exemplified his doctrine. Though rigid and severe to himself, he affected not however an austere air, nothing sour, morose, or critical, but all quite the reverse; chearful and amiable to others in all his deportment. He endeavoured much to imitate our great model, whose affability to the simple gave offence to the Pharisees of his time.

All the pomp and grandeur of his archiepiscopal rank he renounced, humbling himself like a child, or like a servant of God and of mankind. He slept little, eat less, and allowed himself no pleasure but what he found in the discharge of his duty. To take the air was his only recreation, during the whole time he was Archbishop of Cambray. And even when he did that, he spent the whole time in seeking occasions to do good to the people in the country around him.

When he met with them, he sometimes would sit down with them upon the grass, enquire about the state of their families, give them advice how to regulate their little affairs, but above all things affection-

ately recommended to them to lead a religious life. He sometimes went into their cottages to speak to them of God, and to comfort and relieve them under the hardships they suffered. If those poor people presented him with any refreshments after their homely country fashion, he did not disdain to taste what was set before him, that he might give them a mark of his friendship. He shewed no false delicacy with regard either to the poverty of their condition, or the uncleanliness of their habitations. He became in a manner one of them, through the fatherly tenderness of a heart deeply affected with the love of a Saviour, poor and naked.

Hence he learned what is so very difficult to human nature to learn, viz. to be poor in the midst of plenty. He gave almost all his revenue either to useful public occasions, or to persons in distress, of all ranks and all nations, who (during the calamities of the great war then carried on between the French and Bavarians on one side, and the English, Dutch, Austrians, and their Allies, on the other) were within the reach of his generosity.

While the Archbishop of Cambray was employed in his diocese in discharging his duties, the war which France continued to maintain with great difficulties, drew near to the city where he resided. The neighbourhood of Cambray became the theatre of the last campaigns. In the midst of two immense armies, consisting of the greatest forces of almost all Europe, and the most illustrious commanders, he saw himself once more become a spectacle. The court of Versailles resounded all the winter with the accounts given of him, at their return, by the general officers and courtiers who had been in the army.

They all agreed to publish the order of his household, and the munificence which kept it open to all comers; his profusions for the succour of the sick and wounded, with whom he filled all his apartments: the sanctuary which whole villages found at the same time within the inclosure of his palace, whither they fled for refuge from the desolated country; the care he took of the poorest of those wretched people, who were no less the objects of his concern, than the persons of distinction, which his house was always full of.

Amidst all this incumbrance he found means to leave all his guests to their own liberty, and to allow himself time withal for the discharge of all his occupations, of what kind soever they were. Every one was admitted to interrupt him, without any hindrance to the carrying on of his business; so well he knew how to find time for every thing. He charmed the hearts of all the soldiers.

Not only all his own palace but other houses beside, hired by him on purpose, were filled with the sick and wounded from the army, and every thing provided both for their cure and their nourishment. Most people would have thought such an expense excessive, at a time when his revenues were very much lessened by the neighbourhood of the two armies: but the necessities of the unfortunate were the only measure of his liberality.

Neither the painful sight of the wretched condition of the Refugees in his palace, nor their infectious distempers, could abate his zeal. He walked up and down among them like a good father, and testified by his sighs how much his heart was moved with compassion. His presence and his words seemed to alleviate their miseries.

The veneration in which he was held was not confined to the French army alone. He was no less respected by the enemy. The Duke of Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and the Duke of Ormond, seemed to study to shew him all sorts of civilities. They sent detachments of their men to guard his meadows and his corn. They caused his grain to be transported with a convoy to Cambray, lest it should be seized and carried off by their own foragers.

When any party of the enemy heard that he was to take a journey within his own diocese, they sent him word he had no need of a French convoy, that they would escort him themselves. Even the very Hussars of the Imperial troops did not fail to do him this service. Such a commanding power has true virtue, when it is once become manifest as his was, over all hearts. He was no where ill-treated and calumniated, but in his own country. All the other nations of Europe held him in equal veneration. He loved and made much of strangers. He received them with a singular cordiality, whatever religion they happened to be of.

The duties of hospitality became a laborious work to him, by reason of the vast numbers who came to see him, and the multiplicity of his other employments; yet he went through all with perfect kindness and tranquility. Nothing was more worthy of admiration than the facility with which he suffered himself to be interrupted in any business he was about, that he might communicate himself to all, and give himself up entirely to the discharge of those duties which daily, and even hourly occurred, as it were by surprise, and unexpectedly, for the exercise of his patience and meekness. An ordinary virtue is dis-

concerted and fretted, when it cannot pursue its rules and methods: his was noble and free, not a slave to times or places.

I have seen him, *says this author*, in the space of one day, converse with the great, and speak their language, ever maintaining the episcopal dignity; afterwards discourse with the simple and the little, like a good father instructing his children. This sudden transition, from one extreme to the other, was without affectation or effort, like one who, by the extensiveness of his genius, reaches to all the most opposite distances.

I have often observed him at such conferences, and have as much admired the evangelical condescension by which he became all things to all men, as the sublimity of his discourses. While he watched over his flock with a daily care, he prayed in the deep retirement of internal solitude. The many things which were generally admired in him were nothing in comparison of that divine life, by which *he walked with God like Enoch*, and was unknown to men.

The Pagan philosophers were sensible that man can never be happy, till he arrive at *such an inward tranquility as excludes not only unprofitable actions, but even useless thoughts.* 'Tis, however, christianity alone that can raise us to such a state, by that peace of the holy Spirit, that divine Unity, which the Gospel imparts.

This is that quietude which the Archbishop of Cambray aspired after, while employed in discharging the duties of humanity, religion, and his vocation. He dismissed, as fast as they arose, all useless ideas and disquieting desires, to the end that he might preserve his soul pure and in peace; taken up

with God, detached from every thing not divine. This brought him to such a simplicity, as to be far from valuing himself for his natural talents, *accounting all but dross, that he might win Christ, and be found in him.*

Amongst his meditations is the following:

"I adore thee, O infant Jesus, naked, weeping, and lying in the manger. Thy childhood and poverty are become my delight. Oh that I could be thus poor, thus a child, like thee! O eternal Wisdom, reduced to the condition of a little babe, take from me my vain and presumptuous wisdom. Make me a child with thee. Be silent, ye sages of the earth. I wish to know nothing, but to be all faith, to be resigned to suffer every thing, to lose and forsake all. The word made flesh! now silent, now he has an imperfect utterance, now weeps as a child: and shall I set up for being wise? Shall I take a complacency in my own schemes and systems? Shall I be afraid lest the world should not have an opinion high enough of my capacity? No, no, all my pleasure shall be *to decrease*, to become little and obscure, to live in silence; to bear the reproach of Jesus crucified, and to add thereto the helplessness and imperfect utterance of Jesus a child."

To die thus to all his own abilities must have been a thing more painful to him than to another. He understood thoroughly the principles of almost all the liberal sciences. He had studied the antients of all kinds, poets, orators, and philosophers. He was well acquainted both with their faults and with their beauties. Yet he rejected that pompous erudition, which so powerfully tends to swell the mind with pride. He thought it his duty to renounce all the *false* riches of the mind, and to be wise with sobriety.

This is what the doctors, who are ever contending about frivolous questions, will never be able to comprehend.

He saw the faults of his friends, and bore them with great mildness and sweetness of temper. He waited the proper moment of speaking, laid hold of it when it came; and knew how to season his advice in such a manner, that the most unpleasing truths from him could give no offence.

"It is often, *said he*, our own imperfection which makes us reprove the imperfections of others, a sharp sighted self-love of our own which cannot pardon the self-love of others. The passions of other men seem insupportable to him who is governed by his own. Divine charity makes great allowances for the weaknesses of others, bears with them, and treats them with gentleness and condescension. It is never over hasty in its proceeding. The less we have of self-love, the more easily we accommodate ourselves to the imperfections of others, in order to cure them patiently, when the right season arrives for it. Imperfect virtue is apt to be sour, severe, and implacable. Perfect virtue is meek, affable, and compassionate. It thinks of nothing but doing good, bearing others burdens. It is this principle of disinterestedness with regard to ourselves, and of compassion for others, which is the true bond of society."

Whatever frankness he used at any time in speaking to his friends, he desired them to use the same to him. To one of them he wrote as follows:

"I request you not to spare me in telling me my faults. Though you should think you discover a

fault in me, which perhaps I have not, the misfortune will not be great. If your intimations offend me, I shall see thereby that you have reached the quick. Thus you will do me a great kindness, by inuring me to reproof, and to a christian lowliness of spirit. The higher I am raised in rank, the more I ought to be humbled. I have need of this simplicity; and I hope that, far from weakening our union, it will be a means to strengthen it."

During the whole time of his exile, he scarce ever had a sight of any of his old friends. But he realized their presence, by the tender affection of a heart which unites itself to what it loves in the divine immensity.

"Let us all dwell, *says he in one of his letters*, in our only centre, where we continually meet, and are all but one and the same thing. We are very near, though we see not one another; whereas others, who even live in the same house, yet live at a great distance. God reunites all, and brings together the remotest points of distance in the hearts that are united in him. I am for nothing but unity. All counted beyond that proceeds from division; it speaks a plurality, *self* in each too much fondled. The being deprived of seeing you does not fail to affect me very sensibly: but I must bear it patiently so long as God sees fit, and even till death, if it be his pleasure."

Thus it was divine love, which was in him an inexhaustible source of the purest, most generous friendship. "Oh what a beautiful sight, *said he frequently*, to see all kinds of goods in common, no body looking on his own knowledge, virtues, joys, riches, as his peculiar property! It is thus that the saints in heaven possess every thing in God, without

having any thing of their own. It is the flux and reflux of an infinite ocean of good, common to all, which satiates their desires and compleats their happiness. They are perfectly rich and happy by being perfectly poor. If this poverty of spirit prevailed here below, we should hear no more those cold words of *mine* and *thine*. We should be all at the same time both poor and rich in unity."

Towards the end of 1709, a young prince visited and spent some time with him at his palace, and, in divers conversations they had together, listened to him with great veneration and docility. The Archbishop recommended to him especially, never to compel his subjects to change their religion. "Liberty of thought, *said he to him*, is an impregnable fortress which no human power can force. Violence can never convince; it only makes hypocrites. When kings take upon them to direct in matters of religion, instead of protecting it, they bring it into bondage. You ought therefore to grant to all a legal toleration, not as approving every thing indifferently, but suffering with patience what God suffers, and endeavouring to restore such as are misled, by soft and gentle persuasion."

Many other good counsels he gave him on the government of his people. Thus, on every occasion, he endeavoured to promote the happiness of other nations, considering himself as a citizen of the world.

He lived almost always in an intimate union with his pupil the Duke of Burgundy. It was some years after the Archbishop's banishment, before this young prince had means to write to him. But at length having found an opportunity, he wrote to him, being then nineteen years of age, as follows:

VERSAILLES, *December* 22, 1701.

"At length, my dear Archbishop, after four years silence, I have found an opportunity of writing. I have suffered many afflictions since our separation; but one of the greatest has been that of not being able to give you any proof of my affection for you all this while; and how much your misfortunes, instead of lessening my friendship, have increased it. I look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall be able to see you again; but I fear it is yet very far off. I have been much grieved at all the ill usage you have met with; but we must submit to the divine will, and believe that all has come to pass for our good."

After this the Prince frequently corresponded with the Archbishop, who wrote back to him as follows:

"Offspring of Saint Lewis! Be like him, mild, humane, easy of access, affable, compassionate and liberal. Let your grandeur never hinder you from condescending to the lowest of your subjects, to put yourself in their place; yet so, that this goodness may never weaken your authority, nor lessen their respect. True virtue is often modest and retired. Princes have need of her, and therefore ought to seek her out. Suffer not yourself to be beset by insinuating flatterers.—Place no confidence but in those who have the courage to contradict you with respect, and who love your prosperity and reputation better than your favour.—Make yourself to be loved by the good, feared by the bad, and esteemed by all. Hasten to reform yourself, that you may labour with success in the reformation of others."

There was one day in the year in which the Archbishop usually visited a certain town in his diocese, to perform an office of devotion. This was known in

the army of the allies, and he could not go without passing very near their camp. Upon this they took such measures, that the detachments which were posted on the road might bring him to the camp, that they might have the satisfaction of seeing and hearing him. He had notice of it; but did not think that either his character as a subject of the King, with with whom they were at war, or his state of banishment into his own diocese, which still subsisted, at least as to the order which had been given him, and which he had never taken pains to have revoked, would admit of his yielding to the design they had upon him. Whatever there was in this adventure to gratify his vanity, it had no effect upon him, and therefore he put off the journey he intended. If the generals of the allies were at any time informed, that any place which lay near their army belonged peculiarly to him, they immediately set guards upon it, and preserved the corn and the wood, with the same care as if it had been the property of one of the most considerable among themselves. And these places, thus protected upon his account, became places of refuge to the whole neighbourhood. At the close of the campaign in 1711, the army of the allies was in such a position, as to lie within view of the ramparts of Cambray, and between the army of France and the little town of Chateau-Cambresis, which is the principal domain of the Archbishops of Cambray. The place was filled with the Archbishop's corn, and the stores which the country people had deposited there for shelter. The Duke of Marlborough immediately ordered them to be taken care of by a detachment, which he sent thither for that purpose. But, upon foreseeing that the scarcity of provisions, for

the subsistence of his army, would not permit him to hold out in refusing to let his soldiers forage in that little village, he gave the Archbishop notice of it. Accordingly the corn was put into waggons and conveyed, within sight of the camp of the allies, by an escort of their troops as far as the arsenal of Cambray, which was a kind of general quarters to the army of France, from its neighbouring post on that side of the town. This very singular circumstance shews to what a height the regard for him was carried.

This honour which was paid to his virtue, was interrupted by a very great affliction. The Duke of Burgundy, who not a year ago was become Dauphin, and immediate heir to the throne, by the death of the Dauphin his father, died himself. In the height of his grief, the Archbishop was heard to intermingle these words with his sighs, *All my bonds are broken.* These were lawful bonds indeed; but it is God's will that they should be broken in the souls which he will have devoted entirely to himself.

After the death of this Prince, his cabinet was found full of the Archbishop's letters to him, and the prince's answers, whereof the originals are still subsisting in his own hand writing, which supply us with valuable testimonials concerning the object of their correspondence and confidence. In them we discern in the pupil a deep sense of religion, joined with candor, goodness, and a fixed resolution to learn the most difficult truths. *I will endeavour to make use of the advice you give me. Pray to God, that he will give me his grace so to do.—Desire of God more and more that he will grant me the love of him above all things, above myself, friends, enemies, for him, and in him.—I listen to a great many speeches that are made, and will still be*

made. I condemn myself, where I find I am to blame, and I despise the rest; sincerely pardoning all who wish me ill, or do ill to me, and praying for them. These are my sentiments, my dear Archbishop, and notwithstanding all my faults, an absolute determination to give myself up to God. Pray to him without ceasing, that he will be pleased to finish in me what he has already begun, and destroy in me whatever proceeds from original sin and myself. You know that my friendship for you is always the same.

Ever since the misfortunes of the campaign of 1708, he was become a new man. He was continually employed in forming of plans, which might one day be of service, in providing remedies for whatever stood in need of amendment in the state, and give him before-hand a thorough knowledge of the evils, and their true remedies.

The elevation of his genius, and the integrity of his heart, began to make a strong impression upon the King's mind, and to gain him a very large share in his confidence. He every day acquired a greater weight in the council. Upon an occasion, where their sentiments were divided, some being guided by the express terms of a treaty, and others urging the advantages which would arise by not strictly adhering to it, he gave his opinion in these few words, *There is a Treaty.* The Duke of Burgundy spoke but these words; the rest was all included, and the King followed his advice.

Some days after his death, the King ordered the box to be brought him, which contained the Prince's most private papers. Upon this Madam de Maintenon wrote the following letter to the Duke of Beauvilliers. *I would have sent you whatever was found there of yours and the Archbishop of Cambray's, but the King*

would needs burn all himself. I own to you, I was greatly concerned at it, for nothing can ever be wrote so beautiful and so good; and if the Prince we lament has had some faults, it has not been for want of free advice, or from having been too much flattered. We may say, that those who walk uprightly are never confounded. The letter was dated from St. Cyr, March 15, 1712. It subsists in the original, written by Madam de Maintenon's own hand.

This testimony of Madam de Maintenon is very express, who wrote this fifteen years after she had warmly declared herself against the Archbishop of Cambray, and after having seen so long time pass, without any motion on his side to regain the old confidence, which she had formely placed in him to the highest degree.

Some persons, who would be thought to be very knowing, have given out as of their own knowledge, that Madam de Maintenon finding great opposition to a declaration which she had much at heart, the affair was referred to the decision of three persons, whereof the Archbishop of Cambray was one; that he had presided in this little assembly, and had given the casting vote against the declaration; that he had even written a letter to Madam de Maintenon in strong terms, to dissuade her from this declaration.

And that this was what began to create in her a dislike to the maxims of pure love. However, the change was not made all at once; her confidence for some time continued to appear the same; but after a short space it lessened by imperceptible degrees, till at length, when the disputes raised against Madam Guion were at the height, and made use of to the disservice of the Archbishop of Cambray, her heart

was the more readily inclined to be prejudiced against him. But supposing that this anecdote was not a fiction, invented by such persons as pretend to dive farther than others into the mysteries of the court, it is at least certain, that those who were most conversant with the Archbishop of Cambray, and had a very great share in his confidence, never heard any thing drop from him which could give the least credit to the story.

The death of such a prince gave the finishing stroke, to disengage the Archbishop of Cambray from all creatures, and made him pass into a divine life, in which he aspired after nothing but immortality. He lived three years after his august pupil, and saw the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse his two most worthy and intimate friends die before him.

His submission, meekness, silence, and the inviolable attachment he had testified, during the whole time of his banishment, both to the King and to the church, had by degrees made so deep an impression on the King's mind, that he was quite recovered from his prejudices against him. He caused him to be consulted on divers occasions, and at last took a resolution of recalling him to court.

A few months before the conclusion of the peace at Utrecht, the Bishoprick of Ypres was vacant. This preferment he gave to the Abbe de Laval, who resided with the Archbishop of Cambray in his palace as his friend, and whom he had drawn nearer to himself, by making him vicar-general of his diocese. Thus by little and little the disgrace wore off.

While the good Archbishop had no thought but of living in the peaceable exercise of his episcopal functions, the disorders about Grace, raised by the

Jansenists, came to trouble his repose, and drew upon him the bitterest reproaches and the cruellest slanders. They misrepresented him as a politic and ambitious man whose only aim was to be recalled to court. Others, unacquainted with his character, imagined that he rejoiced at the disgrace of the Cardinal de Noailles, who had at last joined with the Bishop of Meaux against him.

He wrote hereupon to a friend in the following terms:

"—I should think myself a Demon if I had any relish of so detestable a joy, and if I were not sincerely grieved at what is so prejudicial to the church. I am truly sorry for the Cardinal. I represent to myself all his pangs. I feel them for him. I never think of past times but to call to mind the favours with which he honoured me for so many years. All that happened afterwards I desire not to think of. I look at nothing but the hand of God, who thought fit to humble me through mercy.—I hope the Cardinal will overcome himself to restore peace to the church, and to silence all the enemies of religion. The most violent and untractable spirits would be likely to be brought to temper by his example. I pray for him every day with the same zeal I had twenty years ago." This letter was written in 1714, a little more than a year before his death.

In the beginning of the year 1715 he was seized with an inflammation of his lungs, which put him into a continued fever. It lasted six days and an half, accompanied with sharp pains. During this time he gave all the tokens of a truly christian patience, meekness and constancy, shewing to the last breath the serenity of a soul which resigns itself totally into the

arms of infinite love. In his last moments, and in the midst of his sharpest pains, the only words he uttered were, *Not my will but thine be done!* The evening he died, he wrote the following letter to F. le Tellier his Majesty's Confessor.

"I have just received the extreme unction. It is in this state, my reverend father, wherein I prepare myself to appear in the presence of God, that I beg of you instantly to lay my real sentiments before the King. I ever was disposed to submit to the church, and have always held in abhorrence the novelties, which have been imputed to me. I received the condemnation of my book with the most absolute simplicity. There never was a single moment in my life, wherein I did not bear the warmest acknowledgments of gratitude towards the King, the sincerest zeal, the most profound respect, and most inviolable attachment to his person.

"I take the liberty of asking two favours of his Majesty, which do not regard either myself, or any of mine. The one is, that his Majesty would have the goodness to appoint me a successor, that is pious, good, and zealous against Jansenism, which has gained ground in these quarters. The other is, that he will be pleased to accomplish with my successor, what could not be done with me, for Mess. de S. Sulpice. I am indebted to his Majesty for the succour I received from them; nothing can be seen more apostolical and more venerable. If his Majesty will be pleased to signify to my successor, that he would do well to conclude with these gentlemen what is already so far advanced, the affair will soon be finished. I heartily wish his Majesty a long life, which the church, no less, than the state, has infinite need of."

The King, who had designed to employ the Archbishop of Cambray in the affair we have mentioned, seemed very much afflicted with his loss. When the news of it was brought to him, he answered very sorrowfully, *He is wanting to us at a time when we have need of him.* His death was lamented at Cambray, like that of a parent. Such of his cotemporaries, as are now left in the country, cannot see any person who recalls him to their mind without tears. Several of those who had confided wholly in him during his lifetime, took pains, after his death, to communicate the letters they had received from him upon different occasions, and which they had preserved as a treasure of great value. They were formed into one collection, which makes up several volumes, and has been printed under the title of *Spiritual Compositions.*

He departed this life in the beginning of the year 1715, poor as he had lived, being found after his death to be without money and without debts; having no issue to provide for, as he never married. Some time after, a collection of letters written by him to his friends was printed. In them we find the noblest sentiments founded on the sublimest principles, suited to the capacities of the most simple; a knowledge of the heart of man which unveils it in all its windings and secret recesses; the subtilty of self-love and the delicacy of divine love unfolded and distinguished; a piety full of meekness and condescension to the imperfections of others; and at the same time a mortification of the whole man, which left no resource to the irregular love either of the creature or of SELF.

He retained to the last a particular friendship and esteem for M. Guion. Being both one in sentiment,

and in the dedication of their hearts to God, both alike inflamed with heavenly affections, tried, proved and fixed; therein they were dear to each other to the end of their days.

Two things are worthy of observation.

First. That this Archbishop had been biassed against M. Guion by the general voice crying her down, till he came to see and hear her; then his ideas of her were changed, and he never after saw cause to alter them. I wish, when any hear the cry of enthusiasm against a good man or woman, they would suspend giving credit to it, till they see and hear for themselves. Had this been generally done, many causeless reproaches had been avoided, and probably instead of hasty censure, an inward benefit had been received by it.

Second. That his banishment from the court and confinement to his diocese, which were designed by his enemies for his greatest disgrace, were (like Joseph's being sold into Egypt) turned by providence, through his fidelity, to the brightest part of his life.

In the correspondence of Theodosius and Constantia, by Langhorne, I find that Theodosius, while he extols Fenelon with the warmest encomiums, joins in the general cry against Guion.

Previous to their entrance into a Convent (of which see the narrative in the Spectator, No. 164) Constantia had expressed to Theodosius her esteem of a book she had met with written by Fenelon for the instruction of the Duke of Burgundy.

Theodosius thus replies:

"I rejoice that you are become acquainted with the new publication of M. Fenelon, the most amiable

philosopher that ever Europe produced.—I mourn with my generous Constantia, I mourn his disgrace; for it is the disgrace of my country. It is not for Fenelon we need repine. Reconciled to every event —is he not more happy in the confines of Cambray, than he could be, if, caressed amongst the number of favourites, he yet breathed the unwholesome air of a court? Zealous in the discharge of his pastoral duties, a friend of human kind from principle, busy in the exercise of beneficence to all orders, and all societies of men.—Who is so happy as Fenelon?

A. "Like some fair star that shoots its evening ray
Brighter along the dim wood's opening way,
So Fenelon, by favouring courts admir'd,
More feebly shone than Fenelon retir'd."

He then proceeds to relate a conversation which he had with the Archbishop, and that it was interrupted by the arrival of a letter from M. Guion, "which, *says he*, while the good Prelate was perusing with visible eagerness, I retired into the garden, and was led into the following melancholy reflections.

"How affecting it is to observe that the most enlightened minds make the nearest approaches to certain degrees of madness,* or weakness!—The Archbishop of Cambray, the literary ornament of Europe, distinguished for the most pure, the most refined philosophy, is carried away by the dreams of fanaticism, and attends to the ravings of an insane devotee; for such is this Madam Guion!

"After walking some time alone, I was again joined by the Archbishop, who, with that calm be-

* This *madness* was of the very same species with that wherewith a Roman governor charged the Apostle Paul. Acts xxvi. 24.

nignity of countenance peculiar to him, resumed the conversation.—You will excuse me, Theodosius, *says he;* a letter from Madam Guion always commands my attention. That seraphic woman seems to have obtained a kind of beatification; and I look upon an address from her as it were a voice from heaven. But I will not solicit your attention to a subject which has given occasion to so many unhappy disputes. I will pursue my purpose of giving you the best instructions I am able to give, with regard to your conduct and your happiness."

On the above I make the following remarks.

Whom God hath joined together, in immortal unity, *no man ought to put asunder.*

When they singly pursue this to the last period, they are *lovely in their lives, and in their deaths not divided. Their end is peace,* even that peace of God which will never end.

What was the Archbishop of Cambray's philosophy, extensive knowledge, or literary acquirements, but *dross or dung,* in comparison of that immortal unity?

Theodosius then, while he was extolling A. Fenelon, should not have decried or degraded M. Guion, as he seems to have had no other knowledge of her than from the voice of calumny, set on foot by furious churchmen, and circulated with all the tongues of blind credulity.

DIRECTIONS

FOR A

HOLY LIFE,

AND THE ATTAINING

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

RECOMMENDED TO THE SERIOUS PERUSAL OF THE LOVERS OF TRUTH, AND PROFESSORS OF THE CHRISTIAN NAME, OF EVERY DENOMINATION.

I.

THE principal instrument or means of our perfection, is contained in this one expression of God to Abraham; *Walk in my presence, and be thou perfect.**

II.

The presence of God calms the mind, gives sweet repose and quiet, even in the midst of our daily labours; but then we must be resigned to him without any reserve.

* Genesis xvii. 1. The words of the text are, *walk before me and be thou perfect;* but the Author's words in French are, *Marchez en ma Presence et vous serez parfait.* Walk in my presence and you shall be perfect.

III.

When we have found God, there is nothing worth looking for in men: we must then give up our very best friends; for the good Friend is in the heart, the Spouse who is jealous, and will have every thing else put out.

IV.

It does not require a great deal of time to love God, to draw near and enjoy his presence, to lift up our heart to him, or to adore him at the bottom of our heart, nor to make him an offering of what we do and suffer; for the very *kingdom of God is within us*,* which nothing can molest.

V.

When the hurry and distraction of the senses, and the roving of the imagination, hinder us from getting into a quiet and composed frame of mind, let us at least calm ourselves by the integrity of our will; and the very desire of a composure does in a manner prove a sufficient one. We must also turn our minds inward to God, and do whatsoever he would have us, with a pure and upright intention.

VI.

We must endeavour, from time to time, to excite in us a desire to be devoted and resigned to God, with all the powers and faculties of the soul; that is to say, to contemplate him with our mind, and, with our will to love him: let us also desire, that our senses may be consecrated to him in all their operations.

* Luke xvii. 21.

VII.

Let us take care we be not occupied too long, either outwardly or inwardly, about unprofitable things, which create such distractions both of heart and mind, and draw them so much out of themselves, that 'tis with difficulty they can be brought again to be inward enough to find God.

VIII.

As soon as we feel that some foreign object gives us pleasure and joy, let us withdraw our heart from it; and that the heart may not take up its rest in it, let us presently shew it its true object, and *sovereign Good*, that is, God himself. If we are but faithful in ever so small a degree, to wean ourselves inwardly from the creatures, so as to hinder them from resting in the heart, which God has reserved to himself, there to be honoured, adored, and loved, we shall quietly taste that pure joy, which God never fails to give a soul, that is free and disengaged from all worldly affections.

IX.

When we perceive in ourselves a strong and very eager desire after any thing whatsoever, and find that our humour and inclination carries us too precipitately to do any thing, be it only to say something, to see an object, or go any where; let us strive to moderate ourselves, and request of God, that he would stay the precipitation of our thoughts, and the commotion we are under, because he has said, that his Spirit abides not in hurry and commotion.

X.

Let us take great care, we do not concern and busy ourselves too much with what others say and do, and that we let it not too much into our minds; for it is a great cause and source of disturbance.

XI.

As soon as we perceive what it is God requires of us, in any particular that presents itself, let us stick to that, and withdraw ourselves from every thing else: by that means we shall always preserve a freedom and evenness of soul, and shall cut off a great many needless things, which encumber the mind, and hinder it from turning easily to God.

XII.

An excellent means of keeping ourselves in an inward quiet and freedom of spirit is, at the finishing of every action, to bound there all reflections arising from it; the respects and regards of self-love, sometimes from vain joy, and sometimes from grief; because this is one of our greatest evils. Happy is the man who retains nothing in his mind but what is necessary, and who only thinks of each thing just when it is the time to think of it; so that 'tis rather God who excites the perception and idea of it, by an impression and discovery of his will which we must perform, than the mind's being at the trouble to forecast and find it.

XIII.

Let us accustom ourselves to have our minds inwardly recollected in the day-time, and during the course of our employments, by looking singly to

God: by that, let us still all the commotions of our heart, as soon as we perceive it disturbed and moved: let us forsake all pleasures which come not from God; put away all vain thoughts and wild imaginations, and speak no idle words: let us seek God within us, and we shall infallibly find him, and with him joy and peace.

XIV.

In our outward occupations, let us be occupied more with God than all the rest: to do them well, we must do them as in his presence, and for his sake: at the sight of God's majesty, a calmness and serenity should possess our soul. One word of our Saviour's, in time past, instantly calmed a boisterous and raging sea; and now one look of his towards us, and of ours towards him, should every day do the like.

XV.

We must often lift up our heart to God: he will purify, enlighten and direct it. 'Twas the daily practice of the holy Prophet David; *I have set*, says he, *the Lord always before me.** Let us also frequently repeat to ourselves these beautiful expressions of the same Prophet: *Whom have I in Heaven but thee? There is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.*†

XVI.

We need not stay for leisure hours to shut the door and retire; for the moment in which we regret the want of retirement, is enough to bring us into it.

* Ps. xvi. 8. † Ps. lxxiii. 25, 26.

We must turn our hearts towards God in a simple and familiar manner, and with great assurance. The most broken minutes are good at all times, even when at meals, and when others are speaking. Unprofitable and tedious long stories and relations, instead of tiring, may relieve us, by affording some interval of inward retirement. Thus all things turn to good to those who love God.

XVII.

We should often read such books as are fitting and proper for our state and condition; and in reading, frequently stop and make a pause, to give place to the spirit that inwardly draws the mind. Two or three plain and simple words, but full of the Spirit of God, are the hidden manna; and though we forget the words, yet they operate secretly, and the soul is fed and nourished by them.

XVIII.

We must endeavour to have a continual correspondence and fellowship with God. Let us be persuaded, that the most profitable and desirable state in this life, is that of *christian perfection*, which consists in the union of the soul with God; an union that includes in it all spiritual good; a familiarity with God so great, that no two friends upon earth converse oftener together, nor with greater endearment, freedom, ease, and openness of heart; a wonderful liberty of spirit, that raises us above all events and changes in life, and that frees us from the tyranny of human respect; an extraordinary power for the well performing all our actions, and acquitting ourselves well in our employments; a

prudence truly christian in all our undertakings ; a peace and perfect tranquility in all conditions ; and, in short, a continual victory over self-love, and our passions.

XIX.

This is the happy state to which we are called ; we whom God hath separated from the corruptions of the world. If we do not partake of these heavenly blessings, 'tis our own fault ; since the Spirit of God disposes and excites us continually to aspire after them. But we resist him often, either by open repugnance or secret refusal, or for want of resolution and courage ; or letting ourselves be deceived willingly by the pretexts and artifices of *self-love*, that begets in us abundance of mean indulgencies and wrong managements. Let us no more be seduced thereto, but, as saith the Apostle, *walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil.**

* Eph. v. 15, 16.

A

LETTER

ON THE

TRUTH OF RELIGION.

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

THERE is nothing of weight to be opposed to the Truths of Religion: a great number of its most fundamental truths are agreeable to reason; and none reject them but through pride, or a libertine mind, or else through a love of sensuality, and a fear of being too much curbed in their pleasures.

For instance, 'tis easy to perceive, 1st. That we did not make ourselves. 2dly. That we were not in being about a hundred years ago. 3dly. That our bodies made up of so great a variety of motions, must be the work of some wonderful power and wisdom. 4thly. That the universe discovers the Maker in all its parts. 5thly. That our feeble reason is continually set to rights by another *superior reason*, which we consult within ourselves and which corrects us. This reason we cannot change, because 'tis immutable, but it changes us, because we have need of it. All consult this every where. It answers in China as in France and America. It does not divide itself in communicating itself: the light which it gives me takes nothing from those who were before filled with it. It communicates itself at all times immeasurably, and is never exhausted. It is a Sun, whose light en-

lightens minds, as the outward sun does bodies. This Light is eternal and immense ; it comprehends all time as well as all space. It is not myself, for it reproves and corrects me against my will. It is then above me, and above all weak and imperfect men as I am. This supreme Reason, which is the rule of mine ; this Wisdom, from which every wise man receives his ; this superior Spring of Light, from whence we draw all ours, is the God we seek. He is from himself, and we are not but by him : he has made us like to himself ; that is, reasonable, that we might know him as the Infinite Truth, and love him as the immense Goodness : and this is religion, for religion is love ; for to love God, and to communicate thereof to others, is to exercise perfect worship.

But is this worship, which consists in love, to be kept so within my own heart, that I let no tokens thereof be seen outwardly ? Alas ! if it be true that I love, it will be impossible to keep it to myself. Love is for ever loving and would make others love. Can I see other men whom God has made for himself as well as me, and let them want the knowledge of this love ! God has placed men in society together, where they ought to love and succour one another as children of the same family, who have one common Father. Each nation is only a branch of this numerous family spread over the face of the earth. The love of this common Father ought to be felt and plainly seen, and inviolably reigning in this society of his beloved children. Each of them ought never to omit saying to his offspring, *Know the Lord who is your Father.* These children of God ought to publish his good acts, to sing his praise, to declare him to those

who are ignorant of him, and to bring him to the remembrance of those who forget him. They are here on earth for no other end, but to know his perfection and to accomplish his will, and to communicate to one another this knowledge and heavenly love.

What would it be then to see this family in fellowship above all others, without the worship of so good a Father? There must be then a fellowship amongst them of the worship of God: this is called *Religion*, which is as much as to say, all men ought to instruct, to edify and to love one another, in order to love and serve their common Father. The ground of this religion does not consist in any exterior ceremony, for it entirely consists in the knowledge of the truth, and the love of the sovereign Good: but these inward sentiments can never be sincere, but they must be made to communicate themselves in a fellowship with other men, by certain and sensible signs. It is not sufficient to know God, we must let it be seen that we know him, and as much as in us lies, see that not one of our brethren be so unhappy as to be ignorant of him, or to forget him. These sensible signs of worship are what one calls the *ceremonies of religion*. These ceremonies are only marks by which men are agreed mutually to edify one another, and to revive in one another the remembrance of that worship which is inward.

God is not taken with the sound of the lips, nor the posture of the body, nor with exterior ceremonies. What he requires, is a will that is not divided betwixt him and any creature: 'tis a will that is pliant in his hands, which neither desires or rejects any thing, but without reserve desires all that he wills,

and upon no pretence whatsoever desires any thing that he will not have.

O when piety is taken by this fundamental handle of the will of God, without consulting inclination, temper, or the fits of an immoderate zeal, how simple and mild, commodious, lovely, discreet, and safe, it is in all its steps! We live much as other people live, but without affectation, or an appearance of austerity, in a sociable and easy manner; but in a perpetual subjection to all our duties, with a constant denial of every thing that enters not time after time into the order of God concerning us. In fine, we live as in the sight of God, to whom we sacrifice all the irregular motions of nature. This is the worship in spirit and in truth, which Jesus Christ and his Father seek. All the rest is but a religion in ceremony, and rather the shadow than the truth of christianity.

THE

LIFE OF ST. TERESA.

I HAVE followed the example of calling her thus, to distinguish her from the many others who have borne the name of TERESA.

The history of her life is now become very scarce in England. I have however met with two of them, one in English, being an abridgment of one by Francis de Ribera; the other, in a collection of lives in High Dutch, said to be written by herself, by order of her Director, from both which I intend to extract such parts as may be sufficient to give the reader an idea of her life and virtues. Her memory is highly esteemed through all the nations in which the church of Rome prevails.

The short Introduction to her Life, reads thus:

"*SHE was born at Avila, in Spain, the 28th of March, 1515. Her parents were descended of a noble stock, both of them virtuous and fearing God. She became a spiritual mother of many children. By order of her Director, she wrote the following account of her own Life.*"

CHAPTER I.

MY father was fond of reading good books, and careful to accustom his children thereto. This, with my mother's care to train us up diligently in prayer, excited good desires in my early years. I had nine brothers and three sisters. The brother who was

nearest my age, and for whom I had the greatest fondness, used to read with me the lives of *holy men and women*. When I considered the pain and martyrdom which many of *them* suffered for the love of God, I thought it a cheap purchase of heaven, and became full of desire to offer myself up in like manner, not indeed out of love to God, so much as from an imagination that it was the readiest way to attain that blessedness which I read was reserved for such.

On this subject I often conversed with my little brother. We deliberated together on the ways and means of arriving at it. At length we concluded to travel and beg our way into Ethiopia, in hopes of being there both beheaded. And indeed I thought the Lord animated me to be valiant in this act of devotion, to leave all for him, and to put this design in execution. The only obstacle to it seemed to be that of leaving our parents. [*According to the account of Francis de Ribera, they had got over the bridge, when they were met and brought back by their Uncle, very much to their sorrow. They found their parents under great concern, the little boy laying the whole blame on his sister.*]

We were much surprised at reading that the joys of heaven and pains of hell were to be eternal, and found a strong impulse in our minds often to repeat in Eternity! in Eternity! in Eternity! Through the frequent repetition of these words it pleased the Almighty to confirm us, in our tender age, in a desire of walking strictly in the way of truth. We resolved to seek some solitary place, and began in a garden near our house to build a hermit's hut. I gave alms as far as I was able, and sought lonely retreats for the exercise of prayer. It gives me con-

cern even now to think why I should ever quit these good purposes and desires.

Notwithstanding my mother was a very virtuous woman, yet she was fond of Romances, and permitted her children to read them; but so much against my father's inclination, that for fear of him we were obliged to have recourse to a clandestine way of doing it. I began to be accustomed to it, and thought I did no harm in spending many hours therein, both by day and night: and as one error in practice leads into another, I now began to fall into pride in dress, to desire to appear agreeable in the eyes of others. I took particular care to have a fine hand and a fine head of hair, used perfumes and such other vanities as much as was in my power. The cares of this extraordinary nicety in my person and dress remained with me many years.

I had a vast number of relations; for scarce any others came to my father's house. The young ones of us were almost always together, being fond of each others company. These I used to entertain with every thing I knew and thought pleasing to them. As eager was I also in listening to their childish prattle, which was none of the best. I had an Aunt full of levity in her behaviour. With her I became very familiar, as she was ready enough to promote the disposition which I then was in. It was however a friendship very displeasing both to my father and sisters, who often used to reprove me on her account: but as they could not conveniently prevent our being often together, their endeavours were fruitless, as I was very subtil in my evil ways. This intercourse wrought such an unhappy change in me, that I had scarce any remains left of my former

virtuous disposition: and though I was never inclined to any gross sins, having a natural aversion to every thing dishonourable, and only pleasing myself in passing away the time in airy conversation, frequent opportunities for which were not wanting, and I as far from declining, or endeavouring to avoid them: hence was my danger greater than I was aware of, from which it was evident I was preserved by the hand of God, who, against my will, prevented my utter ruin. What I have recited did not pass so secretly as to escape the observation of my father: for in about three months after he sent me into a convent for my education.

My residence here for the first week was extremely disagreeable. A fear haunted me lest my bad ways were known: and yet, to confess the truth, they had already become burthensome to myself. But after that time I became better satisfied with my new station, than even with being in my father's house. And although a spiritual life seemed then to be but little suited to my taste, yet I found a pleasure in beholding the piety of the ladies of the convent, from whence the good inclinations of my younger years began to revive. Herein I remarked the great mercy of God afforded to such as he brings into the company of virtuous people. Thy name, oh Lord, I praised, and still praise for it. One of the ladies was my bedfellow, in whose religious and edifying conversation I began to enjoy great satisfaction. She told me how she came to enter upon that kind of life, that an extraordinary impression had fastened on her mind, from reading that text, "Many are called, but few are chosen." She told me likewise of the rewards prepared for those who renounce all things for the sake of God.

Such good company began to root out of my heart the evil which had been implanted in it, and was gathering strength, through the means of my former associates, and to revive my first warm desires after things eternal. From hence my aversion to a recluse life began to abate. When I saw any amongst them shedding tears in prayer, or possest of any eminent virtue, it made me reproach myself with my own hardness of heart. I began to pray much with the lip and tongue, and to recomend to all in the house to pray to God, that he would vouchsafe to place me in such a situation as that I might serve him.

After I had been here about a year and a half, I fell dangerously ill, whereby I was obliged to return home. When I was somewhat recovered, I was sent to my sister's house in the country; but was stopped short in the way, as there lived by the road a brother of my father's, a very virtuous man and a widower, who spent much of his time in reading spiritual books. His conversation generally turned on God, and on the vanity of the world. He made me read that kind of books to him: and although I found no great pleasure therein, yet I was obliged to constrain myself, and appear to him as if I was much pleased therewith, as I had resolved always to give as much pleasure as I could to others, however contrary to my own inclinations; so that what was really a virtue in others, was in me through my artful dissimulation, a great fault. How hast thou, most gracious God, been pleased to prepare me for the state which it was thy pleasure I should be in, and even to make my own opposition subservient thereto! Blessed be thy holy Name for ever: Amen.

Though I stayed at my Uncle's but a few days, yet the divine Word, which I there heard and read, had such a power upon my heart, that I began to feel again that sacred truth which had imprest my infant years, in reference to the vanity of the world, the emptiness of all things in it, and how soon all vanished away; I began to fear that, if I should die I might probably be lost. And though my will was not yet turned to a spiritual life, yet, perceiving the greater safety of that state, I determined to force myself into it. In this strife I continued at least three months, the enemy in the mean time making me believe, that, as I had been so tenderly brought up, it would be impossible for me to endure the restrictions required in it: but against this insinuation of his I alledged the trouble and the pains which Jesus Christ had endured for me, and that certainly it could not be esteemed much that I should endure some on his account, depending on his assistance for support.

CHAPTER II.

WHILST I was busied with these thoughts, I persuaded my brother also to betake himself to a monastic life, through my representations to him of the vanity of the world. We both of us resolved on a certain day, viz. the second of November 1535, very early in the morning, to execute our purpose. When I left my father's house, I found myself in such a condition, that I scarce believe on a death bed I could have felt greater pain. All my bones seemed to shake, so violent were the struggles I felt,

by reason of my love of God not being strong enough to induce me readily to forego the love I bore to my father and friends. Yet it pleased the Almighty to strengthen me in my resolution: and hereupon I entered into the convent which in my mind I had fixed upon.*

No sooner had I put on the habit but he let me clearly see how readily he assists those who continue firm in the purpose of sacrificing all to him: for from that moment I experienced so great a joy, for what I had done, as remains with me even to this day. The barrenness of my heart was changed into such a sweet sensibility, as rendered the exercises of the cloister most agreeable to me.

I acknowledge that often, in those hours when I used to adorn the body, I was troubled with a secret remorse: and now, reflecting on myself as freed from it, I felt new joys springing up in my soul, wondering at the same time whence they came. As

* The Apostle Paul told the Athenians, that God *winked at the times of ignorance*, even in the idolatry of the heathens. The bewitching arts of popish ecclesiastics, abandoned to the quest of lucre, and to the advancement of a despotic hierarchy, had afresh overspread Christendom with *the times of ignorance*. Parents were taught to believe that they must, however contrary to parental affection, without any hesitation, resign their children, if they took it into their heads to go into a convent; and children grown up, that, on any such motion in their minds (which these men were very ready and artful to infuse and promote, especially in wealthy families) it was their duty to prefer the will of God to that of their parents; that the Nuns, by taking the habit, became married to Christ, and were thenceforward his spouses. Parents were generally under such fear and awe of the clergy, that they dared not to oppose their children in this case; but must appear to have so much piety, or regard for the church, as to consent to it, whenever their children, if of age for it, were determined to go into convents.

often as this recurs to my mind, methinks there is nothing in the world so difficult which for the sake of those joys I would not freely undergo. From this time forward, in many things, I experienced that, when I formed in earnest a pious resolution, it pleased God even in this life to recompense it, in such a manner, as those alone are capable of conceiving, who have had the same experience.

When any thing is done with a stedfast eye to the Lord, he wills that the soul should at first be proved and alarmed: and the greater the fear and terror, the greater is the recompence, provided all the obstacles be overcome, and the due fidelity be manifested. The soul afterwards finds so much greater comfort, resulting from the obstacles surmounted. Oh my dearest Lord, my only rest and refuge! Here I hardly know how to proceed. For when I recollect in what manner I have exercised my profession, with what resolution and comfort performed its duties, and how I have been united to thee in my fidelity therein; I am not able to utter it without tears, my heart ready to burst, and all too little when I consider both in what ways, and how often, I have offended thy divine Majesty.

I passed the first year in a poor state of health, which gave my father much concern. Receiving but little benefit from the physicians of this place, he caused me to be removed to another, which was celebrated for the cure of all kinds of diseases.

In the beginning of the summer, I was here to go under the physician's care. The intervening time I passed at a sister's house in my way thither. My father had given me a book which treated of the way of being collected in prayer, with which I was much

affected. I resolved to follow its directions with earnestness, seeking at certain hours places of solitude. As I continued this practice, it pleased God to favour me with internal quietude, and sometimes an intimate union with him. Though it continued not long, yet it left with me so deep an impression, that notwithstanding I was then little more than twenty years of age, I seemed to myself to have got above the whole world, and could not help pitying those who suffered themselves to be led by its prevailing influence, even in things termed innocent. Though I passed most of my time in reading spiritual books, as my mind was not yet adapted to recollection, in this troublesome manner, under such incapacity and barrenness of soul, I passed eighteen years, in all which time I dared not to address myself to God in prayer, without the assistance of a book.

As the time was now come for my going to the place where my cure was to be attempted, I was conveyed thither with great care. There I continued three months, enduring very exquisite pain, imagining the medicines were too severe for my weak constitution, insomuch, that for two months I was scarcely sensible, and those about me feared lest I should be totally deprived of my senses, through the failure of my strength.

In this condition my father carried me home again, where he brought other physicians to visit me, who all despaired of my recovery, as they thought I had also a consumption of the lungs. Under all this complicated pain, it pleased the Lord in such a manner to endue me with patience, my disorder being evidently from his hand, that I could not but much wonder at it myself, to which the reading of the

life and transactions of Job, in the treatise of St. Gregory de Moralibus, had as I thought contributed.

I began to exercise myself in prayer to God, prepared as it were by this visitation, to submit in all things to his divine pleasure. All my conversation was now with God, and my thoughts were continually on this expression of Job, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" With these words I seemed comforted. One night I fell into a swoon, and continued in a state of insensibility for at least four days and nights after it, all who were about me expecting my death every moment: nay sometimes they thought I was actually dead. Amidst their earnest prayers for me, blessed be God who heard them, about a day and a half after a grave was made ready for me, he was pleased to bring me to myself again. On this, my sudden revival, I wanted immediately to be confessed: for even now I cannot help thinking doubtfully of my salvation, if I had happened then to die.* Nor can I help shuddering when I reflect on the danger it pleased God to rescue me from, by raising me up as it were from the dead. This complicated malady left me in such a condition, that God only knows the intolerable pain I underwent.

In this weak state I remained till Easter, when I was very desirous to return to the convent, although I seemed nothing but skin and bone, and continued in that miserable condition for near eight months afterwards. I was deprived of the use of my limbs for

* Hence she was first in haste to confess, and then to get absolution from a priest or friar; as she believed that priests and friars were invested with a power, after confession, to give it.

very near three years. I praised God as soon as I became able to go with crutches, and passed through the whole in much resignation to his will, and even with chearfulness, except at the beginning, when my pains were most exquisite. My mind indeed was so fully resigned to the will of God, that I could have been contented to have remained always in the same condition. I thought that all my desire after health was only that I might, in solitude, expect in prayer that which I had been instructed in, towards which (in my sick chamber) I thought there was no opportunity. I took great care to speak evil of no body, and to hinder others from doing it, as much as I could, so that it was well known, where I was, people's characters were secured from evil tongues. I ardently longed for solitude. It was pleasing to me to think and to speak of God: and if I met with any persons like-minded, it gave me more pleasure and satisfaction than all the politeness, or to speak more properly, than all the vanity of worldly conversation. I felt great concern if I thought I had, in any thing, at any time, offended God: insomuch, that I remember, that many times I durst not attempt to pray, as I feared in prayer to bring greater pain of mind on myself. Nor did this pain so much arise from fear, as from reflecting on the comforts I had often experienced in prayer, the special favours God had dispensed to me therein, and how ill I had requited his goodness. These instances of the fear of God tended to my improvement, whilst I perceived that fear was so accompanied with love, as to cause me but little to regard any pain attending it.

CHAPTER III.

Thou then, oh my God, wast graciously pleased once more to bless me with health, in order that I might serve thee the better. But behold the frailty of human nature, when departing from thee. As my health increased, I began to slide away from one degree of vanity to another. At last I ventured upon such opportunities of sinning, and plunged my soul into such dissipation, that I could not think of returning to God, or addressing him in prayer. This was a most pernicious deception of the enemy. Under the notion of humility, I was afraid to exercise my heart in that duty, seeing myself so vile. I thought it would be better to live as others did (though I seemed to be the worst of the wicked) than to continue in the exercise of that spiritual application and free intercourse with God: For indeed I looked on myself as much more worthy of being a companion of infernal spirits, than to approach him who is pure and holy; and that I only deceived the people by external appearances, which seemed good, and passed for such. I therefore concluded that I had done myself much harm by not continuing shut up in a convent: for liberty, which people of a steady conduct might use with safety, had certainly ruined me, had not the Almighty, by many extraordinary ways and means, delivered me from the infinite danger I was in.

If parents would follow my advice, it should be not to send their children to such a seminary or convent, where their salvation is in greater danger than even in the world. Oh rather let them marry, though

ever so meanly, except they are of themselves inclined to good: and even so, God grant that it may help to preserve them when they are there! It is exceedingly to be lamented that so many, desirous of being separated from the world, and set free from the dangers which are in it, enter into a convent with a view of dedicating themselves to the service of God, when in fact they enter into a little world, tenfold worse than the great one, where they know not what to begin upon, nor how to help themselves. The way of true holiness is so little observed there, that any one desirous to lead a life of strict piety, has more to fear from the companions of the order than from the very devils themselves.* Here one needs to use more caution and dissimulation, in speaking of a friendship and communion with God, than upon the subject of irregular friendships, and inclinations which have their rise only from the enemy. I know not why we are so apt to wonder that so much evil is at this day to be found

* When I came to this passage, it surprised me, being what I did not expect. I find that the order of the Carmelites was at first tied down under very strict rules, which, being thought too severe, were mitigated by Pope Innocent IV. in 1245. From hence Teresa afterward applied herself to reform the disorders she saw so rampant in their cloisters, by restoring them to the primitive austerity and strictness, instituting first among the Nuns, and then among the Friars, the order of the barefooted Carmelites.

For in the monastery of the mitigated Carmelites, which she was in, it appears that she had remarked such disorders and private vices as shocked her. What abominable deeds of darkness were carried on, in the monasteries in England, was twice discovered and laid open to the public, on a search made, in the reign of King Henry VIII. I grant that if any institution be right, it ought not to be blamed for the abuses committed in it by wicked intruders and deceivers: but this institution is indeed, at the very best, like putting *a lighted candle under a bed*, instead of bringing it forth, to be properly placed, for the more useful diffusion of its light to the dark world.

among the christian churches; since those who ought to be an example to others, and from whom every virtue should be learned, have so marred the work, and lost all the life and spirit which had remained of the first holy fathers. Oh may it please the divine Majesty to remedy this great evil, as he knows it to be much needed! Amen.

When I first came into the community, I had not the least suspicion that it would have had so hurtful an effect on my mind: but some time after, being in company with a certain person, the Lord caused me to see that such acquaintance was for me very improper. My Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ appeared to me with a severe countenance, and by his rebukes made me sensible of his displeasure for entering into fellowship with such. With the eyes of my soul I beheld him more evidently than I could have done with those of my body. The idea of his form and appearance has ever since continued with me so distinct, that though it is more than twenty-six years ago, it is as if I saw him even now present before me. It discomposed and terrified me to such a degree, that I never could bear to see the person I had conversed with. Probably other things too had done me hurt, which were less perceived by me, and through the crafty wiles of the enemy unsuspected.

Among the sisters of the house I had in one of them a true friend, somewhat advanced in years, a zealous servant of God, who sometimes admonished me: but all the good I then reaped from it was to take offence, and to think she was displeased without a cause. I relate this purposely to shew on one hand the excess of my iniquity, and on the other hand the great extent of God's goodness, at the very

time when my ingratitude justly merited his highest indignation.

I well remember what earnest desires I felt, in the beginning of my illness, when utterly incapable of helping myself, to excite others to the ardent pursuit of true piety and goodness. Having at this time a flow of tender affection for my dear father in particular, strong were my desires and prayers on his behalf, that he might be blest with the heart-felt enjoyment of the same good which I seemed to be possessed of through that near access to God in prayer, which then was granted me, and brought with it a most certain evidence that it was the highest Good attainable. I endeavoured therefore with all my ability, or that which was given me from above, to prevail on him to devote himself to God entirely. I also lent him such books as were best suited to this great and good end. And indeed to him this care of mine was signally blest. It obtained such effect, and wrought on him so much, in the space of five or six years, that I could not forbear returning praises to God for the great success he was pleased to bestow on my fervent desires, and labour herein. My dear father met with many heavy crosses, and oppositions from divers quarters, which he bore with the greatest meekness and patience, and through them all continued stedfast in his submission to the divine will. He visited me often, and his visits were very reviving and comfortable, his delight being to commemorate the goodness of God, and to speak about heavenly things. But alas! I was now become too conscious to myself of dissipation, and of the neglect of my indispensable duties. I could not help confessing the truth to him. For a whole year I

omitted the practice of prayer, imagining it to be out of humility, as being sensible of my unfitness for it. He however having, through a constant fidelity, attained a high degree of perfection, came not so often to see me. His visits were short. He would say that to tarry longer was only loss of time. Many others beside him I had been instrumental to draw into the same state of inward prayer, though I was now in the disuse of it myself.

About this time my dear and honoured father fell ill and died. His end crowned his life. It may be said of him, *he finished his course with joy.* It gave us who were near him occasion to praise God, both on his account, and for the many wholesome instructions and advices he gave us before his death. He very earnestly exhorted us always to serve God, and well to consider that every thing here below is but transitory. He told us with tears how much he repented that he had not served the Lord with greater diligence; and wished he had been amongst those of the most rigorous order known.

Very painful to my mind was the life I then lived, because I had in prayer a most perfect perception of my faults. On one side my God called me, on the other I followed the world: and though divine things were very acceptable to me, yet I found myself fast bound by things temporal. I sought to obtain a compromise betwixt these two, notwithstanding their contrariety, and the wide difference which there is betwixt a sensual and spiritual life, and betwixt the satisfactions attendant on each of them. From hence I underwent much agony of mind, all its tranquility, and sense of goodness, being frequently interrupted by the intrusion of a thousand impertinent

thoughts. Many years passed on thus, insomuch that I cannot help wondering at my continuing so long in a wavering undetermined state. Were I but to relate all the instances which powerfully withheld me, and also the dangers from which I have been delivered, how could I sufficiently admire that grace which preserved me, which thou, oh my God, didst continually favour me with! Even at the very times of my offending thee, thou wast pleased to turn my penitences into a preparation for higher enjoyments of thy blessed self. Thou hast vouchsafed, oh my supreme and only Sovereign, through these methods, at once the most comfortable and the most painful, to induce me effectually to return to thee. It is a miserable case indeed, amidst such a variety of dangers, as great as perhaps ever happened to any, to be destitute of every friendly help. By the means thereof, if I had met with it, I might have been preserved from such frequent relapses.

I therefore advise those, who are determined to accustom themselves to the exercise of spiritual prayer to God, to seek after an acquaintance with such as are habituated to the practice of this duty. Much depends on it, not only to their furtherance in that way, but also to the acquiring many virtues and solid advantages. Where people follow the vanities of the world, nobody regards the omission of it as any fault; so much are their minds darkened, and their judgments perverted thereby: but once a person begins to betake himself to God, numberless oppositions arise, and render the assistance of experienced persons necessary for their support, till such time as they are grown, and of sufficient strength to withstand the onset, and to avoid or bear the distresses

and trials thereof, which otherwise, in a weak state of infancy, might be likely to overwhelm them. In regard to myself, I may say, that had it not pleased God to discover to me this truth, and to furnish me with opportunities of often conversing with spiritual and experienced persons, I should have certainly been lost, through the many relapses which befel me. My friends indeed were many; but then they were chiefly such as led me astray, from which defection there was none to assist me in the much needed recovery; so that to me it really seems a matter of wonder that I ever recovered at all. I am therefore under very great obligations to extol and adore the mercies of my God, whose hand alone raised me up from death to life, even into his own pure love and service. Blessed be his holy name for ever. Amen.

CHAPTER IV.

It is not without good reason that I have diligently traced the strange revolutions of my former days. It indeed makes me sensible that the perusal of such a succession of inconstancies can afford little pleasure to any: yet I desire such as peruse it may reap this advantage from it, to have a dread of such stubborn ingratitude to him that bestows on us all that is good. I wish it were in my power properly to describe by what means, so very often during that time, I proved unfaithful: but I may acknowledge in short, that it was owing to a defect on my part, in not duly applying myself to derive strength to my mind from prayer, to enable me to abide stedfast in my duty to

God. Near twenty years I floated on the moving waves of this turbid sea, one while falling then rising again, yet not rising as I ought to have done, seeing in so short a time I ever fell again. In that space indeed, sometimes for several months, and once a whole year, I lived in such constant vigilance and devotion to God, as *to have always a conscience void of offence both toward him and man.* Such good days were however few, but the evil days many. When I was indisposed in body, my soul was in a better condition, enjoying more of communion with God, as he graciously heard my cry in the day of my distress, and condescended to be my support and comforter therein. I then also took special care only to associate with such as were like-minded.

In this manner have I, for the most part, for eight and twenty years continued fighting, sometimes against God, and sometimes against the world. This my experience I publish for caution to others, as from it I can say that whosoever has begun the practice of prayer to God, though in the mean time he may too often deviate, yet ought he to persevere therein; for it is the only means of his recovery. Let him not yield to the insinuations of his enemy, as unhappily I did, to discontinue it through a pretended humility, but rather stedfastly believe that the promises of God shall not fail, namely, if we have compunction of heart, resolving never to offend him more, that he will restore us to his former friendship.

Are there any who have not done this? Such I beseech in the love of God, no longer to deprive themselves of so great a good: for herein is nothing to fear, but much to hope for. Mental prayer is nothing else than with a heart inflamed with the love of

God, to desire and seek to walk with him in private, with him who we know loves us, and seeks to draw us to, and fit us for, happiness with himself. Though thou mayest not as yet love him, yet let that by no means discourage thee. Consider that a true and lasting friendship implies a mutual correspondence of both parties. On God's part, as is well known, is nothing wanting. On our part, though ingratitude and inconstancy prevail, yet as much depends on enjoying his friendship, and seeing he loves thee so much, willingly bear the pain which thou feelest in thy approaches to that God who is so far unlike thyself. Oh boundless goodness of my God! Methinks at this time I feel such a correspondence, and such an union betwixt us, as never can be expressed. Oh thou joy of Angels! When my soul, with its affections, is fixed on thee, how earnestly I long to be dissolved into pure love! How great a truth is it that thou willingly bearest with those who have long been averse to draw nigh to thee! Oh how true a friend thou shewest thyself to be, my Lord and my God! How kindly thou dealest with us, how patiently thou waitest for us, requiring us to come to thee in thy manner, yet in the mean time condescending to bear with us in our manner; and for a slender repentance of ours, forgetting all our offences! Of this I have had a most convincing experience, and cannot but wonder that the whole world is not attracted to thee, through the power of such extraordinary love as thou continually makest manifest. It is only by drawing near thee that the ill-disposed can become upright.

One day as I went into my chamber to pray, I saw Christ my Saviour much wounded and deeply afflicted. It affected me exceedingly to think how

much he had suffered for us. It struck me with a sense of my ingratitude toward such great and manifest love. I cast myself at his feet, and with a flood of tears most humbly besought him, that he would in future so strengthen me as never more to offend him.

About that time I met with the book of St. Augustine's Confessions. When I began to read it, it seemed to me as if I were particularly described therein. When I had read his conversion, and after what manner he heard a voice in the garden, I could not help thinking I was spoken to after the same manner. I wept much at the sight of my condition. How must the soul suffer, when it sees it has lost its liberty, which, as a conqueror, it ought to have maintained! But when the Lord brought me out of the state of death I had been in, then my soul seemed to be overshadowed and filled with his majesty and glory. I therefore felt a greater desire to be totally occupied with him alone, and to avoid all avocations from him, that nothing might interrupt me therein. My soul was filled with consolation even throughout this whole year. I was not however so bold as to pray for such overflowing joys, but instead of these, that he would forgive my sins, and give me grace not to offend him any more. I thought it was goodness enough to me that he would tolerate me in his presence, fully sensible that, if he had not drawn me, I should never have come to him. Once indeed, being in great barrenness, I remember I desired some renewed consolation: but as soon as I reflected on what I had done, I was ashamed of my being so deficient in humility.

Sometimes at unawares I had such a sense of the presence of God, as thoroughly dispelled every doubt, and satisfied every faculty of the soul. In that state the will only seems to live: the understanding is not employed, although not lost. It is as it were amazed at the multitude of divine things therein perceived.

I pray that, to whomsoever this may come, they would publish all I have said concerning the evil of my life, so that the world may take warning by it, and be no longer deceived in thinking any good to be in me: for this I can say of a truth, so far as I know myself, their doing so would give me a pleasure: but what I have now to relate I must not permit to be so published, of whom it is spoken, or who hath written it. For this reason I name not myself, but intend so to write, as much as possible, that it may remain unknown. If it please God to permit me to speak of any good, that good is his and not mine; seeing of myself I am ignorant, and altogether evil, and have neither been instructed by the learned, nor by any others. I am obliged to steal opportunities to write, and even that with much trouble, as it hinders me in my business in the convent, where I have very much to go through. If I speak of any good, God permits it for the sake of others. He well knows, my only desire is to praise him, as he has been most graciously pleased *out of a barren waste to make a garden full of pleasant flowers.* God grant that it may never become again as heretofore!

END OF HER OWN ACCOUNT.

Thus far she has continued the thread of her Narrative, and from hence passes into a wide field of contemplative observations, which I think likely to be edifying to very few; to most readers rather tedious to follow her through the mysterious and intricate maze; I shall therefore satisfy myself with barely reciting the contents of some of her following chapters, and supply what remains by a brief summary of her life delivered by Ribera.

Chap. V. She describes her several experiences in the state of prayer, and first of all on meditation. VI. Of the prayer of rest. VII. The repose of the powers of the soul. VIII. The union of those powers. IX. Of ecstasies and other graces, &c. 22 chapters in all.

The abridgement of Francis de Ribera informs us that when she was about twelve years old, it pleased God to take away her mother, which very sensibly afflicted her. After which she read the epistles of St. Hierom, and was so affected by them as to resolve on a *religious* course. Having applied to her father, and being refused his consent, early in the morning, on the day of the commemoration of All Souls in the year 1535, being now twenty years of age,* without saying any thing to any one, except one of her brothers who accompanied her, she went to the monastery of the incarnation at Avila. [*What follows this agrees in general with her own account, as before given.*]

This Author goes on thus. She found no small difficulty to leave certain friendships, which, for her

* Sixteen years of age, or any time after it, was fixed on by the Council of Trent, for admission into monasteries.

advancement toward perfection, she was obliged to quit. It seemed to her at first to be great ingratitude to do it: but one day having been a long time in prayer, as she was beseeching the Lord to enlighten and help her, being intent on pleasing him entirely in all things, she heard in the very bottom of her soul these words, "I will not that henceforward thou have familiarity with men, but with angels." After that time she could have no friendship but with such persons as were spiritually minded, and loved God, who multiplied his favours to her, teaching her the divine truth, and shewing her great and sublime visions: yet she was proved with hard oppositions and contradictions, even from some whom she esteemed servants of God, who were permitted for a time to be blinded toward her, but were afterwards brought by the Lord to know the truth, and to change their opinions.

Great was the edification with which she lived in her monastery at this time, and much good she did by her pious example, by the light which shined in her good works, notwithstanding all her endeavours to hide it. Many noted persons have averred that she was able to teach the sciences of mystic divinity, as perfectly as the greatest Doctors used publickly to teach other sciences.

After having with great diligence, and through much opposition, founded the monastery of the barefooted Carmelites, who were to observe the primitive rule of that order, without any mitigation, the General of the Carmelites came to Avila, and gave her without being asked, very large letters patent to empower her to found more such monasteries. She made so good use of this power, that she founded

no less than two and thirty such monasteries (as at Valladolid, Burgos, Malaga, Seville, and other towns and places) as well of men as of women; in which business she at length obtained the favour of the king and grandees of the kingdom, and of Pope Gregory the thirteenth.

Hereupon the author writes, "Who would ever have thought that one sickly maid, placed in a monastery, with so many bonds of religion and obedience, without money, without the favour of the world; yea, with so many contradictions and persecutions, was to be the Mother of so many and so good children, a Foundress of so many monasteries, and to reform an Order which had now been for so long a time in the condition wherein she found it? What man would have dared to undertake such great things? Who would not have lost courage, after he had undertaken them, meeting with so many difficulties, impediments, murmurings, oppositions of all sorts, from persons secular and ecclesiastical, good and bad? She never forbore to undertake or to prosecute any thing, for any labour or difficulty that occurred, provided she knew it to be for the service of God, believing he would not be wanting to those who serve him: wherefore she went on as well satisfied as if she had all the world on her side. After she had laboured much in a thing, if she came to see that the Lord would be more served in leaving it, she left it off as easily as if she had done nothing at all in it. She made small account of the aids of the world. She did not put any confidence in them. She said they were like sticks of dry juniper, which instantly broke if any weight were laid upon them; and that

the true Friend, in whom we ought to confide and hope, was our Lord Jesus Christ."

This solid hope proceeded from her manifold experience of the goodness of God toward her, and the many favours he had done her. Her books are full (as out of the abundance of the heart she could not forbear speaking) of the most ardent desires with which she was filled for the glory of God. Writing of the state of her soul to one of her confessors, she says, "It does not seem to me that I live or have any will; but there is in me one who governs me, and gives me strength. It being so painful a thing to me to be separated from God, I am willing to live for the love of him, and to suffer hard labours and persecutions. I care for no other thing, neither honour nor life; nor do I desire in any sort my own private interest, but only his glory." When she did any thing wherein she found great difficulty, in order to please God therein, she made no account of the pain she endured. Concerning the love of God, she said, "That it did not consist in having tears, gusts, or tendernesses, but in serving him with justice, fortitude and humility; and that it was got by resolving to labour and suffer for God, and in faithfully executing what he commands."

The love which filled her heart, toward God and her neighbours, made her expose herself to so many labours, take so many fatiguing journies, when afflicted with maladies and pains of body, through colds, rain, snow and excessive heats; in fine to found so many monasteries where, by the close and daily exercise of christian virtues, such a number of souls might be saved. She dearly loved faithful preachers, and all those who laboured to gain souls to the

Lord, earnestly importuning him to grant a power to her prayers, to gain some to his service, while the grand enemy drew so many from him. She says herself, that the Lord did her so many favours in drawing souls out of grievous sins, and bringing others to a great experience of christian perfection, that she should both tire herself and the reader if she were to recount them. She shewed on every occasion the greatest care, charity and tenderness to the poor, the sick, the afflicted in body or in mind. She even loved those who persecuted and used her ill, who hindered her in her works, or persecuted her both by words and actions. She would not permit any of them to be spoken ill of, no not even in jest, but would have them spoken well of or excused. She said, "Seeing we know most certainly that Christ is with us, we ought not to let slip so good an opportunity of treating with him, but ought, as often as we can, to set apart a good space of time to be with him, not employing our thoughts on any thing else. This she recommended very much, saying, "If when he was in the world outwardly, sick people were cured only by the touch of his garment, what doubt is there but that he will do miracles, being within us, if we have a lively faith, and that he will give us what we ask him, as he is in our house? He does not use to pay ill for his lodging, if he be well received and entertained. This is therefore a very good time for us to negociate with him, since it pleases him much that we should keep him company."

She was very careful in making and keeping all things neat and handsome, which concerned the service of the holy Communion, as the altars, chalices, and the like. Amidst all her virtues and singular

graces she was so humble, that she took pleasure in manifesting her faults, ever guarding against any estimation of herself being expressed, especially by persons of note and authority. For this purpose she kept in her view her past sins and inconstancies. She avoided as much as she could all the honourable offices of her house, chusing to be a *Sister Converse*, and to serve as such in the lowest and most painful offices of the house; with great joy also serving her week in the kitchen, and doing every thing well therein. For many years she was much proved with the absence or want of her Beloved; she thought she did not deserve the comforts of his presence; she then desired only two things, first, that he would keep her from sinning against him, and secondly, that he would assist her to labour and to suffer for him. She said, "Our Lord was a great lover of humility, because he much loved truth; and humility is a certain truth, which is to know the little that we are, and that we have no good thing of ourselves; and that there was no fear of hurting either soul or body by it, but on the contrary much real profit every way reaped from it."

Hence she strictly charged her *Religious*, when they were blamed or accused, not to defend or excuse themselves, unless some just cause required it, for that God would speak for them: and besides, all things well considered, we are not, *said she*, blamed without cause, seeing we are full of faults; and if those be not in us which are said of us, we have many others. We have honour enough done us that those we have are not spoken of. The truly humble ought to desire to be meanly esteemed, and to submit to be persecuted even without cause."

From this profound humility, and knowledge of

herself, proceeded her patience, and desire of suffering for Jesus Christ; for how great soever her pains were, she always thought them too light in comparison of what her sins deserved. In her body she suffered very grievous maladies, many of which lasted till her death, which she endured with wonderful patience. She even prayed that she might never be without pains, finding a spiritual benefit resulting from them, driving her home to the good Physician there. They made a poor little bed for her, when she was sick in the hospital; hereupon she said, "Oh, my dear Lord, how sweet and delicate is this bed, compared with thy being on the cross!" When any expressed compassion for her, she said, "Don't take pity of me, for my Lord endured much more for me when he drank gall and vinegar." Christ taught her this virtue of desiring to suffer for the love of God, saying unto her, "Dost thou think, my Daughter, that merit consists in enjoying? It does not consist in that, but in labouring, suffering and loving. Believe it, my Daughter, that he is most beloved of my Father to whom he gives the greatest sufferings, and a love corresponding therewith. In what can I more shew my love to thee, than in willing for thee, that which I have willed for myself?" She always eat very little, and drank no wine. If her superiors and confessors would have permitted her, she would have done extraordinary penances.

Her affection for holy poverty was indeed very rare. Hence she greatly opposed the foundations of monasteries which were to be rented, and willingly undertook such as were to depend upon alms: and when there was the least provision in the house she was most content. She desired that poverty should be

seen in all things belonging to her monasteries, remembering that the Lord of the world had not a house, or place where to lay his head. "Oh my God, *said she*, how little do fair or sumptuous buildings conduce to the real benefit of the soul!"

She used to say that perfection consists in this, that our will be conformed to that of God, to will that which he wills, whether it be sweet or bitter. "This alone, *said she*, is the true union with him, but the too great fondness for spiritual enjoyments is rather an union with *self-love* than with the will of God."

Returning from Burgos, on her arrival at her native place, she had an assurance in her own mind, that the Lord was about to condescend to her longing desires to be dissolved and to be with Christ. She continued instant in prayer. Amongst other things she said, "Oh my Lord, my Spouse, the hour I have so much desired is now come. It is now time that we see one another. It is what I long for; and may thy holy Will be done. I must now quit this low mortal state, and enjoy with thee what I have so much desired." She often repeated certain verses of the Psalms, and particularly that half verse, "A humble and contrite heart thou wilt not despise." So she continued in prayer, in great peace and tranquility, till she rendered up her soul to her Creator: which was about nine o'clock at night, on the 4th of October, the day immediately preceding the 15th, by reason of the change of the calendar in the year 1582, Gregory XIII, being Pope, and Philip II. King of Spain. She was canonized for a saint by Pope Gregory the XVth. Her feast is annually celebrated through the whole church of Rome on the 15th of October.

COMPARATIVE VIEW

OF THE LIVES OF ST. TERESA AND M. GUION.

THEY were both favoured with early inclinations to piety, which they lost in vanity, when falling in with vain associates, and fond of romances. They were secretly smitten for their defection, and then turned to the Lord. Their best inclinations revived, when they were linked in close friendship with the wise and virtuous. These observations merit the solid regard of such as are young. We may remark from them both, that a sincere and ardent love of God, in every nation, produces the good fruits of devotion of *the Soul* to him, humility toward *itself*, charity toward others, diligent exertion of its faculties in his service, in promoting his love in others, a steady and patient walking in the path of duty, which *the manifestation of his spirit* discovers, therein enjoying communion with him, and thus steering through life to a glorious eternity.

I must in the next place acknowledge, that though M. Guion was among the Papists stigmatized for an heretic, and Teresa canonized for a saint, I think the life of the former more worthy of esteem, for these reasons, *viz.*

1. Teresa went away, and drew her brother with her, to enter into a convent, without their father's consent. Though in the Romish church such an action pass for meritorious, and from hence I do not find that she ever condemned it: yet I account it a violation of the law of God, and a pernicious example to families.

2. Teresa's labour seems to be in the founding of monasteries, wherein she obtained the favour of the Pope, and King of Spain, &c. But M. Guion's, in promoting a more unconfined, extensive and universal piety on the open stage of the world, both among the lowest ranks, and such as, in the world's estimation, were in high life. This drew on her the wrath of the popish priesthood: but the Lord was on her side; and she sang his praises in the prison-house.

3. M. Guion's fixed conversion to God began earlier, and continued longer, than Teresa's. The former held about fifty years; the latter but little more than half that time, if so much.

THE

LIFE OF FRANCIS DE SALES,

BISHOP AND PRINCE OF GENEVA.

THE writer of his life begins thus. "Heaven made a rich present to the World (on Thursday the sixth of August) in the year 1567, the birth-day of blessed Francis de Sales. His parents were both eminent in virtue and blood." "The chamber he was born in was dedicated to St. Francis de Assize, and therefore he was called Francis. His countenance was so lovely, and his behaviour so modest, that the sight of him raised the idea or meditation of an angel's beauty."

The first impressions given him were the fear of sin, and the love of virtue. When he was of age to leave his father's house, he was sent to the college of Annecy, and thence to Paris. At the age of twenty-three or twenty-four years he commenced Doctor, with the approbation of twenty-eight Doctors, who knew not which to admire in him most, whether his extensive genius, or his exemplary piety.

On his return into Savoy, his father intended to introduce him into the parliament of Chamberry, not knowing that God had chosen him to labour for his glory in a more sacred sphere.—He turned to M. Deage, his governor, and said, *I see, Sir, that God*

calls me to follow him in the way of the cross: I must obey him. From that time his heart became so in love with the holy crucified Jesus, that he desired nothing but the cross. He then discovered his desire to his parents, and in all humility begged their consent; which having obtained, he instantly took the cassock, confirmed his mind in the contempt of the world, grew more zealous in the service of God, at once took the lower orders and the first of the holy ones; acquitted himself in such a manner therein, as to be judged fit for higher employments; the provostship of the cathedral church of Geneva was given him, with express commission to root heresy out of the countries of Chablais, Gaillard and Ternier. He spent the days in preaching and catechising these seduced souls, and the nights in imploring their conversion by prayers and penances. In administering spiritual nurture to others, he forgot to allow corporal nourishment to himself. He lost half his sleep by the frequent conferences he had with hereticks. It cannot be expressed how happily the people of this poor land were altered and improved by his care and vigilance; so plentifully heaven blessed his labours! In two or three years he almost extirpated out of it that heresy which for seventy years had been taking deep root in it. Monsieur de Grenier, bishop of Geneva, upon a certain knowledge which he had both of his virtue and abilities, chose him for his coadjutor, and obtained the approbation of his choice at Rome, by Pope Clement the eighth; and a little after he was consecrated bishop of Geneva. To acquit himself worthily of this charge, he resolved to take for his pattern St. Charles Boromeus; beginning after his example to reform the clergy, to

re-establish the ecclesiastical state in its former fervor and piety, to furnish the benefices with fit persons, and to compose a particular ritual. He laboured so powerfully in reforming the manners of the laity, that the people of Geneva became altogether changed. He likewise preached at Paris, to the great satisfaction of all, and with such effect, that king Henry IV. desired to detain him in France, promising him a better bishoprick than that of Geneva. But he, having no relish for such kind of honours and preferments, would not break his faith, which he had given to his first Spouse. From Paris he returned home, and employed himself more fervently than ever in his duties.

From the care of the perfection of worldly people, he proceeded to the instruction of religious persons, and founded the Order of the Nuns of the Visitation, whose meekness, piety and charity revive, even at this day, the spirit and memory of their founder. He received a command from the pope to compose the rules of this new order, which he did so prudently as to be esteemed the instrument of the Holy Ghost, designed for the establishment of an order so honourable to the church of God. He took particular care of this order, sowing such good seeds by his pious labours, that from them he saw fruits of sanctity growing up. The love of God possessed him entirely, and that of his neighbour made him keep a list of all the bashful poor in the town, whom he privately relieved. His love of holy poverty was so great, that, in imitation of St. Charles Boromeus, he wore one suit of clothes more than nine years, and chose for his last retreat a gardener's house, to the end he might die the more poorly. His chastity,

though often assaulted by the enemy of mankind, was always victorious: and he preserved his innocence in sharp trials, wherein others would have suffered shipwreck. His humility was such that he thought himself happy in opportunities of instructing and serving the meanest persons, and every where sought the lowest place. His innocence was so like that of a dove, that by his discourse it was easily judged what was in his heart; his mildness was so extraordinary, that one look of his hath gained many souls to God; his prayer so fervent, and so constant, that amongst his greatest employments, he kept all the powers of his soul united to God. In fine, his perfections were so well known, that several popes have commended him; the kings of France and Spain honoured him, and all good prelates endeavour to imitate him.

Going to Avignon, in the service of the Duke of Savoy, he took his last leave of many of his friends. Being arrived at Lyons, he fell sick, and passed out of this world to a better, at eight o'clock at night, the twenty-eighth of December, 1622, after he had lived fifty-five years, and had the oversight of the church of Geneva twenty-two, in the state of a most innocent and exemplary life.

He left behind him some pieces in French, the chief of which is his Philothea, or, Introduction to a Devout Life, consisting of five parts, each containing a good number of chapters: at the end he gives some maxims of piety, out of which I have selected the following, viz.

SOME CHOICE MAXIMS OF PIETY,

BY FRANCIS DE SALES.

First: Toward GOD.

1. HE, that covets not to love God, still more and more, never loves him enough. Much of this divine exercise is not sufficient to him who would stop there, as if he were satisfied.

2. Let us be what God will; so that we may be his; and not be what we will ourselves, against the will of God.

3. There is nothing so little, as to be slighted in the service of God.

4. We must never forsake God's service, nor refrain from good works, whatever opposition or ingratitude we meet with: for whoever seeks God ought never to be discouraged by the faults of men.

5. Where God's will is accomplished, daily bread is never wanting.

6. All our actions take their value from their conformity to the will of God.

7. The love of God and suffering are the most acceptable sacrifices we can offer to him, who saved us by love and suffering.

Second: Towards our Neighbour.

8. We cannot love our neighbour too much, but we may shew our love too much.

9. We must never endure to hear evil spoken of any, but of ourselves.

10. We must never undervalue any person. The Workman loves not that his work should be despised in his presence. Now God is every where present, and every person is his Work.

11. In matter of good works we must speak little, and do much.

12. It is a great evil not to do good.

13. The just man never dies unprepared; for he is well prepared who perseveres in christian Justice to the end.

Towards Ourselves.

14. He that most mortifies his natural inclinations receives most of supernatural inspirations.

15. Meditate often on eternity; and accidents of this mortal life will the less trouble you.

16. All devotion is false which is incompatible with our profession.

17. It is the great misfortune of man to desire to enjoy those things which he should only use.

18. There is no better way to end a true spiritual life happily than daily to begin.

19. Who expect to have a share with Jesus glorified, must first bear a share with Jesus crucified.

20. Our free will is never so free, as when it is devoted to the will of God; never so much a slave, as when we serve our own lusts; never alive but when it dies to itself; nor ever dead but when it lives to itself.

21. Virtues never have their full growth, but when they bring forth desires of advancing; which, like spiritual seeds, serve to produce new degrees of virtue.

22. We must never speak of God, or of things which concern his service, carelessly, by way of discourse or entertainment, but always with great reverence and humility of mind.

23. Whatever holy action we do, we please not God, except we do what he requires of us: no more

than a painter, in representing an eagle, pleases him who desired a bee.

24. Being exercised by probations we must not grow impatient, but rest quiet in a humble and chearful resignation to the will of God.

25. We shall never have right peace with ourselves, but when we have peace with God.

26. All our devotion must not be in our oratory, in the church, in meditations, good desires and prayers; but we must proceed to practice; and remember to live according to the resolutions we have made in the fervour of our devotion.

27. In the house of the just man every thing is busy. There is nothing unprofitable or slothful.

28. Reason, invested with mildness and gentleness, has great force and lustre; but with rage and choler it loses both.

29. We ought not to disquiet ourselves in our trials and infirmities; but glory rather in our weakness, to the end that God's power may appear in us, supporting it against the force of Temptation.

30. The man who refers himself wholly to God is enabled thereby to do many good deeds; and rendering faithfully all honour to him, it is incredible what wonders God works by that man's means.

31. The spirit of a good man does not strive to undertake much, or to make a great noise and shew; but, in all plainness and sincerity, he labours to do well what he undertakes, and that purely for the love of God.

FRANCIS DE SALES, *at the end of his Maxims gives us the following Discourse of* TAULERUS *with a Beggar, which looks more like a parable than a real fact.*

A GREAT Divine prayed to God, during the space of eight years, that he would be graciously pleased to direct him to a man who might teach him the true way to heaven. It was said to him at length, "Go to such a church porch, and there thou shalt find a man, who will instruct thee in the spiritual life." Accordingly he went, and found a poor beggar very meanly clad. He saluted him in these words, "God give you a good day, my friend." The poor man answered, "Sir, I do not remember that I ever had an evil day." The doctor said to him, "God give you a good and happy life." "Why say you that?" replied the beggar; "I never was unhappy." "God bless you, my friend," said the doctor, "Pray, tell me what you mean." He replied, "That I shall willingly do. I told you first, I never had an evil day; for when I have hunger, I praise God; if it rain, hail, snow or freeze, be it fair or foul; or if I am despised or ill-used, I return God thanks; so never had an ill day: nor have I ever been unhappy, since I have learned always to resign myself to his will, being very certain of this, that all his works are perfectly good: and therefore I never desire any thing else but the good pleasure of God." Then said the doctor, "But what if the good pleasure of God should be to cast you hence into hell?" "If he would do so," replied the other, "I have two arms to embrace him with; the one whereof is a profound hu-

mility, by which I am united to his holy humanity; the other is love or charity, which joins me to his divinity. Embraced with these two arms he would descend with me thither, if thither he ordered me: and there I had infinitely rather be with him, than in paradise without him." Hereby the doctor learned that a true resignation to the divine will, accompanied with profound humility of heart, is the shortest way to attain God's love.

After that, he asked him again from whence he came. The poor man answered, *God sent him.* The doctor enquired of him *where he found God.* He replied, "I found him when I had renounced all the creatures." "And where did you leave him?" said the doctor. He replied, "With the poor in spirit, the pure in heart, and men of charity." "But who are you?" says the divine. "I am a king," says the beggar. "Where is your kingdom?" says the former. "In my soul," says the latter: "I have learned to bring into subjection, and to govern, my senses, as well outward as inward, with my affections and passions, which kingdom is undoubtedly superior to all the kingdoms of this world." The doctor then asked him by what means he had attained to such perfection. He answered, "By silence, vigilance, meditation, prayer, and the union I had with God. I could find no sure repose, or comfort, in any creature of the world; by means whereof I found out my God, who will comfort me world without end. *Amen.*"

POEMS

OF

MADAME DE LA MOTHE GUION.

SELECTED FROM TRANSLATIONS

BY THE LATE

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE TASK.

THE Translator of the Life of Lady GUION, informs us, that she composed, in her long imprisonment, many Hymns, with Poems on Spiritual Subjects, filling five octavo volumes. Her poetic vein, he adds, was free, flowing with warm devotion and gratitude.

The following specimens are selected from a small volume of Translations, by the author of "THE TASK."

THE NATIVITY.

POEME HEROIQUE.

VOL. 4. § 4.

'TIS Folly all—let me no more be told
Of Parian porticos, and roofs of gold:
Delightful views of Nature dress'd by Art,
Enchant no longer this indiff'rent heart:
The Lord of all things, in his humble birth,
Makes mean the proud magnificence of earth;
The straw, the manger, and the mould'ring wall,
Eclipse its lustre; and I scorn it all.

Canals, and fountains, and delicious vales,
Green slopes, and plains whose plenty never fails;
Deep rooted groves, whose heads sublimely rise,
Earth-born, and yet ambitious of the skies;
Th' abundant foliage of whose gloomy shades,
Vainly the sun in all its pow'r invades;
Where warbled airs of sprightly birds resound;
Whose verdure lives while winter scowls around:
Rocks, lofty mountains, caverns dark and deep,
And torrents raving down the rugged steep;
Smooth downs, whose fragrant herbs the spirits cheer,
Meads, crown'd with flow'rs; streams musical and clear,

Whose silver waters, and whose murmurs, join
Their artless charms, to make the scene divine ;
The fruitful vineyard, and the furrow'd plain,
That seems a rolling sea of golden grain ;
All, all have lost the charms they once possess'd ;
An infant God reigns sov'reign in my breast ;
From Bethl'em's bosom I no more will rove ;
There dwells my Saviour, and there rests my love.

Ye mightier rivers, that with sounding force
Urge down the valleys your impetuous course !
Winds, clouds, and light'nings ! and ye waves, whose heads
Curl'd into monstrous forms, the seaman dreads !
Horrid abyss, where all experience fails,
Spread with the wreck of planks, and shatter'd sails ;
On whose broad back grim Death triumphant rides,
While havoc floats on all thy swelling tides,
Thy shores a scene of ruin strew'd around,
With vessels bilg'd, and bodies of the drown'd !

Ye Fish, that sport beneath the boundless waves,
And rest secure from man in rocky caves ;
Swift darting sharks, and whales of hideous size,
Whom all th' aquatic world with terror eyes !
Had I but Faith immoveable and true,
I might defy the fiercest storm, like you :
The world, a more disturb'd and boist'rous sea,
When Jesus shows a smile, affrights not me.

He hides me, and in vain the billows roar,
Break harmless at my feet, and leave the shore.

Thou azure vault, where, through the gloom of night,
Thick sown, we see such countless worlds of light!
Thou Moon, whose car encompassing the skies,
Restores lost nature to our wond'ring eyes;
Again retiring, when the brighter Sun
Begins the course he seems in haste to run!
Behold *him* where he shines! His rapid rays,
Themselves unmeasur'd, measure all our days;
Nothing impedes the race he would pursue,
Nothing escapes his penetrating view,
A thousand lands confess his quick'ning heat,
And all he cheers, are fruitful, fair, and sweet.

Far from enjoying what these scenes disclose,
I feel the thorn alas! but miss the rose:
Too well I know this aching heart requires
More solid good to fill its vast desires.
In vain they represent His matchless might,
Who call'd them out of deep primæval night;
Their form and beauty but augment my woe:
I seek the Giver of the charms they show;
Nor, Him beside, throughout the world he made,
Lives there, in whom I trust for cure or aid.

Infinite God, thou great unrivall'd ONE,
Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun:

Compar'd with thine, how dim his beauty seems,
How quench'd the radiance of his golden beams!
Thou art my bliss, the light by which I move;
In thee alone dwells all that I can love;
All darkness flies when thou art pleas'd t' appear,
A sudden Spring renews the fading year;
Where e'er I turn, I see thy power and grace
The watchful guardians of our heedless race:
Thy various creatures in one strain agree,
All, in all times and places, speak of thee;
Ev'n I, with trembling heart and stammering tongue,
Attempt thy praise, and join the gen'ral song.

Almighty Former of this wond'rous plan,
Faintly reflected in thine image, man—
Holy and just—the Greatness of whose name
Fills and supports this universal frame,
Diffus'd throughout th' infinitude of space,
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling-place;
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, eluding our most active pow'rs;
Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown;
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and Sov'reign of the heart!

Repeat the charming truth that never tires,
No God is like the God my soul desires;
He at whose voice heav'n trembles, even He,
Great as he is, knows how to stoop to me—

Lo! there he lies—that smiling Infant said,
"Heav'n, earth, and Sea, exist!" and they obey'd.
Ev'n He whose Being swells beyond the skies,
Is born of woman, lives, and mourns, and dies;
Eternal and Immortal, seems to cast
That glory from his brows, and breathes his last.
Trivial and vain the works that man has wrought,
How do they shrink, and vanish at the thought!

Sweet Solitude, and scene of my repose!
This rustic sight assuages all my woes—
That crib contains the Lord whom I adore;
And Earth's a shade, that I pursue no more.
He is my firm support, my rock, my tow'r,
I dwell secure beneath his shelt'ring pow'r,
And hold this mean retreat forever dear,
For all I love, my soul's delight is here.
I see th' Almighty swath'd in infant bands,
Tied helpless down, the Thunder-bearer's hands!
And in this shed, that mystery discern,
Which faith and love, and they alone, can learn.

Ye tempests, spare the slumbers of your Lord!
Ye zephyrs, all your whisper'd sweets afford!
Confess the God that guides the rolling year;
Heav'n, do him homage; and thou Earth, revere!
Ye Shepherds, Monarchs, Sages, hither bring
Your hearts an offering, and adore your King!
Pure be those hearts, and rich in Faith and Love;
Join, in his praise, the harmonious worlds above;

To Bethl'em haste, rejoice in his repose,
And praise him there for all that he bestows !

Man, busy Man, alas ! can ill afford
T' obey the summons, and attend the Lord ;
Perverted reason revels and runs wild,
By glitt'ring shows of pomp and wealth beguil'd ;
And blind to genuine excellence and grace,
Finds not her Author in so mean a place.
Ye unbelieving ! learn a wiser part,
Distrust your erring sense, and search your heart ;
There, soon ye shall perceive a kindling flame
Glow for that Infant God from whom it came ;
Resist not, quench not that divine desire,
Melt all your adamant in heavenly fire !

Not so will I requite thee, gentle Love !
Yielding and soft this heart shall ever prove ;
And ev'ry heart beneath thy pow'r should fall,
Glad to submit, could mine contain them all.
But I am poor, oblation I have none,
None for a Saviour, but Himself alone :
Whate'er I render thee, from thee it came ;
And if I give my body to the flame,
My patience, love, and energy divine
Of heart and soul and spirit, all are thine.
Ah vain attempt, t' expunge the mighty score !
The more I pay, I owe thee still the more.

Upon my meanness, poverty, and guilt,
The trophy of thy glory shall be built;
My self-disdain shall be th' unshaken base,
And my deformity, its fairest grace;
For destitute of Good and rich in Ill,
Must be my state and my description still.

And do I grieve at such a humbling lot?
Nay, but I cherish and enjoy the thought—
Vain pageantry and pomp of Earth, adieu!
I have no wish, no memory for you;
The more I feel my mis'ry, I adore
The sacred Inmate of my soul the more;
Rich in his Love, I feel my noblest pride
Spring from the sense of having nought beside.

In Thee I find wealth, comfort, virtue, might;
My wand'rings prove thy wisdom infinite;
All that I have, I give thee; and then see
All contrarieties unite in thee;
For thou hast join'd them, taking up our woe,
And pouring out thy bliss on worms below,
By filling with thy grace and love divine
A gulph of evil in this heart of mine.
This is indeed to bid the valleys rise,
And the hills sink—'tis matching earth and skies!
I feel my weakness, thank thee, and deplore
An aching heart that throbs to thank thee more;
The more I love thee, I the more reprove
A soul so lifeless, and so slow to love;

Till, on a deluge of thy mercy toss'd,
I plunge into that sea, and there am lost.

GOD NEITHER KNOWN NOR LOVED BY THE WORLD.

VOL. 2.—CANTIQUE 17.

YE Linnets, let us try, beneath this grove,
Which shall be loudest in our Maker's praise!
In quest of some forlorn retreat I rove,
For all the world is blind, and wanders from his ways.

That God alone should prop the sinking soul,
Fills them with rage against his empire now;
I traverse earth in vain from pole to pole,
To seek one simple heart, set free from all below.

They speak of Love, yet little feel its sway,
While in their bosoms many an idol lurks;
Their base desires well satisfied obey,
Leave the Creator's hand, and lean upon his works.

'Tis therefore I can dwell with man no more;
Your fellowship, ye warblers! suits me best:
Pure Love has lost its price, though priz'd of yore,
Profan'd by modern tongues, and slighted as a jest.

My God, who form'd you for his praise alone,
Beholds his purpose well fulfill'd in you ;
Come, let us join the Choir before his throne,
Partaking in his praise with spirits just and true !

Yes, I will always love ; and, as I ought,
Tune to the praise of Love my ceaseless voice ;
Preferring Love too vast for human thought,
In spite of erring men, who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thousand thousand hearts,
Lord of my soul ! that they might all be thine ?
If thou approve—the zeal thy smile imparts,
How should it ever fail ! Can such a fire decline ?

Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire ;
Its object heavenly, it must ever blaze :
Eternal Love, a God must needs inspire,
When once he wins the heart and fits it for his praise.

Self-love dismiss'd—'tis then we live indeed—
In Her embrace, death, only death is found :
Come then, one noble effort, and succeed,
Cast off the chain of Self with which thy soul is bound !

Oh ! I would cry that all the world might hear,
Ye self-tormentors, love your God alone ;

Let his unequall'd Excellence be dear,
Dear to your inmost souls, and make him all your own!

They hear me not—alas! how fond to rove
In endless chace of Folly's specious lure!
'Tis here alone, beneath this shady grove,
I taste the sweets of Truth—Here only am secure.

THE SWALLOW.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 54.

I AM fond of the Swallow—I learn from her flight,
Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of Love:
How seldom on Earth do we see her alight!
She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended, and pois'd in the regions of air,
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
It is wing'd like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the Spring, all the Summer she stays,
And dreading the cold, still follows the sun—
So, true to our Love, we should covet his rays,
And the place where he shines not, immediately shun

Our light should be love, and our nourishment pray'r ;
It is dangerous food that we find upon Earth ;
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely, if ever, she settles below,
And only when building a nest for her young ;
Were it not for her brood, she would never bestow
A thought upon any thing filthy as dung.

Let us leave it ourselves ('tis a mortal abode)
To bask ev'ry moment in infinite Love ;
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
That leads to the day-spring appearing above.

THE TRIUMPH OF HEAVENLY LOVE DESIRED.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 236.

AH ! reign, wherever Man is found,
My Spouse, beloved and divine !
Then I am rich, and I abound,
When ev'ry human heart is thine.

A thousand sorrows pierce my soul,
To think that all are not thine own :
Ah ! be ador'd from pole to pole ;
Where is thy zeal ? arise ; be known !

All hearts are cold, in ev'ry place,
Yet earthly good with warmth pursue;
Dissolve them with a flash of grace,
Thaw these of ice, and give us new!

ASPIRATIONS OF THE SOUL AFTER GOD.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 95.

MY Spouse! in whose presence I live,
Sole object of all my desires,
Who know'st what a flame I conceive,
And canst easily double its fires;
How pleasant is all that I meet!
From fear of adversity free,
I find even sorrow made sweet;
Because 'tis assign'd me by Thee.

Transported I see thee display
Thy riches and glory divine;
I have only my life to repay,
Take what I would gladly resign.
Thy will is the treasure I seek,
For thou art as faithful as strong;
There let me, obedient and meek,
Repose myself all the day long.

My spirit and faculties fail ;
  Oh finish what Love has begun !
Destroy what is sinful and frail,
  And dwell in the soul thou hast won !
Dear theme of my wonder and praise,
  I cry, who is worthy as Thou !
I can only be silent and gaze ;
  'Tis all that is left to me now.

Oh glory, in which I am lost,
  Too deep for the plummet of thought ?
On an ocean of deity toss'd,
  I am swallow'd, I sink into nought.
Yet lost and absorb'd as I seem,
  I chant to the praise of my King ;
And though overwhelm'd by the theme,
  Am happy whenever I sing.

GRATITUDE AND LOVE TO GOD.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 96.

ALL are indebted much to thee,
  But I far more than all,
From many a deadly snare set free,
  And rais'd from many a fall.
Overwhelm me, from above,
Daily, with thy boundless Love.

What bonds of Gratitude I feel,
No language can declare;
Beneath th' oppressive weight I reel,
'Tis more than I can bear:
When shall I that blessing prove,
To return thee Love for Love?

Spirit of Charity, dispense
Thy grace to ev'ry heart;
Expel all other Spirits thence,
Drive self from every part:
Charity divine draw nigh,
Break the chains in which we lie!

All selfish souls, whate'er they feign,
Have still a slavish lot;
They boast of liberty in vain,
Of Love, and feel it not.
He whose bosom glows with Thee,
He, and he alone, is free.

Oh blessedness, all bliss above,
When *thy* pure fires prevail!
Love only teaches what is Love;
All other lessons fail:
We learn its name, but not it's pow'rs,
Experience only makes it ours.

HAPPY SOLITUDE—UNHAPPY MEN.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 89.

My heart is easy, and my burden light:
I smile, though sad, when thou art in my sight:
The more my woes in secret I deplore,
I taste thy goodness, and I love, the more.

There, while a solemn stillness reigns around,
Faith, Love, and Hope, within my soul abound;
And while the world suppose me lost in care,
The joys of angels, unperceiv'd, I share.

Thy creatures wrong thee, O thou sov'reign Good!
Thou art not lov'd, because not understood;
This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile
Ungrateful men, regardless of thy smile.

Frail beauty, and false honor, are ador'd;
While Thee they scorn, and trifle with thy word;
Pass, unconcern'd, a Saviour's sorrows by;
And hunt their ruin with a zeal to die.

LIVING WATER.

VOL. 4. CANTIQUE 81.

THE fountain in its source,
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning sees them amply fill'd,
The ev'ning finds them dry.

TRUTH AND DIVINE LOVE REJECTED BY THE WORLD.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 22.

O LOVE, of pure and heavenly birth!
O simple Truth, scarce known on earth!
Whom men resist with stubborn will;
And more perverse and daring still,
Smother and quench with reas'nings vain,
While error and deception reign.

Whence comes it, that your pow'r the same
As His on high, from whom you came,

Ye rarely find a listening ear,
Or heart that makes you welcome here?—
Because ye bring reproach and pain,
Where'er ye visit, in your train.

The world is proud, and cannot bear
The scorn and calumny ye share:
The praise of men, the mark *they* mean,
They fly the place where *ye* are seen;
Pure Love, with scandal in the rear,
Suits not the vain; it costs too dear.

Then, let the price be what it may,
Though poor, I am prepar'd to pay:
Come shame, come sorrow; spite of tears,
Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears;
One soul, at laest, shall not repine,
To give *you* room, come, reign in mine.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM EVERY WHERE.

VOL 2. CANTIQUE 108.

Oh thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Love! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impress'd with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;
In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in ev'ry clime:
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art thou alone;
Nor other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet;
My Law, my Love; life's only sweet!

I hold by nothing here below;
Appoint my journey, and I go;
Though pierc'd by scorn, oppress by pride,
I feel the good—feel nought beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heav'nly love;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise for them.

Ah then! to his embrace repair;
My soul, thou art no stranger there;
There Love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

THE TESTIMONY OF DIVINE ADOPTION.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 78.

How happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace!
How pure the bliss they share!
Hid from the world and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And Conscience feels it there.

The moment we believe, 'tis ours;
And if we love with all our pow'rs
The God from whom it came,
And if we serve with hearts sincere,
'Tis still discernible and clear,
An undisputed claim.

But ah! if foul and wilful sin
Stain and dishonor us within,
  Farewell the joy we knew;
Again the slaves of Nature's sway,
In lab'rinths of our own we stray,
  Without a guide or clue.

The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
The gracious Spirit they receive,
  His work distinctly trace;
And strong in undissembling love,
Boldly assert and clearly prove,
  Their hearts his dwelling place.

Oh Messenger of dear delight,
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
  Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove!
With thee at hand to sooth our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
  No task, but that of Love.

'Tis Love unites what Sin divides:
The centre where all bliss resides,
  To which the soul once brought,
Reclining on the first great Cause,
From his abounding sweetness draws
  Peace passing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there,
And life assumes a tranquil air,
Divested of its woes;
There, sov'reign goodness soothes the breast,
Till then, incapable of rest,
In sacred sure repose.

REPOSE IN GOD.

VOL. 2. CANTIQUE 17.

BLEST! who far from all mankind,
This world's shadows left behind,
Hears from heav'n a gentle strain
Whisp'ring Love, and loves again.

Blest! who free from self-esteem,
Dives into the Great Supreme,
All desire beside discards,
Joys inferior none regards.

Blest! who in thy bosom seeks
Rest that nothing earthly breaks,
Dead to self and worldly things,
Lost in thee, thou King of Kings!

Ye that know my secret fire,
Softly speak, and soon retire;

Favour my divine repose,
Spare the sleep a God bestows.

WATCHING UNTO GOD IN THE NIGHT-SEASON.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUE 71.

Sleep at last has fled these eyes,
Nor do I regret his flight,
More alert my spirits rise,
And my heart is free and light.

Nature silent all around,
Not a single witness near;
God, as soon as sought, is found;
And the flame of Love burns clear.

Interruption, all day long,
Checks the current of my joys;
Creatures press me with a throng,
And perplex me with their noise.

Undisturb'd I muse, all night,
On the first Eternal Fair;
Nothing there obstructs delight,
Love is renovated there.

Life, with its perpetual stir,
  Proves a foe to Love and me;
Fresh entanglements occur—
  Comes the night, and sets me free.

Never more, sweet sleep, suspend
  My enjoyments always new;
Leave me to possess my Friend;
  Other eyes and hearts subdue.

Hush the world, that I may wake
  To the taste of pure delights;
Oh the pleasures I partake—
  God, the Partner of my nights!

David, for the self-same cause,
  Night preferr'd to busy day;
Hearts, whom heavn'ly beauty draws,
  Wish the glaring sun away.

Sleep, Self-lovers, is for you—
  Souls that love *celestial* know,
Fairer scenes, by night can view,
  Than the sun could ever show.

THE JOY OF THE CROSS.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUE 97.

LONG plung'd in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
  Without reserve or fear;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes;
Or into smiles of glad surprise,
  Transform the falling tear.

My sole possession is thy Love;
In earth beneath or heav'n above,
  I have no other store;
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
  I ask thee nothing more.

My rapid hours pursue the course
Prescrib'd them by love's sweetest force;
  And I, thy sov'reign Will,
Without a wish t' escape my doom;
Though still a suff'rer from the womb,
  And doom'd to suffer still.

By thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,
  A never-failing friend;

And if my suff'rings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content—
  Let sorrow still attend!

It costs me no regret, that she,
Who follow'd Christ, should follow me;
  And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her and extract a sweet
  From all my bitter woes.

Adieu! ye vain delights of earth;
Insipid sports, and childish mirth,
  I taste no sweets in you;
Unknown delights are in the Cross,
All joy beside, to me is dross;
  And Jesus thought so too.

The Cross! Oh ravishment and bliss—
How grateful ev'n its anguish is;
  Its bitterness, how sweet!
There ev'ry sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refin'd,
  Tastes happiness complete.

Souls once enabl'd to disdain
Base sublunary joys, maintain
  Their dignity secure;

The fever of desire is pass'd,
And Love has all its genuine taste,
  Is delicate and pure.

Self-love no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease;
  'Tis all the bliss she knows:
But nobler aims *true* Love employ;
In self-denial is her joy,
  In suff'ring her repose.

Sorrow, and Love, go side by side;
Nor height, nor depth, can e'er divide
  Their heav'n-appointed bands;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor, till the race of life is run,
  Disjoin their wedded hands.

Jesus, avenger of our Fall,
Thou faithful Lover, above all
  The Cross has ever borne!
Oh tell me,—Life is in thy voice—
How much afflictions were thy choice,
  And sloth and ease thy scorn!

Thy choice, and mine, shall be the same;
Inspirer of that holy flame,
  Which must forever blaze!

To take the Cross, and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion, and my praise.

THE NECESSITY OF SELF-ABASEMENT.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUE 92.

SOURCE of Love, my brighter Sun,
Thou alone my comfort art;
See my race is almost run;
Hast thou left this trembling heart?

In my youth, thy charming eyes
Drew me from the ways of men;
Then I drank unmingled joys;
Frown of thine, saw never *then*.

Spouse of Christ was then my name;
And, devoted all to thee,
Strangely jealous I became,
Jealous of this Self, in me.

Thee to love, and none beside,
Was my darling, sole employ;
While alternately I died,
Now of grief, and now of joy.

While it watch'd thy pupil's heart,
Seem'd to look at none beside.

Conscious of no evil drift,
This, I cried, is Love indeed—
'Tis the Giver, not the Gift,
Whence the joys I feel proceed.

But soon humbled, and laid low,
Stript of all thou hadst conferr'd,
Nothing left, but sin and woe,
I perceiv'd how I had err'd.

Oh, the vain conceit of man,
Dreaming of a good his own,
Arrogating all he can,
Though the Lord is good alone!

Such his folly—prov'd, at last,
By the loss of that repose
Self-complacence cannot taste,
Only Love divine bestows.

'Tis by this reproof severe,
And by this reproof alone,
His defects at last appear,
Man is to himself made known.

Learn, all Earth! that feeble Man,
Sprung from this terrestrial clod,
Nothing is, and nothing can;
Life, and pow'r, are all in God.

SCENES FAVOURABLE TO MEDITATION.

VOL. 3. CANTIQUE 83.

WILDS horrid and dark with o'ershadowing trees,
Rocks that ivy and briars infold,
Scenes nature with dread and astonishment sees,
But I with a pleasure untold.

Though awfully silent, and shaggy and rude,
I am charm'd with the peace ye afford,
Your shades are a temple where none will intrude,
The abode of my Lover and Lord.

I am sick of thy splendor, O fountain of day,
And here I am hid from thy beams,
Here safely contemplate a brighter display
Of the noblest and holiest themes.

Ye forests that yield me my sweetest repose,
Where stillness and solitude reign,
To you I securely and boldly disclose
The dear anguish of which I complain.

Here sweetly forgetting, and wholly forgot
By the world and its turbulent throng,
The birds and the streams lend me many a note
That aids meditation and song.

Here wand'ring in scenes that are sacred to night,
Love wears me, and wastes me away,
And often the sun has spent much of his light,
Ere yet I perceive it is day.

While a mantle of darkness envelopes the sphere,
My sorrows are safely rehears'd,
To me the dark hours are all equally dear,
And the last is as sweet as the first.

Here I and the beasts of the desert agree,
Mankind are the wolves that I fear,
They grudge me my natural right to be free,
But nobody questions it here.

Though little is found in this dreary abode
That appetite wishes to find,
My spirit is sooth'd by the presence of God,
And appetite wholly resign'd.

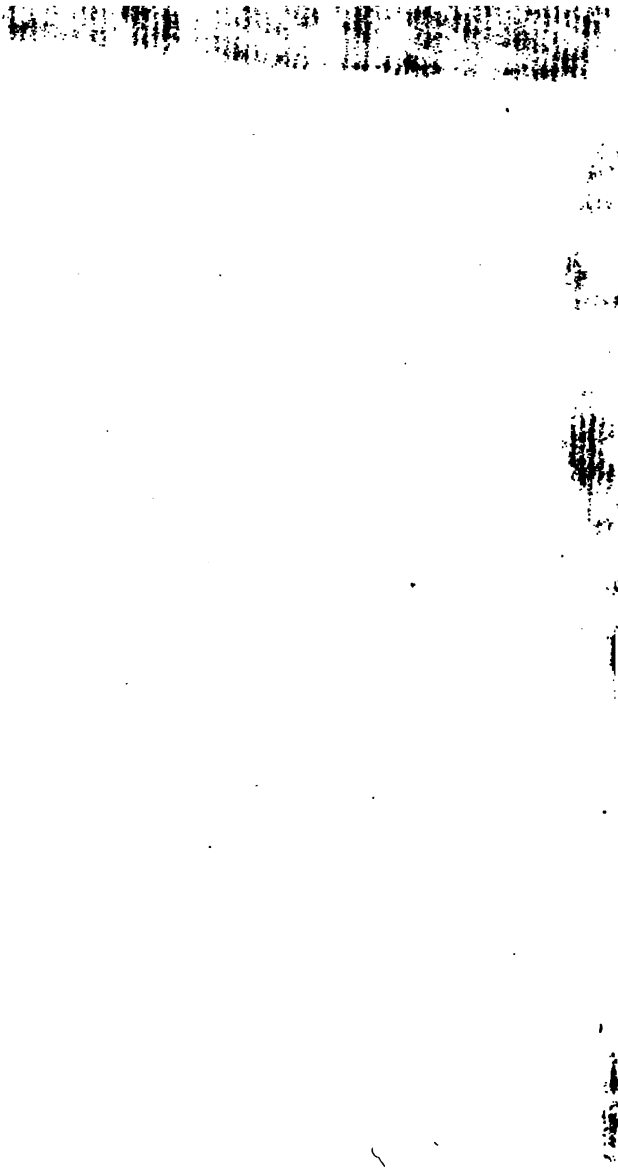
Ye desolate scenes, to your solitude led,
My life I in praises employ,
And scarce know the source of the tears that I shed,
Proceed they from sorrow or joy.

There is nothing I seem to have skill to discern,
I feel out my way in the dark,
Love reigns in my bosom, I constantly burn,
Yet hardly distinguish the spark.

I live, yet I seem to myself to be dead,
Such a riddle is not to be found,
I am nourish'd without knowing how I am fed,
I have nothing, and yet I abound.

Oh Love! who in darkness art pleas'd to abide,
Though dimly yet surely I see,
That these contrarieties only reside
In the soul that is chosen of thee.

Ah! send me not back to the race of mankind
Perversely by folly beguil'd,
For where in the crouds I have left shall I find
The spirit and heart of a Child?



3 2044 029 893 20

DUE NOV 25 1920.

FEB 15 1945

3 2044 029 893
DUE NOV 25 1920
NOV 15 1948

3 2044 029 893 2

DUE NOV 25 1920.

DEC 15 1945